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PART 1



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PART 1

Kill the Lights - Chapter 01-17 Part 2

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Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 1 Part 1)



Title: Kill the Lights

Author: Jangryang

Genre: Action, Fantasy, Supernatural, Psychological, Mature, Smut

About Main Characters:

Noah Raycarlton (rich, handsome, tall, young, arrogant, CEO)

Mason Taylor (soldier, fighter, old, died once)

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

That day was somehow weird.

My body felt heavy, ever since I'd opened my eyes. It was as if something was pressuring my shoulders. Maybe the onset of a cold? Mason Taylor was not convinced that anything was off.

Actually it would have been weird, had my body felt light. It's already been two months since we'd started our mission. So, for the two whole months, I didn't want anything spectacular. I just wanted to sleep at someplace with a roof overhead.

"I'm seriously gonna quit after this job."

One of our team members, named Clark, said something similar to what Mason had been thinking. Mason laughed. For three years, that guy said the exact same thing, every time they were on a mission, but he still was doing this job.

"I'm serious! I even wrote my letter of resignation, to be sent right after this job. Do you want to read it?"

This stupid bastard was saying how he wanted to become a writer, so he wrote the letter really well, like a poetry. And so Mason asked, "Why do you have to write a letter of resignation, so well?" and frowned.

"I told you, my dream was to become a writer. Don't you have such dreams, team leader? Do you?"

"Of course I do. Who do you think I am?"

“Team leader has a dream?”

“A guy, who is so dry?” The bastard was being rude. Mason nodded and said,

“Ah! This instant, I want to take a hot bath, drink warm milk, and sleep 'til I'm not tired, on a dry bed.”

It couldn't get any better. Just imagining the scene, made him feel really heavy and tired.

“.....ah seriously...”

“Why are you being like this, Team leader?” –That bastard sounded like he was sick of it. Mason checked his watch and said, “Why are *you* like this, especially in front of the enemy's territory?” Even though they look relaxed, they were in a 'life or death' situation. When everything was ready, they will intrude the enemy's hideout in the bunker and either kill the target or die trying.

“What do you mean?”

Ashley, who was applying mascara behind them, asked and Clark retorted, “Sis, don't you think our Team leader is a bit dry?” to gather some support.

“He says that his dream is to take a hot bath and sleep on a dry bed.”

“That sounds, good....”

Fred, who handed a lipstick to Ashley, murmured as if he was daydreaming, and Ashley smacked Clark's head.

“Don't you think you are too clingy? What kind of mercenary reads this kind of a poem?”

“What's wrong with poems? I'm really going to quit. This... this dry job. People in here think it's embarrassing to read books. And their brains are filled with muscles...”

“Who are you saying this to? Do you know how disgusting it is, to look at a guy the size of a gorilla, carrying around poetry books and crying over it?”

He got smacked again. Mason laughed, looking at him crying and holding his poetry book and teased him, “Did you even pay off your credit card debt?”

“This team is so relaxed. –Are you guys ready?”

Aaron, who was guarding outside, asked looking at them. Three months ago, he was dispatched to Mason's team, and after they'd devised the plan, he'd looked very nervous. He still looked tense, ready to blow off. Even if someone just touched him, he might blabber right away, ‘actually this mission is to kill the weapons merchant Alta.....’

He disagreed strongly when they said that they will enter the enemy's territory disguised as prostitutes. Later he had agreed that this was the only way to kill the target, who never came out of the bunker for like two months, with only 12 team members. But he still disliked the plan.

“Do you want to stay here?”

When Mason asked, Aaron’s pride got hurt and he said frowning, “I don’t need to”. Mason saw Ashley looking at Aaron secretly. Ashley felt Mason’s stare and smiled awkwardly.

“Hm..”

It was none of his concern, but Aaron was not a good man. Just a common mercenary, an ordinary trash. But she probably has realized this by now.

Mason was checking his weapon. He put the Taurus PT 22 on his ankle restraint; because of its smaller frame, it was easy to hide. He checked his watch.

“If we’re too late, they’ll suspect us. We should get going.”

Mason looked down at two the actual prostitutes and the guards. They were shivering next to the guards, who have been tied up and fainted. Both of them were blonde with pale skin. The weapons dealer was hiding like a mole and had specific preferences. Well, that made his job easier.

Mason smiled at them, so they didn’t get too scared.

“About... 30 minutes later. I think you guys can go home.”

Alta’s penis will die with its owner soon. Because he had a scary face, the prostitutes started to cry. He left them behind and took their Jeep with Ashley.

Mason fixed his ghutra behind his ears, and Aaron just stared at him with a displeased expression. His expression said, 'don't you need to hide your face, what are you doing?'

“I have an American face, so what’s the point of covering it?”

“.....Do you take this as a joke?”

He replied sharply. Clark tapped him and said, “Hey, what’s wrong?” to stop him, but Aaron’s expression didn’t get any better.

“Such a crappy plan.... You might have led a cut-rate life, but why do we have to be treated the same?”

He was trying to make him mad, but Mason just ignored him.

“If you are so scared, stay, like I told you to.”

“It’s not like that. Fuck, don’t we at least have to rehearse!”

“Ah, I told you, if you could control your expression, we’ll be fine.”

Mason knew that his words will make the situation worse, but still he went ahead, waving his hands at Aaron. “You are the one who should be reading poetry books”, Mason tried to insult Aaron's delicate nature. Aaron's face got really red and his eyes burned as if on fire, but Mason was instead catching the sandy breeze and looking at the approaching bunker entrance.

Usually Mason would say that they'll be fine, and he'll take care of everything to make them feel comfortable, but today he didn't feel so great. His shoulders were growing heavier, and now it felt as if there was a big rock on his shoulder.

Are there any ghosts holding a grudge against him? He was sure there were plenty of them. And there was going to be another one pretty soon.

There was Alta's bunker entrance, very close. Mason stopped Aaron from talking and jumped out of the Jeep and called out to the guards in front of the gate.

'Hey! Hey!?'

Mason shouted, and the guards were pointing their guns at them. '*Who are you?*' They shouted back at him. Bingo. It's good enough that they didn't shoot right away.

Mason hid his happiness and approached them. They looked surprised that an unarmed American was approaching them.

'I brought women that you guys told me to, but I have a problem....'

Mason was wiping his sweat off his forehead and spoke in his poor Arabic. The guards were curious and approached him with their guns pointing at him.

Ashley pretended to faint, just like she was told to, and Mason was carrying her on his shoulder and spoke desperately.

‘This bitch took some drugs. Ah fuck, do you have some water?’

‘Hey, what are you?’

‘Ah, do you have some water?’

Mason shouted like a crazy man. Because of his force, the guards were all startled and so was Aaron.

‘Do you know how much this bitch costs? ... Water, where’s the water?’

He sounded like he was going to cry, and one of the guards ventured to check on her and another one gave some water. Mason purposely dropped the water and shouted at them *‘Ah, fuck... are you kidding me?!’*

The guard, who was checking Ashley, thought it was weird that she looked fine, but soon Mason slapped her face and screamed at her, “Bitch! Wake up!” and the guard backed away. They were startled because of his loud voice.

‘Do you have a doctor inside?’

‘What?’

‘Do you guys have a doctor? Are you guys gonna take responsibility if she dies?’

When Mason shouted at them, they were just staring at him, like ‘what the hell

is wrong with him'. His face was really red, as if he was going to choke. He was crying *'Fuck, she is so expensive... if she dies, I'm going to be bankrupt!'*

'Don't you guys have a doctor? I'll pay.'

He was begging to save her, and the guards were confused and talked to each other. Mason urged them, and one of them talked on the radio.

'What's going on?'

The bunker's door opened and a guy who looked like a doctor stepped out. Mason saw him and followed him, carrying Ashley to him saying, "Thanks, thanks!". Everyone looked confused, but no one was able to stop Mason from following the doctor. Aaron quickly followed him, and Mason urged the doctor for a bed.

They didn't know what was going on, but Mason was smiling behind the doctor.

Gosh, thanks for getting fooled. Mason looked at Aaron, and he was murmuring, "What the... this kind of..." He looked very displeased. He had thought that 'this kind of a plan' wasn't going to work at all, and yet it had worked without a hitch. He was a little annoyed. Thinking back, it was indeed a crazy plan. People would definitely say that they were crazy for doing this. It was way too reckless.

Mason asked the doctor, *'Where is Alta?'*

'Hey. Ah, is this the woman that he called?'

The doctor pointed to a room without thinking, and Mason smiled wiping his sweat. When they took another turn, he noticed that there wasn't any CCTV. He hit the doctor, from behind, on his neck. The doctor couldn't even scream and fainted, and Aaron dumped him inside an empty room.

“Wake up, Ashley!”

“You're so heavy”. Mason complained to Ashley and she got annoyed, and said, “I'm not that heavy” and got off.

“Let's finish this fast and go home. I feel heavy.”

Mason said, while he was tapping his shoulder, and Ashley gave a look that said, ‘don't be childish’.

“What is it, a cold?”

“I don't know.”

“-Why do you get annoyed at me.”

She was glaring at him now, and Mason rubbed his beard and looked around. In front of the coward's, Alta's room, there were four men guarding the door.

“....Tsk!”

Looks like a jail, not a hideout. Actually there weren't that many guards inside Alta's bunker. But if the door is locked from the inside, unless you bring a cannon, there was no way to open it. And this place was famous for a lot of unknown passageways. Right when you open the gate with a cannon, he would definitely have run away.

This was the only way to handle such a situation....

Mason smiled and said 'hello'.

'I brought the wo...'

He was trying to say it brightly, but he paused and his expression got solid. It was only for a second, but he felt some chill behind his back.

'-What?'

They approached Mason before he stopped, and Ashley bumped on his shoulder. Mason gave a servile smile and said,

'I brought the woman. They were eating outside, so they just told us to go in.'

He noticed Ashley's cold sweat, and Mason tried to smile a little more convincingly.

He hesitated for a second, but after passing by the first guard, there should not be any trouble with the second one, since they will just assume that they have already been verified. These guys didn't care about them and said, *'What are*

they eating at this hour?’

The door opened. Mason put Ashley first and followed her. Mason quickly checked the insides of the room. Alta was doing some paper work on his bed. Mason told Aaron to lock the door, and Alta looked up at them.

Very skinny and a pale face. Alta, who looked like a mouse, asked, “Ah, woman? I asked for two. Why is there only one?”

“!”

Ashley quickly ran to him and punched his mouth. He couldn’t even scream and collapsed on his bed. She punched his bloody mouth again. He tried to escape, and Mason grabbed his hair and blocked his mouth and said, “I’ll kill you if you scream.”

“Wha, what...”

Mason showed his dirty smile. Purposely he undid the gun's safety and slowly, aimed at him. He was massaging his shoulder while Ashley was tying Alta's wrist and blocking his mouth. Alta was glaring at Mason and Mason smiled back. Such a smile really helped during these situations.

“You. You know where we’re from right?”

His eyes were shaking. That means he knows. Right, if he didn’t know, he wouldn’t hide in a place like this.

“You have some gut to steal the blueprint from Zii.”

Mason smiled and told him, and he was shivering and shaking his head. “What do you mean no....”

Two months ago, the mercenary company Zii, where Mason works, was guarding Alta's and a weapon company BS's deal. It was a simple task, they just had to get the money from BS and hand it over to Alta and get the blueprint from Alta and hand it over to BS. But Zii-14's team leader Becky, who had the job of transporting the blueprint, ran away with it.

Stupid Becky. America's biggest mercenary company Zii, did get some back stabbing before, but never missed any traitor. Of course, Becky got caught in four days and before all of her arms and legs were cut off, she told them who was behind this. If she'd told them earlier, she could've at least save one hand.....

Anyway the name that she told was unexpectedly Alta.

Zii sent Mason's team with only 12 people to get the blueprint back. And even though there wasn't any direct order, they said, ‘You can kill Alta if necessary.’ This means to kill him.

Alta was shivering and made weird noises through his blocked mouth. Mason got in front of his face and asked,

“The blueprint. Where is it?”

Alta's eye lids were fluttering. It won't be long before he spits it out. He was

the owner of a big weapon merchandise and was very calculative. He's the person who would stay in this kind of a place to save his precious life. It was stupid of him to betray Zii, but he wasn't stupid enough to think whether Mason was actually going to torture him.

He was crying, and he pointed to a wall.

“.....”

Mason looked at where he pointed and smiled.

“You know... what happens if you scream, right? That door won't even open anyway.”

This coward will never use a door that can be easily opened from outside. Mason removed a handkerchief from his mouth. He was rolling his eyes.

“Be..be...behind the frame...”

Mason nodded to Ashley, and she removed the frame from the wall. There was a small safe door.

“It's there inside...”

Alta said with a shivering voice, and Mason looked at him and the safe, back and forth. Ashley desperately asked, “Passwords?” and he said, “463788....” As soon as Ashley hummed and tried to open the door, Mason noticed that Alta's eyes were sparkling. Right away he hit his head with his gun.

“Ashley! Don't touch that.”

“-What?”

“Why, what’s wrong?” She asked with surprise, and Mason grabbed Alta’s head from the floor.

“Wha, what..”

“Stand up. You open it.”

After he said that, Mason noticed Alta swallowing down his dry throat. Ashley took her hands off right away.

“What the... bluffing?”

“Pretty sure... A guy like him will never put his 10 million dollars in a place like that.”

Just by looking at his reaction, probably there was a bomb instead of the paper. If the bomb went off, he would have probably rolled under one of those bomb proof furniture.

“Do you want to open it with your hands and actually take it out?”

Mason smiled and asked. Alta was rolling his eyes and said,

“Are..are you gonna kill me?”

“I don’t know. Upper people said ‘eliminate if you need’.”

When Mason said that, Alta's face turned pale with anxiety. He seemed to know that, ‘eliminate if you need’ is the same thing as ‘kill him.’

“Le..let’s make a deal.”

“A deal?”

“Underneath my bed there is a safe that contains the blueprint of the missile and the bank account key from Swiss bank that has my whole fortune. I’ll give you everything, so spare me.”

Mason signaled Ashley, and she removed the mattress. She frowned because there was nothing there, but he told her to lift the bed. Underneath the bed there was a small gap, and when she put her finger in it and removed the cover, an adult body size, hexagonal shaped safe appeared.

“It’s about 50 million dollars.”

Ashley and Aaron swallowed loudly together, after the guy talked about money, but Mason only frowned. When he looked at Aaron, Aaron was looking at Ashley.

Fifty million dollars. That’s a lot of money. Alta probably felt Ashley and Aaron’s agitation, so he looked at them carefully.

“If, if you spare me, I’ll tell you the safe number.”

“How do we know if you are telling the truth?”

That was Aaron who asked, and he approached him.

“ ”

Mason was about to warn them not to think anything stupid, but he closed his mouth. Probably because of his heavy shoulders, he didn't want to bother them. Anyway they can't even do anything with that money.

“Do... you think I'll cheat, with my life on the line?”

“I know my life is precious”. When Alta said that Mason just laughed. A guy who knows his life is precious betrays Zii *and* BS.

Mason actually didn't have to know if he was telling them the truth and didn't have to make the deal with him.

“I...I'll tell you the password when we're out.”

“Never mind.”

Mason shrugged and loaded the gun. Alta's face got really pale and Mason was thinking, ‘My shoulder is too heavy’ and stared at him without any expression.

“I'll hand it to Zii, just like that. The smart upper people will figure out the password.”

Giving them the whole safe was to annoy the superiors who sent only 12 people to carry out this difficult mission. As someone who took care of many safes before, Mason knew that this safe looked fucking difficult to open.

“Wa,wait, it’s 50 million dollars. Wait, I’ll tell you the passwords! They need my iris and fingerprints scanned!”

“Still, no.”

“12, 36.5, 37...”

Alta desperately crawled and poured out the password, and Mason frowned putting his finger on the trigger. If I hear everything, I need to report it to the superior, and I don’t want that. If I tell them the password the director, Berretta, will smile as always and give him these fucked up kind of jobs again later.

“Wait, Team leader!”

Behind him he heard Aaron calling out to him, but Mason didn’t hesitate to pull the trigger. He saw Alta shiver and take his last breathe, noticed that he was trying to say the last number, but pretended not to hear it.

“!”

A gun with a silencer, shot a bullet through Alta’s chest. He coughed out blood and kneeled. He was breathing heavily and frowned, and Mason was....

“....Wha, what are you doing! Aaron!”

Ashley screamed.

“ ”

Mason felt warm, sticky blood dripping down the middle of his forehead. He didn't have time to understand what was happening. The heavy air that had been pressuring his shoulders since that morning, now pressed down his whole body like a compressor.

Mason blinked and Ashley was calling, 'Tea, team leader... Team leader...' but he couldn't answer.

He didn't even realize that something hot was dripping down from his forehead and to the ground, and he fell down on the cold floor. He was trying to breathe for a second, but blood came out from his nose and mouth and wet the floor. His whole body was shivering and convulsing. It all happened so fast.

The light in his eyes was getting small really fast and blurred. A cold feeling started from his forehead and spread quickly through out his body. He began to lose his sense, starting from the fingertips.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Ashley shouted like she was screaming, and Mason saw Aaron approach him through his dimming eyes. He grabbed Alta, who was either already dead or dying, and pointed a gun at Ashley and said something. It seemed like he was offering something, but Mason couldn't hear anything.

“ ”

Because he had already taken his last breath.

A dark energy that was pressing on Mason's shoulder since that morning suddenly swallowed him right away.

The insides of death's stomach was cold and dark.

This novel is soooooo hard to translate... The author wrote in some ways that it's making me hard to translate in English... or it's just that I'm not good at translating... oh well it was really hard... maybe some things don't make sense? well sorry about that..

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 1 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Ch. 1 Part 2

At the same time, a house in LA—

It was an expensive-looking house but pretty gloomy, probably because the lights were turned off, or that the house was in a secluded place. Or it could be just the white moon. The house was so quiet that it seemed like no one was living there.

Deep inside the house was a basement, a small storage space down the stairs. From within the basement door there came a sound, of a small machine and

running water, which went on and on. But suddenly, after a while, the noise stopped.

The wooden door opened and a man with a tired face exited. Something definitely happened in there. The man was replete with cold sweat. He opened the basement door a little and stared at the wall outside with his blood shot eyes. There were many shiny camera lenses pointing at him.

Those damn paparazzi... He could see the people waiting outside the compound wall, trying to get a picture. He pressed a button, and all the windows in the house were covered with blinds. Coldness was permeating the living room. He accidentally kicked a pile of newspapers on the floor.

His manager, Tony Bridget, had brought these in the morning. Those newspapers were filled with provocative headlines.

‘...Haley confessed to Raynoah?!’

‘Did Hollywood’s scapegrace, Haley Lusk, actually confess to the American sanctuary, Raynoah?? – Last night there was a shocking news that Haley Lusk confessed his feelings to Raynoah.’

And the article was full of ridicule and criticism. There were some crappy pictures of the man.

‘Oh my god! Haley proposes to Raynoah! Finally gone crazy?’ Beside the provocative headline they had used a picture of him taken last year, when the man was climbing over the walls of a rehab facility in order to run away. On the paper where it said, ‘Haley Lusk vs. Noah Raycarlton,’ there was a picture of him falling down, holding a cup of coffee, after a court trial for drunk driving. He hated that picture.

The man turned around, stepping on the newspapers.

In the living room, unlike the pictures in the newspaper, there were several beautiful portraits of the man. Everything was from when he was a child.

He was a child actor. When he was little, he used to be popular, but after his parents died, he destroyed himself quickly. Drinking, smoking, unrestricted sex, and getting high, was all he ever did. The once cute and lovely face had declined to a gloomy and normal face.

His parents' money and the wealth that he'd earned were uncountable, but the gold digger cousins and his extravagant life-style had nearly forced his finances to bankruptcy. The accounting agency had warned that if this kind of life-style continued, he'll definitely go bankrupt in one year, but he didn't care.

Because, in his eyes he still looked cute and lovely, like when he did as a poster child. He thought that the pictures taken by the paparazzi were all out of malice, and even the pictures that he sometimes took for modeling looked bad because the photographers hated him. He still thought that if he took care of himself a little bit, he would definitely bounce back in a short time. And he will have all the ads and movies and would earn a lot of money.

He went to the kitchen and took out an Evian water bottle from the refrigerator and turned on his answering machine.

Beep- soon 27 messages were pouring out. Out of the 27, only two were not from his manager Tony. 'Liz? Liz! Why aren't you answering? Are you serious? Don't you know you have schedules tomorrow?' He started skipping his whining messages and deleted them. 'I'm seriously gonna stop being your manager!' He erased all 25 messages indifferently. 'Hi, Haley,' said a gentleman's voice. 'I'm Lauren.' He always thought Lauren was annoying, but he decided to listen.

'Haley. I heard that you still collected those weird stuff? Rachel told me you used 300,000 dollars on something suspicious. You're kidding right? Your accountant said that you're nearly bankrupt.... Do you even have the money to pay your fine if Raynoah sued for defamation?' The man continued to listen quietly and after

hearing the ridicule he said, 'bitch' and deleted the message. This guy was an asshole. He got mad and pressed the button to hear the next message. This time it was a woman.

'Hey, lovely Liz~ Honey. I'm Rachael. Did you use the thing I gave you? How was it?' He frowned that she used his nickname. He murmured to the answering machine, 'I did use it, but I don't think there was any effect. Honey!' Almost as if she had heard him Rachel said, 'you are not gonna get the effect right away. But hold tight. I do understand that all the other things I sold you didn't work, but this one is different. I brought only three from Japan. Honey, you know my friend Billy? The day after he used this charm, Angela came to his house and went straight to bed. They are getting married next month. –Actually, 'doing that' could be a little scary and nasty, but the effects are guaranteed.' She said in a sweet voice.

'You just wait. Your wish will come true soon.'

Of course it was supposed to work, it was worth 300,000 dollars! The man smiled. He was about to take another sip.

'Oh yeah, honey. I told you this right?'

He dropped his water bottle. The bottle was rolling and water was spilling everywhere. Instead of looking at the bottle, the man was holding his chest. His eyes opened wide.

'After doing the ritual, you need to be careful about everything you do. The wish always come true, but sometimes the spirit enters and something goes wrong. Haha... but it's probably a made up story right? It still creeps me out because, going through it is a little weird.'

A laughing voice could be heard from the answering machine, but the man was hardly breathing. His big, open eyes looked outside the window and saw the white moon.

Bang... his heart rate was dropping. It cannot be a mistake. The man frowned and grabbed onto his chest. He felt a pain, as if his heart was being ripped apart. For a second there, he had the vision of a desert and a man. This man had black hair and eyes and looked normal. Even though he had never seen him before, he knew who he was.

His heart, head and body were shaking. The voice of Rachael was saying something through the answering machine, but he couldn't hear anything. Something had gone wrong, but he couldn't turn back now.

He listened to his heart stop and soon collapsed on the floor. Cold, spilled water was drenching him, and the man had his eyes wide open and took his last breath.

His world was shaking and collapsing, and then it started to rebuild again.

This world was different, a desert, and there was the man from his vision a second ago. His black hair was cropped like a soldier's, and he woke up with a tired face. As soon as he woke up, he took his gun and looked around. And he took care of his team members. He looked over his shoulders, and Haley felt like they made an eye contact, for a second.

Mason Taylor...

He murmured his name and the two overlapping worlds were once again pulled apart.

Few hours later, Tony Bridget, who was mad since nobody received his calls, went inside Haley Lusk's house. That was when saw him, lying on the kitchen floor, with his eyes wide open.

He wasn't breathing and his heart had stopped. Tony called for the police right away, and the police verified that he was dead. Right when Tony was sobbing and saying 'What about next week's schedule?' Haley coughed. Everybody stopped working and looked at him. And a young police, who was standing closest to him, startled a bit and put his ear to his heart.

There wasn't any sound coming forth.

"... Did I mishear?"

Was there a cat in this house? Just when he was thinking so—

"---?"

He felt a small breath. A while ago he thought he'd heard something wrong, but now he could definitely hear a small thump from his heart.

"Ahhhhhh!"

"What's wrong?"

The young police officer screamed and stepped back, and the other officer asked. The young police officer paled visibly and said,

"He, he, he's alive..."

He's alive, this...! He shouted and Tony, who was standing stupidly nearby, ran towards him and checked his heart.

He wasn't lying. His heart had indeed started to beat again.

"Like a miracle."

That was only the beginning of all changes.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 1 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Ch.1 Part 3

And during a similar time in New York, there was a premiere for the movie ‘Shutter’, at a hotel and the place was loud with the sound of camera shutters in front of a single man.

Bright lights were flashing everywhere.

“Mr. Raycarlton! Look here!”

“Tell us something! Mr. Ray...”

“Here! Here!”

A blonde guy, who looked better than any celebrity, was looking a little uncomfortable because of all the reporters surrounding him.

“Mr. Raycarlton! What do you think about Haley proposing to you? You can be honest! No one is going to blame you, even if you say you were offended!”

Because of what one reporter said, everyone started to laugh. The blonde guy, called Noah Raycarlton, looked really handsome in a tailored black suit. He made an awkward face.

Two days ago, the official bitch of Hollywood, Haley Lusk was at an after party of this one fashion show. There was an incident where he was completely drunk and confessed to Noah. Even if he was sober and said, ‘I’m your fan. I like you,’ people will be mad at him for crushing on the likes of Noah. But Haley stopped Noah in front of everybody in the party and said.

‘Excuse me. I do that really well.’ Spitting out some vulgar stuff, he said, ‘Sleep with me for once. Yes?’ and clinging on to him. ‘If you sleep with me once, you’ll never forget it.’ And then ‘Marry me.’ And shouted, ‘I really love you!’ and then of course he followed it with, ‘I’ll die if you don’t go out with me!’

‘Oh my god Haley!’ Everyone at the party sighed and what happened on that day quickly spread through SNS and newspapers.

If it weren’t Noah Raycarlton or Haley Lusk, this wouldn’t be this big.

But Noah Raycarlton, also known as Raynoah, his grandfather was the owner of a big petroleum company in 1900’s. He was called the Midas touch, George Raycarlton. Noah’s mother, the award winning best actress Rebecca Kelly’s side was a famous politician family. His father, Edgar Raycarlton, had established the biggest law firm in US, and he was their only child. America’s thorough bred. That was Noah. Currently, he was helping his grandfather to invest in many cultural, defense and environmental projects, etc. He invested in many companies that helped the world, and everything he touched turned into

jackpots, so he was able to amass a large sum of money.

And then there is Haley Lusk... He was a famous child actor who caught the eye of many Americans, but just like many other child actors, before he became an adult, he ruined himself with alcohol, drugs, luxury and sex. He became one of those typical child actors. He was barely publicized in the newspapers but for his dirty scandals, and the only thing going for him was that his face was a bit prettier than the average Joe. But still, compared to Raynoah he was nothing.

It was like a street whore confessing to a prince. And everyone thought that it was a disgrace.

“Please say something!”

“Mr. Raycarlton!”

The reporters were like hyenas trying to get any kind of information from him. But Noah Raycarlton just apologized with courtesy and modesty and passed by the reporters, with his secretary Phil Hepson on tow. Even if that person was a trash, it wasn't like Noah to say something nasty about him.

“Mr. Raycarlton. I think it's best for you if you leave for today.”

Phil looked around the hotel entrance and frowned. He was ought to go to the movie premiere, since he was their biggest investor, but the situation wasn't looking good.

Many people couldn't enter the hotel because all the reporters who blocking the entrance. And people who were about to go inside the hotel had stopped to watch Noah's reactions.

Noah's expression looked uncomfortable as he glanced around. When his face turned their way, many reporters were amazed. His beauty was breathtaking, even to those who saw good-looking celebrities every other day.

Raynoah was famous not only for his family background, but also because of the famous incident where he got kidnapped when he was a child. People said that his business skills were way better than his grandfather, and that he showed a gentle personality and good manners to everyone. Every day there were dozens of paparazzi following him, but his private life was never revealed... There were many reasons why he was so famous. But people who actually met him in real life will know that the biggest reason for his fame was his beautiful face.

His attractive figure looked like it had just popped out of a painting. His fancy blonde hair, mysterious green eyes, perfectly sculpted face, tall height, and a model-like body, all shined the brightest when he was smiling. There were probably less than a handful of people who would not fall for his sweet, beautiful smile.

The reporters stirred after they were dumbstruck by his good looks. The camera shutters started to click. There were flashes everywhere, and the man sighed and said, "We should go back, Phil".

Phil called the car that was ready, a black Rolls Royce, which stopped in front of the hotel entrance. The bodyguards cleared a path to the car. The reporters started to take pictures like crazy, because it was the only thing they could do. Because of the whining reporters, Noah apologetically said, "I'm sorry. I don't have anything to say." However, when he was about to get on the car—

One reporter grabbed his shoulders through the bodyguards. Noah startled and looked back at the reporter.

"Ah, excuse me...."

The reporter stuttered. When he grabbed Noah's arm, he already had something in mind to say. If Noah displayed an awkward smile, he was going to say, 'What's so hard? Please say a word!' But when he saw Noah's expressionless face, he froze. His staring, cold green eyes gave him a cold sweat. However, in a moment

Noah smiled, as if it had all been his imagination. He let go of his arm and smiled nicely. Noah's smile gathered more attention, the shutter noises getting faster.

The guard pushed away the reporter. He was looking at Noah with nervousness, but didn't realize why he was acting so.

Phil opened the back door, and Noah got inside. And right before the car door was shut.

"What? Haley?"

Among the din of flashlights, a man's voice was heard pretty loud. The man, who was answering the phone, closed his mouth and looked around. Did something happen to Haley Lusk? The reporters were staring at him like hyenas. While their focus was on that reporter, Noah's car door closed and left the scene.

All the reporters were looking at the reporter who had spoken out loud and quickly ran over to their cars and called some places.

Noah looked outside the window. Few cars followed him, but several others went in a different direction.

"Haley Lusk died."

Phil heard the latest news through his radio and told him. Noah looked at Phil, and Phil said, "His manager found him dead in his house. They don't know the cause yet. But they think it's because of drug overdose. It could also be suicide."

Noah laughed instead of being surprised. The guy who had said to him, "I'll die if you don't go out with me!" had actually died.

"He can't sit still, can he?"

He sounded rather annoyed, than being interested in him or sympathize with

him. Because of Haley he had been involved in this scandal for two days. He laughed saying, “I should just stay at home for a while.” It was obvious to him that a bunch of sympathizing articles about Haley will be published, and the reporters will be swarming to his house like bees to hear how he feels.

Noah was indifferently thinking, ‘Should I go to a warm southern country for a while?’ This was not a bad excuse for that. However, it will be better for his image if he stayed at home, acting sick than not taking any days off. Until that guy disappears from people’s memories. –In about three of four days there will be another scandal, and people will be like ‘Haley? Who is... ah, that dead guy?’ There were many different kinds of celebrities in Hollywood.

Anyways, he kinda felt empty that the person he was about to crush down died before he could do so.

‘I’ll die if you don’t go out with me!’

Two days ago. Noah was just waiting for the security to arrive when he heard that crappy line. That dirty rag was angry and said, ‘don’t regret.’

‘You’ll regret that you disregarded me today.’

He was controlling his facial expression, but ended up laughing after hearing that. The man, who was so drunk that his eyes were out of focus, froze, and Noah bent down, so only he can hear him.

‘Mr. Lusk, you’ll end up filming dirty porn for the rest of your life.’

Noah smiled kindly and looked at Haley, who was just frozen after hearing his vulgar way of talking.

‘So, why don’t you worry about your hole rather than mine?’

‘It’s probably already too lose.’ –He actually sounded like he was worrying for his

close friend's health, and Haley's face slowly turned blackish red.

Noah shook off his clothes where Haley had grabbed him and turned around. Behind him, Haley was screaming, 'You... you are gonna regret this! Just watch!' But Noah didn't laugh this time.

"....Had he meant that I won't be able to crush him down?"

He murmured to himself. Regretting only because he wasn't able to destroy that person. 'I do have that kind of a personality, but I'm not a sadist...'

Noah just stared outside the window.

"...-Hm."

Or did he actually think I'm going to regret just because he died? –Since he didn't know his place, it is possible that he thought so. Probably, even if that trashy guy dies, of course he or the world won't care.

Noah was neither regretting nor showing any sympathy for Haley. He was thinking, 'It would be better for him if he dies now.' He wasn't kidding when he whispered that Haley would live, filming porn, for the rest of his life. Such a deal was easy for him– destroying a dirty rag to hell; since he had invested about tens of millions of dollars every year, in movies, dramas and other entertainment business.

Haley was stupid and the only thing he did was to throw tantrums, so in half a year, he would have ended up filming bestiality or gore porn films. Even if he was alive, he'll probably die from either drug overdose or intestinal rupture from putting something dangerous inside him. Imagining all these made Noah wonder that, Haley was better off dying like that.

It was definitely better for him to die now. Just as he came to that conclusion, Phil frowned after answering his phone.

“What?” He checked the information again and looked at Noah. He talked on the phone for a while and hung up. And he told him with a bewildered face—

“Mr. Raycarlton. Haley Lusk seemed to be still alive.”

Haley Lusk is alive. He definitely checked the latest message that he’d been dead for about one or two hours, but then everything overturned. Haley Lusk was alive and was now heading to the local hospital. Phil checked if the messages were misguided, but they weren’t. It was true that he actually stopped breathing, and rigor mortis was already setting in, but then he suddenly revived according to the police.

“No, he was definitely dead but then revived.”

‘It wasn’t like he revived right away. His body became cold, but his heart started to beat’ —Phil was surprised about that, but Noah was just indifferent and just frowned a bit.

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 1 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Janryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Ch. 1 Part 4

....Beep- Beep- Beep-

There was a rhythmic sound coming from a distance. And elsewhere there was a sound of air pumping. No... It sounded like it was coming from close by....

Mason couldn't move and was thinking what these noises were, while he was still half asleep. He thought he'd heard this somewhere, but couldn't place it. 'No', he thought, 'I can't think because my brain is echoing'. It sounded similar to the heart monitors and respirators in a hospital, but no way, because he was definitely dead.

He didn't think that he could miraculously survive and wake up in a hospital, not

at all. He got shot at the back of his head at a very close range. He could tell that the left part of his forehead was blown away even though he couldn't see it. Of course the world is big, so there were probably a few who had survived a gun shot to their head, but he wasn't one of them. The one who shot him was Aaron, in the middle of the enemy's territory. It's hard to survive even if you got shot inside a hospital. But then he got shot in the middle of a desert, inside a bunker, which was a 120 km (74.6 miles) away from any hospital. And there was one fake doctor who fainted. It was obvious that Mason died but...

Amidst the sounds of the machines, there were voices too. He was sure it wasn't just one person.

"-----"

".....so embarrassing, seriously... I can't even show my face."

There was an annoyed voice close by. It sounded like a disrupted radio transmission.

"Did you guys see the newspaper yesterday? The media was badmouthing about how the Hollywood's worst scapegrace flirted with the America's holy sanctuary. They said he doesn't know his place."

"It's true. This guys is a dirty rag and obsolete."

After hearing their sharp tongues, a woman laughed. There was a sound of someone sitting on a chair.

"And suicide? Does he actually think somebody is gonna sympathize with him?"

"What are you talking about? He's so stupid that he can't even kill himself properly. Don't you see him still breathing?"

"It was probably because he was too high to commit suicide. A heart attack,"

said the woman, “how pathetic! It’s not even a suicide.”

“Liz was always like this. Singing like he was screaming and whenever he appeared on a talk show, he always kept his mouth shut. And when it did open, he always spewed something stupid. All he did was acting, but he couldn’t even act because he was too stupid to memorize his lines.... Only thing good about him was his face, but now because of the drugs, he looks nothing special, more like a common junkie. But he was doing well, making troubles like any other star. So here I was, hoping that he was gonna leave all his fortune and die of a heart attack...”

“Ahh!”

“I know right!”

Everyone agreed upon hearing the woman’s honest words. For a while, people were sighing and didn’t talk. Everyone was looking at each other, and one guy started to talk.

“–Liz won't wake up right?”

Everyone got mad at him.

“No way! Dr. Joe already said it’s a miracle that he’s even alive right now. If the heart stops for five minutes, the brain stops functioning too. This guy is very stubborn indeed.”

“There is no way that he’ll wake up”. –One woman said boldly and everyone agreed with her. But another one was nervous.

“But, but what if.... he really wakes up?”

“I need to renew my house interior, but if Liz doesn’t die, that means I would have to do it with my own money”. –Her thoughtless words made everyone

uneasy.

“....”

Mason tried to open his heavy eyes. ‘What are they saying?’ Hearing the sounds of the heart monitor and respirator was confusing enough. He didn’t think he was hearing the voice of angels. It cannot be the devil either, because it was too snobby to be either of them. He was so confused.

I’m definitely dead, but what are these secular stories? Do people die and always fall in this kind of world? Mason frowned and tried to open his eyes. He couldn’t move a muscle as if he was in a scissor lock. Well, I’m already dead, so it’s obvious that I can’t move. But something felt uncomfortable, and may be if he tried a bit he could move?

“.....I think I’ll be a little sad. If Liz disappears, I can’t sell any of his gossip for my pocket money.”

“Who would buy his gossip? He did so many things that even if we sell his sex video, it’d probably fetch less than \$ 500.”

“Sorry, Liz.”

We’ll definitely put your fortune to good use. Her voice didn’t sound sorry at all. Her voice was right next to his head. Mason breathed deeply and tried to move his finger. While his focus was on his finger to make it move...

“....!”

Someone’s hand approached his face and landed on his oxygen mask. Carefully the mask was removed. Cold air hit his face. A small breath came out and the finger that had all of his strength started to move, and the body that felt heavy like a rock started to loosen up. There was a tiny light seeping through his

eyelids.

“.....”

White ceiling, and there were people standing around the bed. Beep- Beep- slow and stable heart monitor, and there was also the respirator sound.

‘.... So it was a hospital?’

Mason blankly stared at the ceiling and looked around. It all looked so realistic. ‘What the... am I still alive? Why am I alive?’ He slowly blinked his eyes. It was dark for a second and the bright world rushed back with stark reality.

“Why isn’t this turning off? Wasn’t it supposed to die after making a beeeeeeep noise?”

Everything happened like in the dramas. A bewildered looking woman was holding Mason’s mask and talking, “Is this machine broken?”. She looked down and saw Mason blankly staring at the ceiling. At first she was startled and screamed.

“Aaaah!”

“Uh, uh?” “Oh my, oh my, oh my!” There were sounds of people’s surprised tone. Mason blinked to adjust his blurry eyes. When he got used to the light, slowly the world got clearer.

It was little cold inside the hospital room. Everyone was looking at him with shock.

“Oh, my god, Liz...?”

Liz? Mason frowned at what they are calling him and got up. He was a little dizzy and stiff, but it wasn’t bad enough that he couldn’t move. Mason blinked and

stared at people looking at him and carefully touched his forehead. There was no hole. There wasn't even a bandage wrapped around.

'Am I really alive?' Mason was blinking while looking around the room. There was slight breeze outside the window and a warm sunlight was pouring in. It not at all looked like the afterlife.

"Oh, oh my.... are, are, are you, okay?"

A woman asked, stuttering. 'You're right. Am I alive?' Mason tried to ask back but stopped. He saw skinny pale hands. For a second, he thought they were someone else's hands, but they were hands that are properly attached to his arms.

"Uh...."

What's wrong with my hands? Mason blankly stared at his hands. The shape of his hands and palms were all new to him. He was a six feet tall mercenary. He was an orphan and grew up in a slum. There were no harsh things he didn't do. When he grew up, he became a mercenary and everyday under the hot sun, he shoved, shot, fought, and did much more. He never rested his hands. His hands and palms were full of calluses, small scratches, and he skin was dark, tanned. But right now, his hands that are attached to his arms were new. These hands had blue vessels underneath the pale skin and had long fingers instead.

"....."

Mason nervously checked everything. The silhouette of his legs, lying under the blanket, looked very thin compared to his. He got anxious, and his heart started beating like crazy.

"...Liz? I'm asking if you're alright!"

This middle-aged woman was screaming at him and a pixilated middle-aged man,

coughed loudly and left the room. A young man said, “I’ll, I’ll call the doctor,” and ran outside. Mason was just blankly staring at his hands and was looking at the woman who looked mad.

“What, what are you looking at?”

“... Who’s Liz?”

A slightly dry voice emerged. It was dry, but the voice sounded very light. It was strange, but he tried to think it could be because he just woke up. It's all in his head that his hands looked strange and, his arms and legs looked way skinnier than before. It’s all because he never paid attention before and now he suddenly realized that they looked weird. –Mason tried to avoid this reality, and the woman looked a little surprised that Mason asked her that question. But soon she frowned.

“Okay. Sorry for calling you ‘Liz’, Haley. You don’t have to be rude. I know we disowned each other, even so, I ran all the way here because I was worried that you were gonna die.... You are as insolent as always. I shouldn’t have come.”

She said and roughly took her purse from the table. Haley? Worry? Disowned? Mason frowned from hearing all these words he didn’t recognize, and the woman got mad and left. The door slammed loudly and there was a young woman behind that woman. She was looking around nervously and smiled at Mason.

“She got used to your nickname. You were pretty close with her when you were a child. Aunt Anna and you.”

“... I was close with that woman?”

After Mason’s question, she awkwardly smiled and said, “You, you don’t seem to feel good today. You look healthy, so I’ll be going.” She hurried out of the room almost as if running away. There was no time to stop her and ask what was going

on.

“.....”

Mason was left alone in the hospital room. He stared at the door for a while and stared at his hands again. These thin hands looked like they never did any work. He slowly got off from the bed. There were many wires attach to his chest, hands, and everywhere. He took them off, one by one, but soon got annoyed and plucked them all at once. Somehow he felt edgy. With a wobbly pair of legs, he stopped in front of the restroom door.

He turned the doorknob and took a deep breath. He didn't know why, but he felt nervous. There will be a mirror, right after he opened the door and as usual, there will be a nonchalant face like his usual self. He swallowed in his dry mouth and turned the knob and opened the door. And he froze right away.

“...!”

Right across from him, the face reflected in the mirror wasn't his. In the mirror, instead of his fierce looking regular self, his normal black hair and a tall figure, there was a pale young man with platinum blonde hair, who looked about to faint any minute.

What is this? Mason swallowed his dry spit. ‘What's this? What happened? Who is that?’ Mason stared at the mirror like he was nailed on the spot. He took a step back right as the door opened and the doctor and nurses hurried into the room. The guy who said he was gonna call the doctor didn't come back, but guess he called them after all.

“Oh my, Mr. Lusk! You can't get up like that!”

“You took out all the needles!” The two nurses sounded a little annoyed. They pressed his arm, where blood was dripping down, with a cold, alcohol swab. They glimpsed at him, and he looked as if he was a bit high. Mason looked at the

nurses treating the back of his hand and looked at the doctor who was looking through his chart.

“Have you been awake for a while? Do you remember what happened? You came to this hospital because of a heart attack, last night. And your heart stopped for a few minutes. I don’t know how you are still alive, and why you were walking around, dripping blood all over the place. You don’t go to church right?”

“You don’t look like the type who believes in a miracle” –The doctor said in an insulting manner and Mason got cold sweats. ‘Heart attack?’

“I came here because of a heart attack? Not a gun shot wound?”

“... -Haley. It’s pretty serious if you can’t tell the difference between the reality and hallucination. I’m sure you understand that.”

The doctor was looking at Mason like he was the worst junkie he ever saw. Mason turned and saw the mirror again. There was the blonde man in the mirror, trembling. ‘Are my eyes crazy?’ He tried blinking a few times, but that man was still standing there, staring back at him. He was stupidly blinking because he didn’t know what was going on.

“Haley? What are you doing? Go back to your bed.”

“-Who’s Haley?”

Mason stuttered and asked–

“Is that man Liz, Ha, Haley?”

Mason pointed at the mirror that was reflecting him. That made the doctor and the nurses look at him with surprise and they whispered among themselves. ‘What is he doing? What’s wrong with him? Is it because of the drugs? Maybe

he's embarrassed that he survived when he thought he was dead?' –He touched his face hearing some of the things they were talking about. The man in the mirror moved exactly the same way. He blinked, and the pretty man in the mirror blinked his eyes at the same time. He saw the man in the mirror moving his lips, and he touched his and felt the dried lip that was trembling a bit.

“...-Is that, me?”

His voice was hoarse. ‘That, the strange man in the mirror, is I? I’m the man named Haley?’ Mason asked with fear on his face. The doctor and the nurses stopped talking and looked at him and exchanged a few looks.

“What are you talking about, Haley?”

The doctor asked with surprise. Mason looked at the mirror once more. The mirror was still reflecting the platinum blonde young man.

“Haley? –Are you okay?”

“.....”

No. No, I’m not okay.... What is happening? Who is that? No, who am I? There were many things going on in his head, but Mason couldn’t say anything aloud. His neck was growing cold with sweat.

[Continue to Chapter 2](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 2 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Ch. 2 Part 1

02

Now Haley, who was Hollywood's bitch and troublemaker, debuted in a movie called 'Dreaming for the Sea.'

The movie was about a murder happening in a town, near a beach. Except for the last two cuts where Haley appeared, the movie had nothing to show. It was obviously a failure. One critique even said, 'First movie I ever watched that made me think it was a waste of film.' Except for that one critique, no one seemed to have watched that movie. That's how horrible it was.

Haley became popular because of his next role.

The movie was called '27 hours', directed by Plao. '27 hours' was about Noah

Raycarlton, lovingly called by the Americans as Raynoah, who was kidnapped when he was little.

A child followed his mother, who was a famous actress, to her working place and a jealous, nameless actress kidnapped him. The movie was about the 27 hours during which he was trapped and his dramatic rescue. Haley played the role of Raynoah.

The movie was successful, because of Raynoah's popularity and pretty Haley. The movie was released three years after the incident. His father, Edgar Raycarlton, who was a famous lawyer, and his mother, Rebecca Kelly, protected him. He never appeared on the news media and so, all the attention was focused on Haley.

It was around that time when Tony Bridget met Haley. He was quite well known as a manager back then. He remembered vividly when he first met Haley.

It was in front of the agency's big window and the sunlight was pouring in. The child was shining, brighter than the sunlight surrounding him. His shiny blonde hair was like honey, and his blue eyes like the sea. He caught everyone's eyes, because of his pale, cute, doll-like face, which was very lively. He couldn't take his eyes off him when the boy was talking.

This kid was gonna be a top star. Tony was sure. This kid will become a top star, and not just a mere one. He will become a star that the whole world will cheer.

While he himself couldn't become a movie star, Tony was confident in his skill to spot the right person. Out of everyone he'd singled out, Raynoah was the only one who didn't become a famous celebrity ten years later. –Because, of course, Raynoah was already famous even though he wasn't a movie star.

'I can manage this child.' Tony thought he finally had a ray of sunshine in his life. 'God, thank you! I can finally hold on to a diamond that's not a rock.' Or so he thought.

Only, Haley turned out to have a small flaw; he was not smart. It took him fourteen tries to memorize an easy name like Tony Bridget.

.... Tony had imagined that it would be a very small flaw. Until he found out that Haley was so stupid that he couldn't even tell the difference between flour and heroine.

“ ”

Tony Bridget, who had been Haley's manager for 16 years, now looked at him, admitted in a hospital and just staring blankly at his own reflection in a mirror. Tony remembered the past when he'd thought Haley would become a top star

His eyes were definitely crooked at that time. What sunshine? ...Tony realized that, what he thought as a diamond was actually a common glass marble, which had shone only for a short while. In the recent few years, its been glowing like a street light on a foggy day.

Thanks to his pretty exterior and a messy life style, few jobs were still coming by. And thanks to the troubles he had caused, he was fuel for hot news every day. Even if it wasn't Tony's idea to turn him into a common troublemaker, he was still fine with it. At least Haley was still a celebrity.

However, in the last one or two years, nobody seemed to care about what Haley did. Even the recent incident, if it was not for Raynoah, it wouldn't have been publicized in the newspapers. It had been a long time since Haley was on the front page of a newspaper for what he did....

Of course it wasn't something to be proud of. Chances are, Haley's life as an actor has come to an end. He dared to touch Raynoah. Haley already had a bad image, but this was worse. It's been a week since Haley survived his suicide attempt or heart attack. Nobody was even sympathizing with him. People were saying that he was a public menace for bargaining with his life. This made the

whole world to hate him. There were some who didn't care about Haley, but there were none who liked Haley.

“.....”

Tony glimpsed at him.

“So.... Should I get you some water? Do you want to drink some water?”

He asked Haley, who was stupidly staring at the mirror. He replied, “No, no. It's okay. I can get it myself.”

If this was the usual, “Do you think I'll drink hospital water? Why are you even asking me? Go and buy Evian!” he would've screamed. But right now he was just staring at the mirror with a grim face.

“.....”

Was it because of the amnesia? Haley's mood seemed to be gloomier today. He lost all his ability to become a star, but thanks to his unique personality, there was still something sharp about his aura. Today though, he didn't even have that. He looked rounder than usual, like a normal person. As if he would just blend in with the extras, colorless and odorless like a blank, white paper.

Actually, he didn't recognize Haley at all, when he came to hospital after hearing about Haley's amnesia, because of his calm demeanor. Of course it was just for a while, and it was probably because of his tacky patient clothes... Tony kept glimpsing at Haley who looked very different from his usual self.

“.....”

Haley, who was actually Mason that looked like Haley, kept looking at himself in the mirror. Every time he peeked, of course his appearance didn't change.

It was obvious that it'll hurt when you get shot by a gun. It hurts when you are shot at your arm or leg, but he was shot on his head, and the pain was inexplicable. It lasted only for a second but it had been deadly. So... maybe it hurt so much that his body shrank. The pain had been unbearable. –Mason stared at his thin arms and legs and wondered for a bit.

No way! Even if the pain was unbearable, you cannot turn pretty and blonde, with soft hands or have different eye color. And...

Mason looked at the middle-aged man who kept glimpsing at him. He awkwardly smiled at Haley.

Toney Bridget. He had rushed in, when he was being examined by the MRI and introduced himself as his manager.

‘This guy.... No, me... I’m an actor?’

He didn’t think he was an athlete because of his skinny body. And Tony was astounded, ‘It's true. He’s actually lost all his memory.’

‘You can say you forgot everything because you have a bad memory, but you even forgot what your job is....?’

“Even in your sleep, you would say things like, ‘Do you know who I am? I’m Haley! I’m a star! How can I do that? Do you know how many dramas I’ve appeared in?’ ” Tony said, with tears were in his eyes.

Because of Tony’s intention to not offend him, Mason for a second wanted to say that, ‘I’m a different person. I didn’t lose my memory!’ But he didn’t even understand his own situation right now, how was he going to explain this to anyone? It was a perfect opportunity to be treated like an insane person. Actually Mason wasn’t sure if he hadn’t gone mad already

Haley Lusk, aka Liz– Twenty-four years old. Started his career when he was

seven, which was 17 years ago. He was a pretty famous actor. Tony was trying to help regain Haley's memory, so he listed all the dramas and movies that he had starred so far.

Mason still looked clueless, so Tony mentioned some of the incidents he had caused. Haley tried to escape from a rehab facility, fell down and broken his leg. He had been caught drunk-driving, twice. Once he was high from smoking pot and ran on the streets, half naked. Among other dirty scandals, recently he flirted with Raynoah and got kicked out. Later he had a heart attack, either because of an attempted suicide, or because of overdose. He told him everything.

“.....”

Mason looked at the mirror again and looked at his hand where there was a needle mark.

‘Is it something like... magic? Or did the modern technology get better? Who made this happen?’ Many thoughts swirled in his mind and soon disappeared. Even if he thought this was impossible and tried to think realistically, the situation wasn't going to change.

[Continue to Ch. 2 Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 2 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Ch. 2 Part 2

Mason, who lived a rough life fighting in Afghanistan, died, and now have became Hollywood's scapegoat, who had once flirted with Raynoah and tried to commit suicide. Every time he tried to close and open his eyes, this was the reality.

He felt a bit relieved, understanding some of the real situation, but still feeling greatly confused. He started to think, may be it was not so bad after all. No, it was definitely good.

He looked weak, but he also had pretty looks and was tall. This body was better than before. He was living dirty and poor, but now he is a 'Hollywood star'. Mason thought 'this guy was hated by everyone, but still- this is a big turn around in my life. At least I don't have a bullet in my head, and no colleague will point a gun at me'.

"....."

Mason took his eyes off the mirror and looked around. Tony was looking outside the window and murmuring to himself, “Those disgusting paparazzi. Those demons.” He was cussing at someone, and Mason just stood up. They said he had overdosed or attempted suicide, but his body wasn’t bad at all. His body felt a little bit heavier than before, but it wasn’t so bad.

“Excuse me, Mr. Bridget.”

Tony got startled when Mason called him and turned to face him.

“Ju, just call me Tony.”

Mason thought about it and said informally, “Okay, Tony.” He looked at him a little awkwardly, and Mason smiled.

“I want to be discharged.”

“A, already?”

“My body is already fine, so there is no need for me to stay here. Haley, no, I don’t even have my memory, so I have to think of a way to earn money.”

Mason said while stretching his body and Tony screamed.

“You are gonna retire?”

“No don’t make it sound so fancy... I can’t even act anymore right?”

He’d never even participated in any of the Christmas shows while in the orphanage. All he’d ever worked was in tough jobs and so, just because his body changed it didn’t mean he could work as an actor on a regular basis. Of course he didn’t want to become a mercenary either. He never really had time for himself to think about what he wanted to do, but he knew wanted to

make something out of himself if he was born again.

“Wa, wait. Quit? What if your memory comes back tomorrow?”

“If my memory comes back, I can be an actor then.”

“Do, do, do, do you think becoming an actor is a piece of cake? If a celebrity is forgotten once, then that’s it!”

Tony screamed with desperation, but Mason calmly replied, “Is that so?” ‘If my memory comes back, then that means this will not be me, and after that it will be none of my business.’ He felt a little sorry for the body’s owner, Haley, but he couldn’t wait forever for Haley to come back. And he didn’t even know this guy, so he won’t be wasting his bonus lifetime sympathizing with Haley. He didn’t know how this life started or how it would end. He might live a few days or only a few hours.

Mason tried to calm Tony down.

“Still there is nothing I can do. I can’t even act.”

“No. What do you mean you can’t? You can do it. No, you might not have memory of this, but you are actually...”

Tony was trying to convince Mason holding his clothes and looked at his vibrating phone. He stuttered, and Mason gave him a signal to answer the phone. He answered, “Yes, yes. This is Tony.” He was answering the phone subserviently. Mason left him alone and started to dig through the closet. He was looking for the clothes he wore when he was admitted in the hospital, but there was nothing.

“No. What do you mean died? He didn’t die. He is already awake. Liz! Don’t go out!”

Tony ran after Mason to stop him. Mason was trying to get discharged from the hospital. Tony grabbed Mason in front of the door and talked to someone on the phone in a desperate voice.

“No, it’s not that. He ran because he wanted to get to the filming set, as fast as he can... Huh? No! Of course! We will definitely be there even if we were to die.”

“Yes. I know. Yes, of course Director. Tony was obsequious for a while and hung up right away and turned to Mason with a scary face.

“You must be busy. If you tell me the address.... I’m not homeless right?”

“You said you are fine, right? You want to be discharged?”

Mason didn’t think it was weird if Haley was homeless, that’s why he asked Tony. But Tony asked another question instead of answering. His eyes were like a soldier’s, in the middle of a war. Because of his scary expression, Mason stuttered a bit.

“Huh? Ah yes....”

“I’m fine....” Right after he said that, Tony grabbed his hand and ran outside the room.

“Why? What’s wrong? What are you doing?”

Mason staggered a little bit, but Tony kept running and pulled Mason with him. He was breathing heavily through his chubby cheeks and pushed Mason into a car. He heard people with cameras appearing from everywhere shouting ‘It's Haley!’ ‘Over there!’

“Huk, huk, Tony?”

This body was so weak that he could barely run, and it was already out of breath.

It was really crowded with people charging at them with flashes and pounding on the windows.

“What the... You should at least explain what’s going on...”

Mason was wearing the hospital patient’s clothes and slippers. He calmed his breath and asked Tony. Instead Tony stared at the paparazzi with scary eyes and stepped on the gas. Mason automatically grabbed on to the seatbelt tightly.

“—will kill you if you don’t act right away.”

“What?”

“If you don’t go to the shoot today, they told me they will cut your role!”

Tony screamed desperately and turned the handle dramatically and charged at the paparazzi. Somebody looked like he fell on the ground, but Tony avoided all those people strong and fast, artistically. It was a skill that he learned after being the troublemaker, Haley’s manager for 16 years.

“What the...”

Mason saw the car’s wheel avoid a person’s head by 1 cm. He looked at Tony with shock, but Tony had more serious expression than before. It was like he was protecting a princess whose life was in danger.

“—hold on tight.”

Tony told him through his closed teeth and Mason instead of asking why, held on to the handle with his life. And after that, the car shot forward like a bullet.

It was like the ‘Fast and Furious’.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 2 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Ch.2 Part 3

With a speed that made my spine chill and a fancy drift, he managed to distract all the reporters and parked the car in the some kind of abandoned place. He breathed like he was dehydrated and told Mason something shocking.

“What are you saying... You’re kidding, right?”

Mason asked again with a shocked face. What did you just tell me? Mason asked like he wanted he heard it wrong, but Tony didn’t care about his desperation and repeated what he just said.

“You are gonna go in and film a drama. –Did you memorize the lines?”

Memorize them fast. It's hard to see during make-up.— He gave Mason the script and rushed him. Mason automatically looked at the script and looked at him right away.

“Wha, what film, what acting suddenly? Didn't I just told you I'm gonna quit?”

“Even if you are quitting, you need to do your schedule! Are you seriously gonna let them fire you? Even though you don't have your memory... Oh no, the time.”

Tony didn't even explain well to Mason. He just rushed him to get out of the car. Mason got pulled out of the car by him but still stepped back.

“Wait, wa, wait, Tony. Wait.”

This middle age obese man without any muscle, if it was my actually body, I could've just pushed him away, but what's wrong with this body? Every time he used his strength, he just got dragged. If I try like throwing somebody like usual, I think I'm gonna break my wrists.

“Wait, huh? What acting? I can't do that this sudden. Think again...”

Mason was getting dragged and tried to convince Tony. Is this how Aaron felt when I went inside the Alta's bunker? At least I didn't ask him to do anything. I just told him to stay shut.

Acting in front of the camera. I didn't think there will be anything more absurd then waking up in a different body, but now I think I need to change that thought in six hours.

Tony seemed like he didn't care that Haley lost his memory, but it was not same just because the face was same. –If it was an actual amnesia patient, well, he might get his memory back by standing in front of the camera and act naturally but not me. I was always busy with my life so never even watched any proper drama. There is no way I can do this.

“It's okay. It's okay. It's not even that long.”

“Long or short. I can't do it. Of course I can't do it. It's not something anyone can do? An, and I don't think I feel well suddenly.”

Urghh, Mason held his head and pretended that he was in pain, but Tony didn't even look at him and just pushed his back.

“If you are able to walk, then it's okay. And you weren't even good at acting before you lost your memory so don't worry about it.”

“Does that even make sense?”

I'm getting dragged like a cow in a slaughter house. How can I not worry? Is he saying it like that because it's not his situation? Tony was keep saying it's okay, and Mason frowned and screamed at him, but Tony said it seriously.

“No, nobody is expecting a great act from you. Just show them your face and read the lines.”

They just want a hot issue and pretty face in the camera. The drama that they

are filming right now is currently on season 10, and it's an investigation drama that airs in the whole country. This is the only job he has right now. Even this is just a drama that he filmed since he was little, other jobs were all fired.

There was one time he had to save his sleeping and eating time and did 6, 7 schedules in one day, but that's all old days.

He is not even good at acting and causes trouble and has a bad personality, and the only good point about him was his face, but now it is fading away. Since his images are bad, no commercial modeling job come in, and almost all the jobs that were coming in were either semi-nude shoots or interviews about the gossips.

And he became nationally hated.

He can never lose this job. Since he is alive, he needs to hold on to this to live. Money is money, but he lived his whole life as an actor. It must be painful to be forgotten by the audience. Right now he is just comfortably saying, 'If my memory comes back, I can work then.' But if his memory comes back and people have forgotten about him....

“.....”

Tony bit his lips and shivered. He can see how he will make a mess and be hysterical. It won't be weird if he's trying to chew and swallow Tony.

“Spare me. Huh? It's not hard. You just have to say this to this line looking at the camera.”

Please, I beg you. Tony begged him with his teary eyes like he is about to kneel, and Mason just sighed and scratched his head. Seriously...

“Really, really I just have to look at the camera and read the lines?”

He was wondering if it'll be that easy but still asked. If I just need to read the lines, I think I can just close my eyes and think of it as one of the mission in Zii. He felt embarrassed that he needs to do something that he usually does secretly in front of the cameras, but once will be somehow... Before Mason tried to convince himself, Tony grabbed his wavering heart.

“Yes, yes. It's late, so we should go in first. Once you are in there you won't think as a big deal.”

Tony was like it's nothing. He told Mason he just has to read few lines and grabbed Mason's wrist and dragged him to the filming set. Haley's habit is to lock himself in his room whenever he's in a bad mood, and he's been Haley's manager for 16 years. It was easier for Tony to take Haley to the filming set than chewing a gum.

They were middle of filming a shooting scene. Cut! Hold that thing well! People were screaming everywhere, and it seemed little busy.

Mason winced little bit looking at a new environment. Tony left him in front of the entrance and ran to the director. Big man with a black sunglasses took a glimpse at Tony and quietly glared at Mason.

“Uh, the hospital said he needs to rest more. They stopped us because he was not ready to get discharged. That's why we're....”

The director waved his hand like he didn't want to hear it, and Tony was acting subserviently.

"Wait, Tony. The script changed."

An assistant director who was standing behind the director stopped Tony who was keep saying excuses and gave him the new script.

"The script changed? Why suddenly?"

"What do you mean why? Just do it as it changed. –We'll start right away after getting ready. How about you check it and let him memorize it first? It's probably too long for him."

"..."

Mason looked around while Tony was checking the script.

There were some people acting in front of the director that Tony was talking to before. He couldn't hear their voice very well because he was pretty far away, but about four of the cameras were filming them very closely and some other cameras were filming from a far. A man holding a strange board and a man holding a stick with fur and more. Many people moved around carrying something heavy centering there.

Mason catches things pretty fast. He quietly pay attention to the filming set. He kind of get how things were working, but more things were strange and new

to him. Only cameras that Mason meets are reporters' camera, CCTV, or small spy cameras.

It would have been better for him if he watched some movies or dramas occasionally, but he didn't have that kind of hobby. I should've watched some... At least pay attention to Clerk who likes to talk about back stories of celebrities. Then I could've understand some atmosphere around here.

"Oh my, Look at how he wore the patient's uniform here. Is he protesting that he's sick or something..."

"It's probably all faking. There is no way he can look like that after he woke up from the heart attack."

Mason turned around hearing people whispering, and women carrying props looked at him like what are you looking at. It wasn't only those women. Many staffs and actors in the filming set were frowning noticeably whenever they saw his face and whispered to each other. Somebody even said, "He didn't even die and came out again" loudly. Cold stares and whispers. He could clearly sense a sharp atmosphere surrounding him.

"..."

Mason took a glimpse at them and looked at the filming scene with an indifferent face. People were whispering, 'He's even more acting cool today' but it didn't even tickle his ears. Mason lived around people who just shoot at people if they are in bad mood, so this wasn't even a light joke for him.

Mason felt more in trouble and uncomfortable because he had to act in front

of all those people and cameras. Think of it as a mission. Mission. Mission. Mission. He did lot of acting during the missions. Actually it was more like a trick than acting, but Tony said its okay. It wasn't hard to read already prepared lines. This is part of a mission. He was keep saying it to himself to hypnotize himself.

"I heard you were dead. Why are you here?"

He heard an indifferent voice next to him. He turned and saw an old male actor even Mason saw sometimes on the TV.What's was his name? Simon?

"...I know. Why am I here."

Mason stared at him little bit and sighed. The one who is most curious why he was here was Mason himself. This was not a place where I should be. What acting. What drama. He felt like Tony will come back soon and say, 'Surprised? It was a joke.'

Simon gave him a confused look looking at Mason's bitter look, but soon he smirked.

"It was a show huh?"

"...What?"

"You pretended you committed suicide because of the Raynoah incident. Right? And that didn't work, so you came out like this. Of course. There are some actors who come out even with their severe heart problem but... not you right?"

You came with a heavy hangover during the time you were supposed to come. –He said it to taunt Mason. Mason just shrugged his shoulder and said, “Who knows.”

“What do you mean who knows?”

“Can’t you just think whatever you want?”

Mason took a glimpsed at him and looked at the scene again. Actually, Mason didn’t know if Haley was trying to commit suicide, or it was for a happy dream and overdosed. I wasn’t at a state where I can just comfortably say something just because it was other person’s problem, but I didn’t need to struggle and make an excuse for a something that I didn’t do. I wasn’t gonna do this job for a long time anyway.

Simon looked at Mason strangely because Mason was too indifferent. He drank his coffee that he was holding. He held his word few times, but he asked.

“So... -Were you actually sick?”

Haha, No right? –He smiled like he was be careful, and Mason waved his hand.

“Don’t worry. I probably came because I can walk.”

To be exact I was dragged, anyway. Because I was nervous that I have to act soon, I said it very simply, and Simon frowned.

“What, what’s wrong? Did you get a deadly disease? Did the doctor say you

are gonna die soon?”

It's finally back!

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 2 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Ch. 2 Part 4

Simon's eyes turned red like he was going to cry. Mason questioned back "Pardon?" with surprised, and Simon pressed his eyes with his hand and said it angrily.

"If that's not it, then what is it?"

"What?"

"You cried for an ambulance when you just got a scratch on your hand while filming, and now you said you are okay! Don't you remember you fainted because your few strands of hair got cut? You were in the hospital for a month because of your broken finger nail... And you said you were okay. What must be it if it's not a deadly illness?"

“ ... ”

Mason wasn't sure if this man was offending him, or if Haley was actually mentally ill. He just stayed quietly. Simon thought about something how Mason was acting and covered his mouth and cried, “Oh, god, god, god.”

“How long do you have? Three months?”

“No, I'm really ok... No, well, I do feel little weak, but it's not that serio....”

“Wait, you don't even have three...!”

Simon screamed, and Mason blocked his mouth. The director screamed with annoyance, “Don't you know we're filming?!” People were glaring, and Mason bow his head.

Mason blocked Simon's mouth, and he felt something wet and looked at him.

“Seriously, I'm okay. Ah, why are you crying?”

“Mmmm, mm...!”

Mason took his hand off right away seeing Simon crying with his mouth blocked.

Tony and this guy. They cry so well. He couldn't get used to it because usually

he lived with very tough and stiff men that even have brains made out of muscles.

“It’s not like I liked you, no, I didn’t like you. Still we saw each other for 10 years.... Oh my god, you look like my son.”

I didn’t like you more because you resemble that weak, childish, and stupid guy. Simon confessed out of nowhere and covered his eyes with his hand. People were looking at this place. Mason slightly put him into the corner to cover him crying and tried to stop him from crying.

“...I’m not gonna die.”

“Then you will be alive after three months?”

“No that...”

Mason stuttered. He should’ve sure that he is going to be alive after three months, but suddenly he came in thought ‘No, I’m not sure if my eyes are gonna open right tomorrow.’

“Well, of course I will be alive right?”

Mason said it little late, but Simon pressed his eyes again and bit his lips to hold his tears. Mason touched his forehead.

“Liz? Liz, wait I...”

Mason was wondering how to calm him down but heard someone calling for Haley. Tony was standing pale holding the script. Mason talked to him brightly.

“Good that you are here, Tony. Can you tell him that I’m not going to die?”

“No, you are gonna die.”

Tony said it like he was going to burst out tears and replied coincidentally, and Simon leaned his head on the wall taking a deep breath saying “of course....” Mason looked at Tony confused.

“Tony?”

“Simon, I have something to say to our actor...”

Tony pulled Mason and said it with a sad tone, and Simon shook his hand like he understood and bit his lips like he was holding his tears. Tony’s head was facing the ground and took Mason to the corner of the filming set.

“Tony. What death? Why did you say that? He was already misunderstanding... He’s crying, that man.”

Mason said it like he was complaining, but when Tony put his head up Mason stopped. Tony’s wrinkled eyes were filled with tears and tip of his nose was red.

“...What?”

Mason asked with hesitation, and Tony suddenly hand him the script that he was holding.

“What is this?”

“Look. –That , Dan is your role.”

Mason looked at sobbing Tony and looked at the script uncomfortably. The name Dan didn’t come out for a while, so Tony had to turn the page for him to see the scene.

42. Behind the building (N)

There was a gun sound, and Dan ran in the rain with bare feet.

Dan (shiver with coldness and shout) Amy! Amy! (finds Amy’s shoe on the ground. Dan is painful) Amy...! (picks up the shoe and looks up)

(Gun sound)

(Dan looks up with tears all over his face and looks at Alfred)

Alfred (smiles dirty) My, I’m sorry about this. This time I was faster.

Dan (looks at Alfred with surprise and looks down his smoking chest. Covers the spot and it starts to bleed. Coughs out blood.) Where is Amy...? (Collapse

forward)

“...It’s a dying scene.”

Mason indifferently looked at the script and said it. This is what he was talking about minute ago about dying. Tony felt sadder because of what Mason said. He bit his lips and held his tears.

“Mmm... I think the writers decided to cut you off.”

Tony was shivering like the world was ending and said last month present Chanel bag payment didn’t even start yet how can they do this to us. Mason sparked his eyes saying “Really?”

“This is the only work these days... How are we gonna live without even this...”

“I can just quit being an actor and do something else.”

Like working in a company or opening a shop. Like normal jobs. Mason smiled lightly. He was actually thinking of quitting and just in time the job drops. Continuing from where he came back alive, it was a perfect timing like god is helping him.

“Working in a company? Opening a shop like a normal job?”

Tony said, “Like you will able to do it” with the tone of amnesia is such a scary illness and sighed. He was a precious body who never even bought a single water

bottle with his own hand. Working in a company? Opening a shop? It suited more if he said he'll film AV. (Adult Video aka porn)

“....”

Tony sighed quietly looking at Haley just smiling like he doesn't have anything in his head. If he had his memory, when he gets this script he will, 'they are gonna kill Dan? And what is this? Running in bare feet? What if I get hurt? I'm not doing it! Not doing it! Not doing it! Fuck Cougar bastard, I'm gonna kill him!' It's good that he is not jumping in anger and just smiling calmly, but he felt bitter thinking he was stupid but got stupider.

“But if I'm gonna die like this, can't I just say I have amnesia and quit?”

“No. Never. Who's gonna believe that? It's not like there was something wrong with the MRI image.”

Nobody even believes that he had a heart attack. It was not like he committed a crime, but he wasn't brave enough to say that in front of the reporters. He freaked out imagining the situation where he announce Haley has an amnesia. His image was already on the ground. Few days ago he flirted with Raynoah and got dragged out and went to the ER right after and surprised people but now amnesia. Can't add images of liar or mentally ill on top of slut and druggie.

Mason scratched his cheek looking at Tony trembling thinking about something.

“But it's true. I can't hide it forever. You said I filmed this for 10 years. I probably have many people close... Won't they know right away?”

Won't they know within a few word? Mason asked, "Isn't it weirder if I get find out later?" Tony sighed like his head hurts.

"You don't have close people."

Tony said it with the tone of 'you actually have amnesia' and sobbed.

"You usually don't remember people and ignore them well. Those people... think you are just being fickle whenever you talk. Don't mind them."

"....."

They won't even notice that I lost memory. I was think if that really made sense, but Tony didn't seemed like he cared about that. He looked more worried about something else and looked at the script.

"What?"

"No...nothing."

He shook his head like something wasn't clear. Mason was about to ask what happened, but assistant director annoyingly shouted, "Haley, are you done getting ready? I told you we are gonna film the next scene right away."

"Get ready. –Kelly! Can you fix his hair?"

“Since you are gonna get wet, hair is fine, but you need to change your clothes.”

A woman who looked like a staff looked at Mason. Mason panicked and said, “No, I didn’t even memorize the lines yet....” But Tony and Kelly stripped him and gave him new clothes and took away his shoes. It was so fast.

“We are ready!”

Kelly shouted to the director. Mason shout back, “No, no, not yet!” but Tony carried him straight up and took him in front of the camera.

“Sorry, Liz.”

Tony whispered. What are you talking about, what are you doing, why are you sorry, when he was about to say these, he was already in front of the camera.

He looked around, but unlike few minutes ago, the area was very quiet, and everyone had their eyes on him. They are like we will criticize you for whatever you do.

Gray hair old director was sitting on the chair just staring indifferently.

He moved his finger and soon cold icy water started to fall on my head. One staff came and closed the slate to announce the scene was starting and walked away.

Mason fidgeted his body feeling the cold water on his head and frowned. The

director opened his mouth.

“Ready, action!”

Cold cue sign was sent. The red light meant the film started and the black lens was pointing at him like a gun prepared to shoot him.

[Continue to Chapter 3](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 3 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

03

Director Ryan Cougar who directed the drama ‘Clue’ for past 10 years indifferently looked at the man in front of him. Liz. Haley Lusk. Haley, that scapegoat... Cougar didn’t like Haley when he first met him.

10 years ago. Acquaintance of his recommended Haley because he was pretty, and more people will watch it if he comes out. He said if he's not good at acting, they can teach him, so what’s the big deal? Cougar didn’t like it, but he still gave him the role.

That time Cougar did think of it easy. Well, he wasn’t a good actor, but he was still good looking. He had to admit his look matched perfectly with the character’s image. He thought acting will improve once he learns.

In result, Haley's acting was horrible since the beginning of the drama 10 years ago. Unbelievably.

No matter how long they taught him, only expression he can do was open his eyes wide and act pretty, and his lines were always unclear. When he screams at his manager to bring a cigarette, he talks like a news anchor, but whenever he is in front of the camera, he talks like half of his tongue is gone.

He had some personality. Among all the actors Cougar experienced –even actresses- he had the most fickle and dirty personality. He sucked at acting, but his pride was very high. He was jealous of everything and had strong desire, so he always complained and wanted the best treatment.

On top of that, his only good thing, his face, disappeared over 10 years, and now his rough skin can't even get covered by the make ups, and they can't even do the close up for a long time because they were worried if his unclear eyes due to drugs will show on the screen.

He was thinking of cutting him, but Haley held a pretty important role. It wasn't easy for him to fire him, so every season he had a hard time....

“.....”

Two days ago, when Cougar saw the news headline, he thought he could finally fire Haley without any hesitation.

It wasn't because he was mad at Haley like other writers. Cougar thought the incident with Raynoah is just a private life. Many Americans think Raynoah as

their son or as their boyfriend, but there are many other people who think he is just a stranger.

Well, Haley did fall pretty low, but not all lovers are on the same level. And compare to that man, everyone will be too low for him.

It's another reason why Cougar decided to stop Haley from coming out in the drama.

Noah Raycarlton is the precious grandson of the majority shareholder of IBC, and he himself is the biggest sponsor of the drama 'Clue.' If an employee flirted with the boss and got rejected and caused an incident about committing suicide, even if there was no direct order from the boss, a middle man should fire that employee automatically. If the boss doesn't come because he is uncomfortable and stops from sponsoring, then it's a big problem.

Today too.

Raynoah decided to come to the scene today. I definitely thought Haley wouldn't come today so brought him in, but when they called him to check, Tony desperately said they were on their way.

We tried our best to stop them from meeting, but this dying guy came during very awkward time. Cougar had to call Noah's side to come next time. Blocking a sponsor that we are supposed to look good to is not good at all. That hated guy committed a terrible mistake.

But this visiting time is a little awkward time, it's unlikely to visit during the middle of a season. Assistant director, Penny, was nervous that we might have a

problem with their production budget. Right now because of the contract, we won't have a big problem, but next season we might some problem.

Cougar got really annoyed thinking about that. He sat slouched and looked at Haley.

Especially today he looked very poor like a normal person. If he was usually like a sharp broken glass, today he was very round. He didn't know where to focus the camera because he was like a common pebble. It looks like the camera director thinks the same. His face was rotted.

He's doing everything. They said he woke up from dead. It looks like he left his celebrity feeling in the underworld. Cougar didn't want to even film him, and now Haley looks like some kind of news screen. Cougar swallowed the word 'get out' and thought.

I will fuck you up.

Cougar thought if he says anything like 'I can't do it because it's too cold!!' he will scream get out and explain his death with narration or with other character's line. I'll do all those interviews from broadcasts and newspapers and announce all his disrespectful attitudes, so I can put a big rock on top of his already buried grave. So forever, he won't be able to come back up.

It was already so obvious that he won't even stand 10 minutes. That sensitive Haley getting wet from a cold rain right after coming out of the hospital few hours ago, it's good if he's able to stand even 30 second.

Cougar gave a signal to the watering person and soon the filming set started to rain. Cougar saw Haley getting wet in instant and gave people a cue sign that's to cut him off.

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 3 Part 2)



Kill the Light by Jangryang

Mason frowned at the feeling of cold rain drops and looked at the Director side. He gets how ready action means to start but has no idea what to do. What was my first line? No, the line only was ‘Amy!’

“Amy....”

Mason said it awkwardly, and the Director shouted “Cut!!!” through the megaphone like he was waiting for it.

“Hey, you didn’t see the script? Can’t you do it well?”

Mason was about to honestly say he wasn’t able to look at it well, but Tony came running with a towel and said, “Please hold it for today. Huh? Today is the

last day.” Mason closed his mouth.

“There, we are gonna start right away. Come out.”

Because of the Director’s shout, Tony couldn’t even open the towel and went out carefully.

“He looks stupider today. What’s wrong with him, like a newbie?”

“He was like that whole 10 years why do you care suddenly? He’s the guy who forgets the lines when he wakes up.”

Ah, right. Derisive laughs were coming from everywhere. Simon gave them a sign, and it became quiet soon, but the whispering stares were still there.

A man with a cap came and insincerely said, “Run to that side and shout” and left. Again, Mason got the cold stares from the people and the camera.

The Director gave them a sign, and the water started to pour out.

Ready action! The Director gave him the cue sign, and Mason ran and shouted, “Amy! Amy!” Soon the Director waved his arm and shouted cut.

“Cut! Hey, Haley. Are you looking for a neighbor’s dog? Faster, look around more desperately!”

He stood up and shouted loudly with the megaphone.

“Got it?!”

The voice was asking for an answer, and Mason said, “Yes” and nodded his head.

“...What?”

The Director asked back like he didn’t hear it.

“Uh... I said I will run faster and more desperately.”

Is it something wrong? Mason answered it clearly, and the Director looked at him with a weird expression for a while.

“...Director?”

The Director focused again hearing someone calling for him soon he bit his lips. He had an expression like I won’t leave you alone and called out “Action!”

“Am...”

Even before Mason was able to say the word Amy, the Director shouted “Cut! Cut!!” He shouted at the watering machine that the rain was too weak, and soon a strong rain started to pour out like pouring with a bucket.

The Director saw the pouring rain and looked at Mason triumphantly. His

expression was like 'How is it?' but Mason calmly asked, "Should I start again?" His expression changed to frowning.

"....."

Mason pretended to touch his face and sighed. He felt the Director's ill intention from the beginning, but when he was caught off guard on purpose, the Director seemed madder than before. If he tells what he wants, it will be better, but he properly won't say it.

In the past in Zii, Mason had a superior who didn't like him like that Director. In Zii superior case, Mason didn't catch off guard, so the superior applied lead in his gun that Mason was trying to take it to the battle field. Luckily he found it beforehand and after he came back, he beat that bastard, so he can't get up for six months in the hospital.

After that his colleagues or superiors told themselves not to offend him too much.

But this time, I had no idea how to make him feel better. If I just do whatever they tell me to do, those mercenaries whose heads are filled with muscle will feel better, but when I just nod at what he's saying, he looked worst.

Actually Mason didn't get why the Director is making such a triumph face just because he was running in bare feet in the rain. It's not like pulling out finger nails or toe nails. It's just walking a few steps under the cold rain.

He did feel like his body temperature was going down, but it wasn't serious. Many other times when he had to hold his shivering and breath to wait for the

target in the rain, compare to those time, 'shivering from the cold' is not just a stage direction, and it's something very natural reaction.

No matter how strong the rain drops are, those are not even a bullet there is no way there can be a damage from it.

But the Director thinks the rain is some kind of a great weapon, he waved his arm and made it stronger.

“–Action!”

After the cue sign, Mason started run and shout “Amy!Amy!” He pretended to run desperately without knowing who this Amy is. This time a script flew right next to his head. He unconsciously dodged it and looked at the Director. The Director’s face was bright red.

“I’m sorry.”

He quickly bowed, and the filming set became really quiet.

“....Should... I cut?”

Somebody with the camera asked the Director, and the Director shouted “cut!” little bit late. The Director looked mad like something wasn’t going as he planned. Tony came running with a big towel.

“Are you okay? Cold right?”

“Well, it’s not that bad.”

Mason shrugged his shoulders, and Tony twitched like he was shocked.

“What's wrong?”

“No, no. It’s not that bad to lose your memory.... I just go emotional by myself so don’t worry.”

Tony had a crying face and carefully dried Mason’s face and trembled.

“Who is Amy anyway?”

He asked wondering who this Amy is, and Tony said “Hm?” and looked around and pointed “It’s her.” There was a small person behind Simon who's looking at this way with a worried face. It was a small red hair girl.

A little girl? Mason looked at the girl with a curious face and turned his head when the Director called, “Haley!”

“Think about it. Who is Amy? Is it a sex partner you met last night?”

“No.”

That small girl can’t be a sex partner he met last night, so he answered no. The Director screamed, “Yes it’s not! You lost your daughter in this rain where a serial killer is roaming around. How can you act so calm?”

A daughter? –Mason frowned little bit, and the Director was still nagging. Tony was keep saying, “Sorry. It’s gonna be over soon. I don’t know what’s wrong with the Director today.”

Mason looked at the girl with a set expression who was looking at this way behind Simon’s leg.

“Tony. I don’t want to do this...”

“Uh, what, what? –Ah, Director, our actor is ready. Let’s start right away!”

Mason said it with dislike expression. Tony got surprised and pretended he didn’t hear it and hurried the Director. He ran away and hid behind the staffs, and the Director said it like he was warning him again.

“This is your last chance, Haley. How long are you gonna make us film only your part? Can’t you see other actors are waiting?”

Mason took a glance of that little girl named Amy. The girl looked little annoyed because of his stare.

“.....”

Mason sighed. That child’s role is... a daughter that I lost... I really wanted to say I don’t want to do it, but before that he heard the Director’s cue sign.

“Action!”

Mason bit his lips and ran in the rain. A camera followed him right behind him, Mason pant as much as he can like the Director asked and shouted, “Amy.” Somehow I felt like my throat was choking. Mason purposely shouted louder.

“Amy!”

Between the rain and the wind, part of his past passed by. He felt like the rain that’s smearing into his lips tasted bitter.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 3 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Mason used to have a daughter. It was a child between him and a woman he met in a bar when he was 20. It wasn't like he specially loved that woman, but he was pretty happy when they got a child. He was always felt lacking in family because he grew up as an orphan.

The child was like a cotton candy. She was small, sweet, and sparkling. She was like a blessing in Mason's tough life. He made a family, and when that child grew up a little and smiled, he felt like he could do anything. He worked whatever he can to earn money and luckily during that time he got a job as a police. He felt like only happy life was waiting for him.

But the child and the wife couldn't live long. It wasn't because they were weak or sick. The thing that took away his child and his wife was a rapist he caught before.

Unfortunately it was the day when the child turned two.

That day was raining really heavily. His work ended little bit late, so he was walking little bit fast holding a small cake and a doll as a present. He didn't have an umbrella, so he was covering the doll with his body, so it doesn't get wet. When he ran to his front door, inside the dark house, he smelled something fishy. Somehow he had a bad feeling.

His memory buried deep inside started come up because of the similar situation. When he bit his lips and looked up, Tony was waving his hand like 'Do you line! Line!'

"....Amy,"

Mason murmured like he was breathing. Because of the coldness or the memory, his body started to shiver.

He pressed the bell twice, three time, but no one came out. Mason opened the door with his key and went in. His hand with the key was trembling so much that he quietly murmured 'What's wrong....'

His hand missed the key hole twice and by the time when he got in, the doll was drenched wet from the rain. A wet doll fall on the floor, but he couldn't pick it up because in front of his eyes, the living room was messy with blood, flesh, and hair.

"Amy...!"

Mason screamed because of the sudden revive of the memory of the time of chilling sensation. He frowned feeling he was getting naked in front of the people. And that time the Director shouted, “Cut!”

The water stopped, and Mason took a deep breath and looked up. The Director was checking the scene probably because he got an okay scene to use. The assistant director came and explained the next scene.

“....”

Mason wasn't listening. He rubbed the goose bump on his cheek.

In the past, always, when he remembered his dead daughter and wife, he just stayed expressionless and kept his mouth closed. When he felt sad, he felt better when he went to a quiet place by himself. Because he was always like that, Mason thought he was pretty good at hiding his feeling. No matter what he felt deep inside, he can just laugh later and think about something else.

But when he pretended he was sad and desperate and screamed, he couldn't hide his feeling. It's just reading a line, but since the situation was similar, it was harder to hide his feeling.

A short acting during his mission had a clear goal. Like few days ago, lying to someone and sneak in or stealing confidential information. If he adlibbed and pushed that person, that person got confused and got tricked easily. He didn't have to put his feeling in and didn't have to retrieve his memory like this.

Acting. It's more annoying than I thought. Mason panicked a little and frowned.

“If there is a signal..., are you listening?”

He turned because of a sharp tone, and a man with a cap was looking at him with an annoyed face. He looked at Mason like he really hated him and gave him a capsule.

“Keep this in your mouth and if there is a signal, bite it. One streak of blood. Got it? –I heard you died once yesterday?”

I heard your heart stopped then you should be good at acting dead. –He said it twistedly and even before Mason tried to say something, he ran away. The cold rain started to pour again. Even before he was able to calm his emotion, the Director sent a cue sign.

“Amy....,”

Mason found a small shoe and kneeled down in front. Looking at a small shoe with water collected inside, a bad memory passed by. When a wet teddy bear fell on the ground, water from the doll spread on the floor and got mixed in with the blood in front of the door.

Once a memory from past came out, every small evidence made easier to remember. Mason couldn't hide or let out his frowning expression. He just held the shoe with a trembling hand.

-Click.

He heard a gun getting loaded. Bang! Soon there was a gun sound, and Mason looked up to see the person. A man with a black clothes who was waiting said,

“I’m sorry about this. This time I was faster.”

Because it was dark and raining, he could only see his white teeth. It actually felt like a smoke was coming out from the gun. Instead of Mason saying a stupid line “Where is Amy...,” he just glared at the man and bit his lips. It was his first time seeing the man, but at that moment Mason felt like that man was the murderer who killed his wife. He felt like that man was Aaron who killed him, too. He didn’t know how actual actors act, but that moment, he couldn’t take the job businesslike.

The feeling went overboard. Without him realizing, he bit his teeth and sticky liquid spread in his mouth.

“ ”

When a sweet flavor different from actual blood taste spread in my mouth, my conscience came back.

That man is not that bastard. It can’t be that bastard. Because Mason already killed that bastard.

When his wife and his child died, instead of catching him and put him in a jail, Mason quit being a cop and joined the biggest mercenary company in the United States, Zii.

After he signed the body disclaimer contract, the first thing he did was to find

that rapist and shoot him until his body turned into a bee hive and stabbed him into pieces. Until the police came and hand cuffed him, Mason was still shredding that bastard’s intestine.

Zii got him a very expensive lawyer that he can’t even afford with a debt. He came out from the court with three months of probation. After that he worked in Zii since then. That was already more than 10 years ago.

“ ”

Once his conscience came back, acting was bit easier.

When he opened his mouth, the blood that was in his mouth burst out. Just like that staff said, Mason knew death very well. How the breath runs out when you get shot, how the body convulse, and after that the body gets really heavy and how the last breath goes out.

He saw the death many times, and that’s the death he actually experienced.

He pant placing his cheek on the wet ground and moved his eyes to look at the guy who shot him. He saw the man, and the man looked surprised. He jolted back, and Mason took a breath. When the breath was going out, his throat made a wheezing sound, and his eyes were filled with tears.

On his face, he felt the rain falling on his eyes and closed his eyes. Everything stopped.

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 3 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

(Raining sound)

“ ”

Mason felt the rain falling on him and wondered how long he has to lie down like this. Did something went wrong? No, I didn't do the last line. It's lame little bit but should open my eyes and say 'Where is Amy....' right now? Mason thought he really didn't want to film this scene again.

While he was lying dead on the floor, everyone looked bewildered and kept their mouth closed.

Tony murmured with impatient voice “Excuse me, doesn’t Liz actually look dead? Can I go check?” And other staffs were just standing there like what did we just see?

Cougar stared at the lying man with a stupid expression and blinked his eyes.

What is this? This was not Haley Lusk’s acting that he saw for 10 years.

Haley acting like this?

Actually the scene before wasn’t that bad. Maybe because of the rain, it wasn’t a usual act acting pretty type of act. The scene came out pretty well. Running breathing heavily and calling for Amy with his sudden frowned face, that had little bit of feeling that can move people’s heart. He admitted it was pretty good.

But the scene after... The part where he got shot and collapsed....

“.....”

Cougar felt anxious. What is this? This is Haley’s acting? Cougar frowned. He had goose bumps on his arm.

He didn’t even call out cut and took the camera that was filming close up of Haley’s face and checked the scene again. And he froze and stared at Haley.

There was a strange feeling when he picked up the shoe. His tremble was different from coldness, and his detail shivering had a power that drives people

attention.

Haley's face wasn't 'crying' like the script said when he was holding the shoe. He wasn't crying. But under the heavy rain, his panting pale face was trembling like it would or wouldn't show his emotion. Soon his sadness close to despair showed up in a very short time. That moment, probably even the camera director couldn't hold it, and he closed up Haley's face little bit more.

Cougar felt another chill because of Haley's stare when he got shot and convulsed. His teary blue eyes looked shocked and widely opened and realized who shot him and stopped. His eye areas were trembling and stared at Alfred.

From there it was unbelievable. He slowly collapsed and pant and tear came out of his eye. His blood shot eyes had full of feelings. The timing of bursting out blood was very exquisite, and trembling like he's taking a last breath gave him a chill.

Cougar soullessly stared at lying dead Haley.

The man he thought today was like a pebble disappeared, and Dan from the drama 'Clue' was lying there dead.

A man who's beautiful and cold but turns very passionate when something is related to his daughter was Dan that Cougar thought 10 years ago.

He couldn't laugh when Tony freaked out and said, 'I think Liz is actually dead!' Cougar thought if he was actually dead too.

There is no way Haley Lusk has that kind of acting skill. He saw his acting skill

for 10 years, but he didn't show that kind of natural looking acting. His acting was even more awkward and tackier than a kindergartener trying to get allowance from his dad. That was Haley's acting skill over 10 years. No, since he debut until yesterday he acted like that.

But the acting just now was different. Maybe I saw it wrong. He was suspicious since it was dark and rainy, it might have looked like he was good at acting. That's how perfect his acting was. –He even thought he might have died once before! No, if it's Haley, he can't even repeat that....

How was this kind of scene able to come out? Is he actually dead? It wasn't only Cougar or Tony who thought like that. Johnny who played Alfred role was backing away.

Haley acting like this? Making other people believe it, 'he' does that? No way. This must be a coincidence. He thought like that, but Cougar still couldn't take his eyes off. All the people who just laughed at Haley stood there without any word. It was like the time stopped. No, except for the rain sound, every else stopped.

“...Cut. Don't you have to say that?”

Until there was a gentle voice behind him. Cougar was just blankly staring and said “what?” and turned around. And soon he was surprised and stood up quickly. Nobody cared that the Director's chair fell back.

“That man, he looks like he really wants to get up.”

He looks cold. Cougar got shocked at that beautiful blonde man, and that man

jokingly said, “Cut? No cut?” and made a scissor shape with his two fingers.

“....Ray, Mr. Raycarlton?”

Cougar called out his name with panic and just like he’s answering, he smiled very innocently.

[Continue to Chapter 4](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 4 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“I’m sorry that I interrupted. I knew you would get surprised, but I got the cancellation notice when I got here.”

He said it very sweetly with his voice, and the Director didn’t know what to do and apologized for noticing it late.

The Director said cut after Tony desperately said, “Are you gonna film a dying scene or actually kill him?”

“Liz! Liz!”

Tony ran to Mason who was pale and shivering and wrapped him around with a blanket.

“Don’t die, don’t die...”

“Who’s gonna die with this?”

He said it like it doesn’t make sense, and Tony just blinked his eyes in shock. He acted crazy like he was dying with a small cut, and he was under a cold rain but said, ‘who’s gonna die with this?’

“If I knew losing a memory was this incredible thing, I would’ve hit your head with a frying pan sooner.”

Tony was amazed how good amnesia is, and Mason just sighed saying, “...That would definitely kill me.”

He drank a hot cup of coffee that Tony gave him and looked around. People were gathered in one place, and he saw a tall man surrounded by them. Twinkle twinkle, he was a beautiful man who was sending out sweet atmosphere. He was a person Mason knew very well.

“....It’s Noah?”

Why is that man here? Isn’t he not an actor? Mason asked quietly, and Tony twitched and asked.

“You, you remember Raynoah?”

Are you getting your memory back because of him? Tony asked nervously, and

Mason remembered the incident where Haley flirted with that man and got dumped.

“Ah.... No. Well, Raynoah is a famous man, and it's like a common knowledge. I lost my memory didn't become stupid....”

Mason made an excuse that it's not weird to remember him just because he's an amnesia patient. Actually Raynoah is like a common knowledge to the Americans though Tony suspiciously looked at Mason. His stare was full of suspicion. Mason dried his face with a towel and asked.

“Why?”

“No just.... You don't look like you are looking at him like a stranger. You, you're memory really didn't come back?”

He asked nervously, and Mason stopped for a second and laughed.

“If I remember, I would've told you. There is no reason for me to hide it. Of course that man doesn't feel like a stranger. It's not a face that you can forget that easily right?”

Mason said it like it was nothing, and Tony looked at Noah Raycarlton behind Mason's shoulder and said, “....That's true...” If he can make him into a celebrity, Tony could sell his soul.

Mason saw Tony looking at Noah like regretting, and Mason also took a glance of Noah.

Definitely his face was something people couldn't forget easily. Handsome and pretty faces are everywhere, but he's very special. Sparkling blonde. Flawless skin. Sweet smile and gentle voice. He was shining whenever he moved and whenever he smiled, people felt the air was getting fresher.

Of course Mason remembered him not because of that.

Actually Mason saw him in his previous life. Was it 10 years ago? It was when Noah was 17 years old, and Mason's company Zii got asked to become his body guards. That time he was at the branch in the United States, and he was his body guard about a month.

It wasn't that long, and they didn't really become close. Probably Noah can't even remember him, but Mason had a deep impression. First it was his first time guarding someone that pretty, and he had different atmosphere that time. That time he didn't have that kind of sweet atmosphere it was....

“.....”

Noah probably felt Mason's stare and turned around this way, and they met their eyes together.

He stopped for a second and had a perplexed expression and looked other way. People saw Noah's expression. Mason heard people whispering looking at his way. Why is he staring at him like that? Mr. Raycarlton, are you okay? Noah sighed at people talking and turned to Mason and lightly bowed his head.

Instead of awkwardly saying hi, he smiled.

After he woke up from dead, he was pretty surprised that Haley flirted with him and tried to commit suicide. When he didn't know if he was at the same world as the past, Noah's name made him realize 'It is reality' and at the same time gave him more feeling about this unrealistic reality because in Mason's life, contact with Noah was very brief, and soon he became a person from a totally different world.

He didn't think he would meet him again, and he even flirted with him seriously it's something 'you learn when you live long.' (I don't know how to translate this part...)

"Do you still like that man?"

There was a voice coming right next to me, and Simon was awkwardly standing there. His expression was half sympathetic and half pitiful, and Mason just shrugged his shoulder.

"No. Well, I do think he's handsome, but I think the taste change when you come back alive again."

Unlike Haley, Mason is a total straight. Since there weren't that many women in the field, some guys were solving their urges by themselves, but Mason couldn't understand how they can feel with a person who has the same thing as his. He shook his head like he has no attachment, but Simon thought he was pretending, so his sympathetic feeling became deeper.

"Re, really? The huddle is too high for that man...."

“Yeah. And he is too tall.”

Mason indifferently answered. He likes smaller, cute, and one who stirs up the protective instinct. Simon looked confused like if Mason was joking or talking nonsense. Mason just drank the hot cup of coffee.

Even though he was holding a warm cup of coffee and wrapped around with a blanket, he was still shivering. Just like he felt when he was dragged by Tony, except for his look, there was nothing good about this body. It's such a weak body. If it was his actually body, he can just get 2, 3 hours of rain and cup of warm coffee will warm him up right away, but Haley's body still had chill deep in his bone and his lips were trembling even though he's almost done with the coffee.

“Shoot didn't end? Do I have to film it again?”

Since the character is dead, that scene probably is the end of it, but Tony didn't seem like he was gonna leave. Is it because I couldn't say the line? When he was on the ground pretending to be dead, people's reactions were weird. It was like... everyone quietly looked at me with weird faces. They looked surprised or looked dumbfounded. Was it 'what is he doing' stare? –It was little bit like that too.

If he has to film it again..., he will do it since it's the job that was given, but he really didn't like it.

“Shoot again? What do you mean?”

“Shoot again? Why?”

When Mason said if he has to shoot again, Tony and Simon burst out.

“No, I couldn’t do the line....”

It didn’t mean he wanted to film again, but Tony said something nonsense,
“You don’t have to do that kind of line!”

“You, you did that kind of act...!”

Tony even said with his cracked voice.

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 4 Part 2)



Kill the Lights Jangryang

Tony was Haley's manager for 16 years. It was long time ago that he gave up on Haley's acting skill. How many night did he cry and pray for Haley, so he can have a memory that can memorize even a few line. Did I overestimate him too much? Can't he just ignore few line? Even Tony thought like this recently.

But today's acting was different. Tony gasped when he looked at this way in front of the camera. He saw Haley for 16 years. Every day he saw him many hours a day. How Haley looks like, how he talks and makes expression, Tony can remember him clearly like a girl that he has crush on.

But the person who stood up in front of the camera wasn't Haley he knew. That stranger looked similar to Haley, but he was totally different. The line wasn't that particular, but Tony couldn't take his eyes off from Haley because of a strange energy he had. He even rubbed his eyes thinking he saw the light that he saw when they first met.

It wasn't an act that anybody could do. It was definitely an act that couldn't come out from Haley. To Tony, the amnesia was same word as a miracle.

Because Tony was full of vigor, Mason backed away little bit and agreed, "Ah... I don't have to film it again? Then that's good..." He meant if he can go home now, but those two jumped.

"You act that kind of an amazing act. Why do you have to film it again? Unless it's to harass you."

Simon said it loudly, so that other people can hear him, and he asked, "Right, Director?" From far away. He was talking to Noah with his body lying low, he turned and looked at Simon with surprise. This whole time he was screaming 'If you are gonna act like that then quit!' Cougar looked at Mason once and Noah once with a panic face.

"No, no well...,"

"I got chill. It was amazing right? You were so shocked that you couldn't even say cut."

Simon was smiling and said it with his hand waving, and Cougar looked at him like what the hell is wrong with that bastard. Of course, Haley's acting was amazing, but how can he praise him in front of Noah. If his mood gets bad, then it's over.

But Noah was smiling like he didn't care much, and he wasn't that petty person. Cougar felt uneasy with his nervous face. He said he won't film it again

and waved his hand like saying go away.

“So Mr. Raycarlton, how was it?”

But Simon friendly asked suddenly first. Asking that person about how was the act from the man who committed suicide because he got rejected from him, people surrounding him were more shocked than the person who’s actually involved. They all shut their mouths and careful with Noah. He had odd face for a second and looked at Haley.

“.....”

Because the atmosphere suddenly became weird, Mason stopped drying his hair with the towel and looked at Noah. When their eyes met, he smiled saying, “....I don’t know.”

“I came in pretty late, so I couldn’t see it well. I guess it was a fantastic scene.”

“....Couldn’t see it?”

“Yes. When I came in, he was already on the ground... I missed that fantastic scene, too bad.”

I should definitely check it out later in TV. –He gently answered, and Simon had a suspicious face but soon shrugged his shoulders and said, “You should definitely watch it.”

“.....”

Noah's stare landed on Mason for little bit longer but got off like he didn't care.

Tony and the Director noticed Noah and asked Simon, "Are, are you okay? What's wrong?" People were saying why he's annoying Noah, and actually Mason was thinking that too. He felt grateful that he cared for him, but Noah didn't do anything to Haley and just because he is a popular man, he doesn't have to go through this difficult situation.

But Simon said it like, "No well...", and glimpsed at Noah.

"Well definitely....,"

Noah said he couldn't see it because he was late, but Simon definitely saw Noah coming in during the beginning of the scene and looked at Haley's act. He looked surprised, and when Haley's act was about to end, he had a strange face. Just like all the people in the filming set was like, Simon thought Noah was amazed at Haley's act. He thought Noah would say at least one praise word, and other people would start praising him.

"Definitely, what?"

Definitely...., he slurred the end of his sentence. He didn't say anything just glimpsing at Noah, and Tony felt frustrated and asked. Simon looked puzzled looking at emotionless Haley, and Noah talking to the Director brightly.

".....Is it not?"

Wasn't it an amazement? Simon remembered Noah's expression that appeared for a second. In front of the scene where everyone lost their word, Simon thought that expression was definitely an amazement, but soon he said 'uh...,' and stopped. The emotion that passed inside Noah's green eyes was little different. It was way colder. It wasn't an amazement it was more like...

"Simon?"

"....Did I see it wrong?"

Simon tilted his head and muttered to himself. It did seem like he saw it wrong. It was very quick and in that moment Simon understood as an amazement. It was weird to think back that that emotion was negative, too. Even if it was hate or annoyance, that seemed more like misunderstanding because he's not the type of person who would show his feeling to other people.

Noah was just standing there smiling gently like his usual self.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 4 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“.....”

Actually Mason doesn't care what he wears. He's the type who wears worn out clothes or any other things and because of his work or the environment, most of the time he wore the military uniform or clothes that are given out by the company for several years. He is an easygoing human that could wear something that has at least shape of a clothes.

But Mason sighed at the clothes and underwear that Tony brought while heading to the restroom.

“This looks like some kind of punishment game....”

The clothes that Tony gave him to wear were similar to women's clothes that

were given for the punishment game. It was small, fancy, and ripped everywhere. It had so many jewels or studs that it hurts my eyes. A pair of baggy pants that shows thighs to knees and a shirt that neck hole is wide as the hole that he puts his body in, so the inside shows clearly, and those were okay. An underwear that stuck out of those clothes made me chuckle.

He assumed Haley was a gay since he heard he flirted with Noah. But even if he didn't know, if he saw this underwear, he probably couldn't think of other thing except, 'This guy is gay.'

A pair of hot pink briefs with cheetah pattern and the size of his palm, and the fabric doesn't even stretch.

“.....”

Mason thought if he can even breathe with this on. When he was going inside the restroom, he bumped into something and fell backward.

“Ow...”

The clothes that he was holding spread on the floor, and Mason rubbed his bumped shoulder and hurried picking up the clothes. The floor was wet with mud because of the rain scene that he filmed. Even this clothes are like women's, it's better than drenched wet clothes. This weak Haley's body was shivering that he could get a cold anytime soon.

Maybe because of his body changed, his attention and reflexes became dull. His usual self can avoid it before he bumps into something, and even if bumps into something, he wouldn't have end up silly like this. Of course he was little out

of his mind because he was shocked to see Haley's pair of briefs....

Mason stopped while picking up his clothes. A very expensive shoe was stepping on to his neon cheetah pattern briefs.

"Following me to the restroom. I don't know what you are thinking."

Don't you think this is a little disgusting act? –Mason heard a gentle voice above his head and slowly looked up. Very tall Noah was standing there smiling gently and tapping his clothes

Mason was dazed for a second and said.

"...This is a public restroom."

Isn't this a place where anyone can come? Mason said it indifferently, and soon Noah said, "Ahhh, yes," like it's ridiculous and smirked.

"....."

Mason tried to directly say he didn't follow him but shut his mouth. He didn't look like he will believe him, and he was little lazy to say all those excuses because of Haley's debauched life. Changing clothes was more urgent than anything else. It looks like Haley doesn't have an ability to control body temperature. His pale skin turned into blue now.

"Please move your foot. My..., anyway, you are stepping on it."

Mason said it pointing at his briefs that Noah was stepping on. He probably can't wear that since it was stepped on a muddy floor, but this is too inappropriate, so he needed to clean it up. If this palm sized neon cheetah pattern briefs roam around on the floor, it would be a problem if an old person sees this and get a heart attack.

Noah took a glance of the briefs that his shoe was stepping on and frowned like he's unpleasant. When he removed his foot, the briefs dirtied with mud appeared. Mason quickly picked it up and hid in between his clothes.

Noah seemed like he wanted to say something about Haley's difficult and weird underwear type, but soon he walked away like he doesn't even want to meddle with Mason.

“.....”

Mason turned and looked at Noah. It's because he heard a sigh passing by him. His sigh sound like he's sick of it, and Mason unconsciously called him.

“Noah..., no, Mr. Raycarlton!”

It was only a short time that he was his bodyguard but because he was so popular, there were many stalkers and groupies. He wasn't even a celebrity or a sport star. He was merely a high school boy. That time Mason sympathized him, and it was very unlikely for him to call him like that.

He stopped because he got bothered by hearing the word 'Noah.'

“I don't like Mr. Raycarlton anymore, and I... I won't bother you from now on.”

He wasn't sure how Haley was like before, but he said it sincerely.

Noah turned. He slowly looked at Mason like feeling unpleasant and smirked. He said it like bullshit.

"How thankful."

He said he really wants that and bow his head slightly and walked to the filming set.

Mason looked at his back for a second and turned around saying, 'I should change.'

"....?"

When Mason tried to go inside the restroom, he stopped. In front of the restroom entrance, there was a white medicine bottle on the floor. When he was just trying picked it up without any thinking, Mason frowned and turned around again and looked at Noah. He couldn't see Noah. It seemed like he already went inside the filming set.

Mason clicked his tongue and picked up the white medicine container on the floor.

"He's still taking these...."

Xanax. It was tranquilizer.

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 4 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“Do you have any other schedule tonight?”

“Let’s have dinner together, Mr. Raycarlton~”

In the crowd of female actresses, Noah smiled kindly and refused.

“I’m sorry. I have bunch of schedule today... Phil is looking at me with scary eyes that I might say yes to that invitation.”

It gives me cold sweat. –Noah took a glanced at Phil like he’s actually sweating. Phil was looking at Noah from behind looking at his watch.

“See? I live like this.”

He shrugged his shoulders and had a depressed face. Everyone had a disappointed face and sighed.

“You’ll have dinner anyway..., is there any way?”

But, still, maybe, everyone looked at him with begging face, and Noah looked at Phil. He thought it was his timing to come and block them, but he didn’t come.

“....?”

In front of the entrance of filming set, Phil was talking to someone. Wet blond hair and skinny body. It was a man wearing ragged clothes. He looked at Haley talking to Phil with cold eyes.

What a clothes. His clothes were very frivolous clothes that his wet clothes were much better. The fancy underwear that was under my foot was just like Haley Lusk’s style.

Unpleasant. Noah thought while looking at Haley holding the clothes. He was the man he didn’t like, but today he was more bothering Noah.

When he came inside the filming set, he saw Haley under the rain and for a second he thought he was someone else.

Well, he didn’t really look at him carefully before, so not able to notice him wasn’t a big deal, but the person who overlapped him was the problem.

“Mr. Raycarlton? You really can’t? Even if you are busy, you should eat dinner. I won’t take away lot of you’re....”

One female actress hugged his arm and pressed her breast against him. Noah had perplexed smile, and Phil finally came.

“Mr. Raycarlton. It’s time for your next schedule.”

“Phil. Take Noah’s dinner time off. He’s this young and handsome, but you are making him so busy that he can't even make a girlfriend. Isn’t it too much?”

Assistant Director Penny started, and all the people surrounding him shouted, “Right!” They attacked Phil like they’re going to eat him, and he looked at his watch and said it without any change of his expression.

“I’m sorry, but you guys are the one who taking away Mr. Raycarlton’s dinner time. Six minutes have already passed. Now he has 14 minutes of his dinner time. He can eat anything during that 14 minutes, but it’s hard to eat it with other people.”

Now 13 minutes left. –His cold attitude made people go blank, and Noah smiled jokingly like he can’t help it.

“Hah, that’s what my scary secretary says. If I want to eat something at least, I have leave right now before I inelegantly steal some food from the set. See you next time.”

Noah kindly said goodbye to people who were froze. There were some disappointed sound, but he didn't turn back.

“What did you talk about with that guy?”

Noah pointed Haley with his eyes and asked. He meant it by what did that bastard do, but instead of answering him he gave him a white medicine bottle.

“He told me to give you this. You probably dropped it in front of the restroom.”

Noah stared at the bottle little bit and opened it. Noah checked if he did anything to it, but the pills were same as when he checked during afternoon. If he actually did something to it, he would have probably gave directly to Noah not Phil.

‘I don't like Mr. Raycarlton anymore, and I... I won't bother you from now on.’

He remembered what Haley shouted behind his back a while ago. Is it real? Noah took a glance of Haley who was talking to his manager.

“Mr. Raycarlton?”

Phil said it like if he had a problem, and Noah took his eyes off Haley and smiled. He didn't care what he said was true or not.

“Ahh. It's nothing. Let's go. I'm hungry.”

Noah said, ‘But is it real that my dinner time is 13 minutes? It was a joke, right?’ and smiled brightly.

Noah turned back once more while he was going out of the filming set, but that didn’t really have any meaning to it.

[Continue to Chapter 5](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 5 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

‘Be quiet. Be quiet. Be quiet. Quiet....’

Noah looked up because of a constant voice coming from above his head. It wasn't like he was able to see it because he was squatting in a big luggage case with his mouth blocked and his wrists and ankles tied.

Noah held his breath and killed his sound. He didn't even talk and held his breath, but ‘Be quiet. Be quiet,’ sound kept coming in. A small gap that only a needle size light comes in came in with the woman's voice.

Be quiet. Be quiet. If you make a sound, I'm gonna throw this bag to the road and kill you. Be quiet. Be quiet. She knew Noah can hear her voice.

Crazy bitch... Noah thought she was a crazy bitch. He wasn't cursing. She was actually out of her mind. If she was sane, she wouldn't tell Noah who's already quiet to be quiet like playing a broken CD. –Of course, before that she wouldn't kidnap a boy and put him in a bag.

The ground was pretty bumpy, so the wheels of the bag was rocking a lot. If he wasn't empty stomach for the whole day, he thought he was going to throw up. He couldn't even move a finger because of motion sickness and dehydration. Even if she didn't tie his wrist, he was sure that he can't do anything.

Only thing he can do was just quietly wishing for someone to find him before that crazy bitch kills him.

Chances were very low. New York was the neighborhood where people think minding other people's business are embarrassing thing, and no one will be that creative enough to think a young woman with a traveling luggage has a child in it. Perhaps even if someone thinks it's weird, that person won't ask a passing by person to open up her luggage.

Still maybe somebody will rescue me. People are probably looking for me. Maybe somebody will think of this crazy woman suspicious and grab the bag and 'tada' rescue me. Even right now. Even later...

Ah, no one will rescue me... He thought about this after some time has passed. In this dark. From that woman. He thought no one will rescue him from the fear of dying. –Forever.

“...carlton. Mr. Raycarlton? Are you alright?”

Noah who was sleeping back seat of the car opened his eyes because of Phil's voice. His heavy and blurry eyes got slowly clearer. A dark world that looked like a hallucination disappeared and a cold air was touching his cheek.

Phil was frowning outside of the car door. Noah lightly blinked his eye and smiled like it was nothing.

“Ah. Aaah... ...What was our next schedule?”

Phil sighed and answered Noah's slow question.

“.....Nothing. Go home and rest.”

Noah felt his cold sweated forehead and smiled saying “Tomorrow will be busy.” The schedules that got pushed to tomorrow will make tomorrow very busy that he can't even use one minute, one second mindlessly. Tomorrow 13 minutes of his meal time won't be a joke, but there is nothing he can do. Just like Phil thought, Noah wasn't in condition where he can work.

“Don't you have to go to the hospital? Or, should I call Robert?”

Phil said he'll call for the doctor, and Noah shook his head.

“Aaah, don't. Even if it's Robert, well, will there be a special way? He will probably give me a stronger medication. –It's nothing. Don't worry.”

All the modern day people have it right? –Noah lightheartedly waved his hand, and, “But Mr. Raycarlton, right now....,” smiled brightly at Phil who was trying to say something more.

“You are being presumptuous, Phil.”

Underneath his bright smile, Noah’s green eyes were cold. Phil swallowed his dried throat and bowed.

“....I’m sorry.”

Noah waved his hand at bowing Phil and said, “Go home.” Phil looked at the company building where piles of work are still unfinished, but instead of telling him he can’t leave because of work, he said bye.

“Then, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He politely closed the car door, and Noah smiled and waved hand cheerfully like he never stared at him coldly. Phil bowed his head, and Noah’s car headed to his house.

“ ”

Noah leaned on the back again and closed his eyes. He moved his finger to loosen up his tie, but he felt his fingers were trembling. He smirked. It’s already 20 years ago, but his body is still reacting to it.

What's so big deal about that? Noah chuckled and sighed. –It was actually made into a movie, but the story wasn't that dramatic. Just one woman turned crazy because of jealousy towards his Mother, Rebecca Kelly, and kidnapped young Noah. She took Noah everywhere to escape, but coincidentally Noah got rescued. Usually child abduction ends up with child's death, but he was unusually lucky and was able to go home safely.

The movie was a happy ending, and the actual story was similar to the movie. The things happened after were small things that public didn't have to know.

Noah put his hand inside his jacket pocket and took out a medicine bottle. Xanax. He's been taking these since long time ago, so the effect was very minor. He's taking Xanax because he didn't want to change the medicine, but his doctor Robert was constantly offering other tranquilizer. Even Noah himself thought he should stop being stubborn and take other medicine, but today he had no choice. Maybe because of the placebo effect, it was better than not taking anything.

When he tried to open the bottle, he saw a small mud stain and stopped.

“ ”

Instead of taking these medicine, he just stared at that stain. It was the stain that he got when he dropped the bottle a while ago.

When he went inside the set, everyone was quiet. There was one man at the end of everyone's sight. Noah thought the man that was shivering under the rain was somebody else not Haley. A man who cannot be at that place.

When everyone was shocked, Noah was breathing heavily and blinking his eyes.

How can I think of that man from him. There was nothing similar between Haley and that man. Haley is the most frivolous person among the people Noah knows, and that man is....

Noah remembered vaguely about that man's face and closed his eyes to remember him more clearly. In that moment.

Trrrrrrr-

Noah's phone rang loudly. It was a call from Phil. Noah thought about it for a second and answered the phone. If Phil calls him even though he knows Noah's state, it must be an emergency.

Noah sighed and even before Noah was able to ask him what's going on, Phil answered it first.

[A new report about Mason Taylor just came in.... It says he is currently missing during the mission. –I'll send the details through your fax at home.]

What should I do? Do you want to track him? Phil asked with a careful voice, and instead of answering, Noah moved his eyes and looked at Xanax bottle. This is certainly the point where a stronger tranquilizer is needed.

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 5 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“What is all these?”

In the living room where sunlight comes in, Mason sat on the sofa and asked like what is this nonsense.

“It, it’s the financial status documents you asked me to prepare for you yesterday. I asked your personal accountant, Loren, and he gave these to me crying.”

Asking if you finally got interested in your financial status. Tony stuttered, and Mason scratched his cheek and thought ‘Men in this neighborhood cry so well.’ Simon, Tony, and this time a guy named Loren who he doesn’t even know. His face cry so well that he can’t handle them. And those reasons were all stupid.

“No..., I get how this is the financial report, but this, this, this, and this, and this whole thing. What are these money going out?”

Haley’s wealth vaguely divided into two kinds. Big money that he earns by himself, and small money that was left over by his parents with the house. And the money that he earned and money from his parents were going out so much to somewhere that currently his status is nearly negative. If he excludes the house, it was already negative.

The money that were going out were few thousand to few hundred thousand, but those weren’t because he bought something. Of course there were some extravagance, but mostly those were transferring money.

Because of Mason’s question, Tony had a weird face and said, “Ah, that...”

“Very on top is your aunt, Anna’s, living expense. You were giving her four thousand every month. Right below is the money that you send it to your uncle and his wife. That four thousand and twenty thousand is Anna’s hospital bill. Below that is Joy’s living expense, child care nanny’s salary... Below that is the money that you lend it to your cousin, Joy.....”

Tony explained about the money and said you probably didn’t even remember them even before you lost your member. This is Jordan’s living expense, that is Sandra’s moving expense, that.... Mason asked looking at this endless history.

“....Why give relatives their living expenses?”

And didn’t Haley and Aunt Anna disowned each other? Mason couldn’t say a

word at Haley spending twenty thousand dollar every month to his relatives who were trying to take his oxygen mask off.

“Huh? Well....? You just told me you have to give them the money. I don’t know the details...”

“Are these people disable?”

Mason asked is that why they can’t earn their own money, but soon he said, “No, even if they are disable, I don’t have to support them,” and looked into the documents. Disable or poor it’s the country’s job to take care of those people not disowned nephew.

“From here to here. Cut all the money that are going to my relatives. Child care, hospital bill, everything.”

Mason said it emphatically. There is a limit to be a pushover. Giving all his money to his trash-like relatives until his bank account goes to negative. Unlike Haley, Mason doesn’t even think of acting like that.

Tony got surprised by Mason’s word.

“Are, are you sure? That suddenly... I mean I don’t want you to give your money those trash, but if you cut if off this suddenly, they will make a fuss...”

“What fuss?”

Mason was dumbfounded and asked. Tony said it with fear, “Calling and

coming... Telling they are gonna spread rumors about you or sue you.” Mason looked at him up and down.

He can know little bit why Haley grew up like this. Without parents, all of his relatives are trying to rip him off, and his only helper is this weak. Every month he was dumping twenty thousand in a trash can like an idiot. Just because he’s afraid of getting called, he asked, ‘Are you sure?’ This is the environment where it’s weird if this kid grew up well.

“I think I’m the one who have to sue them. This. The money that I lent. The due date passed long time ago.”

This is why accountant agency is there for. Luckily there are notarizations. Some small amounts like under 3, 4 thousand didn’t have IOU, but even if he didn’t take care all of those, other money was way too big.

“My accountant... Was it Loren? Tell him to send reminders to them. And if the money doesn’t come in by next month, seize their property or sue them.”

“Can, can, can, can I really do that?”

Tony asked like he was scared but happy at the same time. Mason was turning the pages of the thick IOU and indifferently answered “Yes.”

“If my memory comes back, well I don’t know how I’ll change but still do it like that.”

Mason didn’t have to care if Haley was trying to make his life like a pushover. They were strangers, and Mason didn’t like nosy people. Mason just didn’t want

to be a pushover while he was living in Haley's life.

His indifferent figure made Tony bite his lips like he was touched. He was keep repeating, "I like amnesia. Amnesia rocks" and took out his phone to call Loren.

"Ah, and.... Is this Tony's salary?"

Mason saw 2,400 dollar going out every month. Tony gasped and carefully nodded his head.

"Why? Is, is there a problem...?"

Tony asked carefully, and Mason smiled.

"Are you managing other celebrity except for me?"

"No, no. You don't like me managing other people..."

Four days ago job as a normal actor like supporting actor or extra completely stopped.

It kind of showed signs before, but incident with Noah was the direct hit. Everyone didn't give him a job, and even from the place where they sent out a script said, "We won't use Haley."

It wasn't like Noah said anything to Haley, but everyone was noticing Noah by themselves. They are like Haley doesn't even have a special charm, so they don't

want to risk using him.

“Right now is little free, but when they air the scene you filmed yesterday next month, it’ll become an issue, and everyone will try to hire you!”

Tony was sure, but Mason said insincerely, “Really?” Tony was keep praising Mason’s acting probably because he is afraid that Mason might quit being an actor, but how good can a newbie be? Even if the acting was pretty okay, because how Haley lived until now, it was obvious how things will turn out. Mason halfheartedly listened and asked, “Anyway, I don’t have a job right now, right?”

“That.... Something like that...”

Tony answered discouraged, and Mason nodded his head saying, “Okay.”

“Let’s have a due date. From now on three months.”

“Due date?”

“Yes. And this...”

Mason got Haley’s check and signed his sign that he practiced since the morning and gave it to puzzled Tony.

“Six, six thousand?”

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 5 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Tony's eyes got wide, and Mason calmly nodded his head and said,

“Until August, I'll give it to you like this for three months. From now on, even though I don't have any acting job, help me out a little for three months.”

I need someone beside me to tell me about me. Haley's friend relationship or family relationship even a smallest secret that he needs to know in order to live as Haley from now on. –He wasn't stupid to go out to a battle field without knowing anything. Because of what Mason said, Tony had a puzzled look.

“What, what about after three months?”

Helping him for only three months. What is he gonna do after that? Tony blinked his eyes like he didn't get him and asked him, and Mason scratched his

cheek and smiled.

“Well..., if I don’t have a job in three month, it’ll be hard to live... Anyway isn’t it better for you to look for another celebrity for yourself? Not like me who is falling.”

“What, what falling..... What, what are you saying.....”

“Isn’t it true?”

Tony made a face that he didn’t know what to do at Mason’s indifferent word. It is true, but Haley was always self-conceited, but now he's saying, ‘I’m an outdated celebrity.’ Even if Haley said ‘I’m over!’ crying, Tony would’ve been sad, but Haley said it indifferently, and that made him sadder.

He felt like tears were about to pour out, but Tony pressed his eyes with his sleeves and held his tear. Thinking Haley would be sadder saying those words, so he couldn’t cry.

Mason didn’t care if Haley was falling star or rising star. He was just looking at his physical exam result. It wasn’t as bad as the financial status, but his healthy was almost in bankruptcy. In some part, it was worse than the financial status.

“-What is this?”

Tony turned around to hide his tear and blew his nose. When he was about the throw away the tissue, he stopped and asked. It was because the trash can was filled with white bags.

“Ah those...”

In the physical exam result, Mason checked all the things that Haley got addicted to – alcohol, cocaine, marijuana, ecstasy and others- and scratched his head.

When he woke up in the morning, he pulled out his heavy body and looked around the house. Last night he was too tired, so after he arrived his house, he just went straight to the room that Tony pointed at and slept like he fainted. He didn't have any energy to look around the house. Last night he thought he was going to die just by washing himself, and he crawled to the bed. His neck and shoulders were very stiff, and his legs were shaking, and his stomach felt sick and even had a headache. He even thought a human can die without getting stabbed or shot.

Sleeping in a place where he didn't even check if it was safe, it never happened to Mason who was a mercenary for more than 10 years. But he couldn't control Haley's weak body.

Even when he woke up in the morning, his legs were shaking, but he stood up and looked around.

Haley's house is in the middle of Beverly Hills expensive mansions. His mansion isn't that big, but the interior design was well done. Mason walked back inside shivering at the Beverly Hills atmosphere where it's very relaxed and quiet unlike when he had to take care of security and safety.

In front of the gate, swimming pool, and garden, he found some small unknown cameras unrelated to the CCTV, but looking at how they hid it, it was

too innocent and not threatening. He turned the camera lenses to little bit different direction and came inside and looked around the house.

The house had two bedrooms, one guest room, a bathroom with a Jacuzzi and a small restroom next to the bedroom, modernized pretty kitchen. The 2nd floor even had a big dressing room and a fitness room.

This beautiful celebrity's house looks like a healthy life is possible, but once you look into it, it was 'anti-healthy.'

A refrigerator looked like two healthy men can fit in only had beer and Evian. In the cabinet, it was full of wine, cognac, whiskey... he didn't even have a cheese to eat it with. The fitness room looks like he never even opened it because dusts were covering everything. He had all different kind of machines, but because he didn't use it and didn't take care of it, everything was very stiff and even got rusted. Food and exercise was the problem in this house, but there was a bigger problem.

Mason looked at the frames hanged in the living room. From seven feet tall ones to hand sized ones, it was all when Haley was little and pretty.

Instead of looking at the picture that was sending off narcissistic energy everywhere, Mason took out some of the pictures. Sure enough, behind the frames that didn't collect dusts, bags filled with white powder dropped on the floor. It was obvious. No one hides sugar behind the frames.

Mason found each bag from underneath the stairs that go up to the 2nd floor and behind the toilet. Some places gave him thoughts like did he have to hide it like this. Mason found some more at behind the ceiling where Haley made a small hole and put the drug bags and covered it with a tile. Only cocaine was like

that. Marijuana was at a closet, drawer, underneath the bed, and more. Seriously it was everywhere.

He just started to collect all the drugs hid in the house, and soon the trash can was filled with drugs that he can even open a shop for those. When Mason was trying to go to the basement where he suspect the most, Tony came in with the financial documents and physical exam result.

“Where did you hide all... No, do you remember where you hid them?”

Tony asked with surprised looking at a pile of cocaine and marijuana.

“Ah... I did remember these.”

Mason thought it was weird to explain how he found every single thing, so he just answered simply. He avoided Tony’s eyes looking at him like you really did love drugs and checked his physical result.

Addicted to all different kinds of drugs and alcohol, and because Haley lived very irregular life-style, 24 year old Haley’s body was like in 50s. It wasn’t even a red light; it was about to go off.

His strength was all out just because he looked around the house. He stood up massaging his shoulders. He thought he needs to exercise suitable for his poor body. If he did any harsh exercise, this body will die from heart attack.

Tony stupidly asked seeing Mason grabbing a towel and a water bottle, “What are you gonna do? By, by any chance exercise?”

“Yes. Ah, you don’t have to say bye when you leave. I’ll call you when I need something.”

Have a good day. –Mason waved his hand at Tony who was standing pixilated and went up the fitness room.

“Ex, exercise? He’s gonna exercise?”

Tony rubbed his eyes looking at Haley going inside the fitness room that he have never been in after he moved to this place. Because he hate to move around, except for go buying a coffee from a place where lot of celebrities go there to get a coffee, he never even try to move. That Haley trying to exercise.

“Oh my gosh.”

Haley’s back going inside the fitness room overlapped with someone else’s shadow just like yesterday when he was acting.

Even if he’s amnesia, can a person change that much? He looks like he became a totally different...

“-Oh yeah.”

Haley came back outside the fitness room. Tony stopped his thought and looked at him still pixilated.

“I didn’t do anything that makes me not able to go on an air plane, right?”

He asked because he thought if it's Haley it's possible, and Tony asked back.

“An air plane? Wh, where are you going?”

Except for Malta Air, everything else is fine. Last time you..., no, anyway. –Tony murmured, and Mason bitterly smiled.

“-To New York.”

Tony looked at him like why New York? But Mason didn't say anything just smiled and waved his hand at him and went inside the fitness room again.

New York 119th Street. Mason Taylor, it was where his actual home was.

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 5 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

When Noah met her for the first time, it was that day morning. Seven year old Noah who followed his mother, Rebecca Kelly, to the filming set followed this one depressed looking woman because she said his mother was looking for him. Usually he didn't act this stupid, but that day he really wanted to go home. It was nearly the time his mother promised.

Noah's Mother, Kelly who is born as an actress, enjoyed other people's attention. She liked to go around with baby angel like Noah and enjoyed bragging about giving birth to this lovely child.

Noah didn't care about coming out in the camera since he did it when he was really young, but it is a tiring thing for a child when people come and talk to him like in the filming set. Because of that, Noah really didn't like talking to people in the set by himself sitting down unlike other places, but Rebecca promised that

they will go on a two weeks of summer vacation if he waits for her for two hours. He didn't think it will only take two hours, but it was very boring waiting for her so long that's why he followed her when that woman said his mother is looking for her.

She took him to a secluded parking lot. When he thought it's little weird, she took out a stun gun from her bag, and in a second his sight became dark.

The place he opened his eyes was at her basement. Noah woke up in a cold and dark place, and first thought he was dead. He couldn't see anything and couldn't move an inch. The woman paste tape all over his body. Except for his nose, his face, arms, and legs were tied with tape, so he couldn't move a muscle.

How long was he shivering in that dark? A very long time has passed. During that time, Noah fell asleep and woke up and fell asleep again. Some time has passed, he woke up from a sound of a heavy door opening. Somebody came in.

Noah held his breath and didn't move a muscle lying down. A person who came in moved around like looking at Noah, and Noah held his breath more. He felt something was approaching him, and he felt a warm breath on his ear.

'I know you are awake.'

The hot breath breathing in front his nose had a disgusting smell. Noah held his head up and hit her chin really hard. With a big sound, she fell backward screaming, and Noah... couldn't move anymore after that. It didn't work like a movie where a main character successfully runs away. His arms and legs were tied up and couldn't see anything. The woman stopped little bit but grabbed his hair and slapped his face nonstop.

‘You cocky brat. You are same as that bitch. That bitch acts like the world can’t even touch you.’

His ear was ringing, and he was nose bleeding. He also tasted some saltiness in his mouth. Her giggling sound sounded like his ear was covered with something.

‘If you die, it will be something to see on her face, right?’

She said it trembling like she’s crying.

‘You think somebody will save you, right? Because you are the main character. Because you are the special person, you think you won’t die like this.’

She was panting like she laughed too much. The woman said to young Noah like she’s talking to herself.

‘I’m sorry, but the police already came by. I acted like I was worried to hear that you disappeared, and they just left. –I’m good at acting.’

Not even comparing to your mom. She murmured with weak small voice. I’m way better in acting than her. The faces are all similar because of plastic surgery. Why can’t I do it. Why me. It’s because she’s rich... because her family is wealthy. No, she probably rubbed that big boobs of hers to the PD. That trashy bitch. Dirty, dirty, dirty. –murmuring. She said it very fast.

‘I am the main character in this movie.’

She whispered with her smelly hot breath.

‘The movie where the main character destroy that bitch who looks down on people and make common people like me feel better....’

She slowly took off the tape that was covering Noah’s eyes. There was a slight light coming in, and he could see her face. She had a common face, but he couldn’t take his eyes off her face. Her eyes were shining weirdly. She was smiling with craziness and virulency in her eyes. He saw she had a big kitchen knife in her hand.

‘Trembling? You are trembling, right?’

She murmured, ‘Haha, I’m so happy...’ looking at young Noah’s body and eyes shivering.

‘Good. Even you who were born with everything is a normal person. Let’s show the world that everyone dies if they get stabbed.’

She said it happily and rose the knife. That knife was big and sharp enough to break a small child.

In that moment when Noah held his breath and closed his eyes...

Ding dong. –Ding dong. Ding dong. The bell continuously rang. She was trying to stab Noah with the knife and got mad and went up the stairs. She went up stomping and when she disappeared, Noah tried his best to move his body.

He thought he should grab people’s attention by breaking something, but she

came back before that. She had a nervous face murmuring 'Why did they come back? Why?' and glared at Noah with scary eyes. There still was the bell sound from the outside. She quickly grabbed Noah and pushed him inside a dusty traveling luggage. He tried to refuse to go in, but because he was wrapped in tape, he couldn't do anything. Noah squatted in the luggage, and she closed the bag. For a second, between the gaps, he saw her thinking if killing him and taking him in a trash bag is better. But she probably thought about the summer weather and just closed the bag.

In the middle, she rode like a taxi, but most of the time, she walked. It seems like she is looking for a place where she can hide the corpse. Noah was nervous whenever she stopped dragging the bag.

Did she arrived somewhere. If that happens, I might really die this time. That kind of fear pushed him down.

For hours, she dragged Noah along. Noah lie down like he was dead sweating cold sweat in the bag where it was slowly warming up. He couldn't even open his eyes very well.

He heard the siren sound occasionally, but they couldn't find Noah and passed by. Even when a hot afternoon passed and became a little chilly night, the siren sound passed by him. Noah didn't get disappointed anymore and breathe heavily.

His arms and legs were numb for a while. Hot, thirsty, dizzy, and stuffy. His conscience was continuously going off.

Maybe she's thinking of killing him this way.

Noah moved his two hands tied behind him. Because the blood didn't go through, he couldn't feel anything, but his finger nail made a scratching sound with the bag. Scratch, scratch, scratch. He didn't mean to make a particular sound, but it made a slight sound. But soon he felt a big shock. It looks like she kicked the luggage.

Dying this way, dying that way. Noah didn't care about it anymore and scratched the bag few times more. Soon bam! Bam! Bam! He felt the shock on top of his head and his rib side. The luggage fell on the floor, and his head was ringing.

'....'

Noah moaned little bit. The luggage was lifted and quickly dragged again. Bang! Bang! The luggage was bumping into places, so his body was shaking. His head was ringing, and Noah closed his eyes, and he was shaking everywhere.

Smell of urine came in between the gap. Ziiip! The luggage finally opened with annoyed sound, but Noah didn't look up. He didn't have energy to raise his head. Dirty tile and toilet. He thought this place was a stall in the restroom.

'Fuck..., does this make sense? Were there this many cops in the United States?'

When I reported my boyfriend was beating me, do you know how many cops came? No one. The cops said they were busy... it seems like they aren't busy when it has something to do with rich people. –She bit her nails like she's little agitated. She probably thought in no time she'll get caught.

‘If I’m gonna get caught, I thought I should kill you before I get caught.’

Noah heard her voice and thought ‘I see, I’m gonna die.’ I’m gonna die, now. He thought the whole time in the dark about when he’s going to die, so it wasn’t that shocking.

‘But. A woman who has everything thinking about the son who died. It looks some kind of like a tragic main character.’

Noah looked up slowly. She grabbed Noah’s face with one hand and rose the knife.

‘But how ‘bout taking care of her disable kid forever?’

That isn’t that romantic, right? –she laughed opening her eyes wide. Trembling, her hands were trembling, too. The woman who is cornered made Noah’s half closed eye to open up wide.

She saw Noah’s beautiful green eyes shaking and felt anger and stabbed directly. The knife pointed at the eyeball missed probably because either she was shaking too much or because Noah turned his head. The knife just scratched his forehead.

The blood fell on top of his eye, and the sight became red because of the blood. He saw she was putting up the knife again. And in that moment.

Creak- she stopped putting her arm up hearing a small sound coming from outside. There was sound of footsteps. Somebody came inside the restroom.

Gulp. She swallowed her dry throat. For a second, she moved her eyeball around and put Noah back in the luggage and zipped up the bag. She probably thought Noah could make a sound.

The footstep got closer and soon, knock knock, somebody knocked on the restroom door. Knock knock. She knocked telling the other person that someone's in here. But there was a knock again.

'There is a person inside.'

Her body was shaking, but her voice was very calm. It even sounded like she's little annoyed. It sounded like you can use another stall.

Noah closed his eyes hearing her voice. That person will use another stall because of her calm voice and leave. No one will save me because this is not a movie. In reality, there is no hero or a rule about happy ending. She was right, and Noah knew it too.

Noah opened his eyes. Because she didn't zip the bag completely, he saw the dirty ceiling.

He was breathing and was blinking his eyes. If I can, I wish I can just die like this. Blinking his eyes and in some point not opening his eyes. The knife looks painful, and the place where he got slight cut felt hot like burning in a fire. Blink. His opened eye's sight was shaking. His body was shaking. Dying was actually really scary.

Knock knock. The person knocked the door once more for some reason. She

stood up like she's mad, and somebody said something.

'You know you can't kill a person here?'

The voice was coming from the top. She was surprised and looked up. On top of the restroom door, somebody was looking at her.

Noah looked at that small head between the zippers. The person in front of the restroom light was a black hair man. Little younger to be called man. Between boy and man's age guy looked inside the gap of the luggage.

Noah thought he had an eye contact with him.

Expressionless black eye was directly staring at him.

"Mason Taylor?"

Noah blinked his eyes and replied like he's asking something obvious.

"Who knows? Probably he's dead?"

“...Do you really think he’s dead?”

Phil asked ‘Mason Taylor is gone missing. Where do you think he is?’ and now he asked back little bit in panic. Noah tilted his head and laughed and said lightly.

“Missing in Afghan during a mission. It means he’s dead.”

He said it very easily like it was obvious. But Phil argued, “But it’s not like his death was reported. They couldn’t even find the corpse. According to the report, the chances of him living is pretty high.”

The information that Phil and Noah received from the informant was like this:
1. Mason went inside the weaponry merchant Alta’s bunker with two of his team members. 2. About ten minutes after they went in, Alta’s bedroom exploded. 3. Because of that explosion, the scene became very messy, but they found suspected to be Alta’s body. And they found a body badly destroyed, so it’s unrecognizable, but it looked like Aaron Green, one of the team member. 4. Alta’s safe disappeared.

From these information, it’s right to analyze that another disappeared member, Ashley Suy, and Mason ran away with the safe.

“A person who worked in Zii for more than 10 years, run away with the safe betraying his team members?”

Oh no. You are saying something stupid today. Noah lightly criticized him with a relaxed tone. Getting betrayed by the members and got killed and blamed sounds better. Mason wasn’t a reckless man.

“But, 50 million dollar will make a saint turn his eyes.”

Noah smiled with a bored eye like Phil's reply was little annoying. Under his smiling eye lid, his eyes were very ideal and cold. He crossed his legs and put his hand on his knee and leaned deeply on the chair.

“Let's stop talking about this subject. He's probably dead anyway.”

Noah said it conclusively. Noah's act was showing Phil is talking something useless, but Phil hesitated little bit but said,

“I... think he's alive. He was continuously in danger, but he managed to survive.”

I think he's alive this time as well. Phil didn't think that man was dead. He was pretty competent mercenary, and he succeeded on even a harder mission. There is no way that man died that easily. Phil who watched that man for a while thought he is alive somewhere.

Phil thought, Noah has a pretty good sense, but he was always little pessimistic about these. Just as expected, when Phil said he thinks Mason is alive, Noah smiled and looked outside the blue sky.

Phil took a glimpse of Noah's face reflecting on the window. He was bright as usual but looked little tired.

“...If you think he is already dead, then why are you taking an action?”

If he is trying to check if he is dead, he could've hired a person and wait for the report. Phil asked but instead why did you cancel all that heavy schedule and took an action, but Noah didn't say anything. He just took a glance at him.

Phil realized he asked something stupid and apologized right away, "...I'm sorry." He closed his eyes like he's sleeping, and Phil didn't talk to him anymore.

How long did the time passed. After a few minute, there was a message from the cockpit.

[We have arrived. We are landing soon. –It will shake little bit.]

Phil looked outside the window hearing Pilot Luiso. Noah's charter plane was entering New York JFK airport's runway. Phil looked at Noah who was closing his eyes. There is no way this sensitive man didn't feel the vibration. Either because he doesn't want to open his eyes or he really doesn't know, but his eyes were still closed.

"Mr. Raycarlton. We have arrived at New York."

Phil carefully woke him up, and Noah very slowly opened his eyes. His eyes were even colder than usual.

Whew I'm little late... Well but it's longer!

[Continue to Chapter 6](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 6 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

06

There were many people getting off at the Jetblue domestic flight exit from LA to New York.

Stewardess Jaime came out little quickly among the people. It was because one passenger left his sunglasses. It was already annoying to walk on these new pair or heels, because of that damn service and since she was the newbie, she had to look for the passenger.

An idiot who left this new Gucci S/S sunglasses was a man who sat all the way in the back in a window seat. The man who deeply wore a cap and slept putting his head down. Jaime remembered the really pale side of his face.

...How did he look like? Just plain jeans and white shirt. Because of his plain atmosphere, she couldn't remember how he looked like at all. I remember people's face pretty well... Jaime just didn't think too much and looked for the man in the cap.

"Excuse me!"

Jaime shout out to that man with a cap from far away. That man didn't stop, and Jaime shout out louder, "Excuse me! Your sunglasses!" When she thought, not even only stupid but he's also deaf, that man turned around. He looked puzzled but soon saw the sunglasses on Jaime's hand and slightly smiled.

"Ah. Oops, I'm sorry. I forgot about this."

He apologized with a bright tone, but Jaime froze in surprise looking at the man getting the sunglasses from her. She just stared at him.

"You are that slut, no, Haley..."

Jaime murmured in shock and that man, Haley, didn't even get mad at her calling him slut. He just chuckled and waved his hand at her and walked away.

Until her colleague brought out the luggage asked, "What's wrong? You didn't find him?" Jaime just stood there for a while with a stupid expression looking at Haley's back.

"Did you know, that guy was Haley?"

“Haley? That delinquent slut?”

Did he swear at you? That crazy bitch. He walks around well with the thing he did. Her coworker cursed at him.

“How was he? He’s not good, right? He was pretty when he was little, but these days he’s so rotten.”

The coworker asked like she expected Jaime me to say, ‘Yeah. He was totally the worst. He looked like he’ll smell like drugs!’ but Jaime still had the stupid expression stuttered a little and said, “No, no well...”

“Still unexpectedly....”

“Huh?”

“No, well, I, I thought he’s still a celebrity...”

When he smiled, something was sparkling.... –Jaime covered her blushed tip of her ear with her hand and glimpsed at the direction where Haley disappeared.

Haley wore the sunglasses while getting out of the crowd. He usually didn’t wear sunglasses unless it was too sunny, but he realized why Tony prepared a sunglasses for him.

But calling a person slut in front of his face. While catching a taxi in front of the airport, Mason thought he wasn’t sure if it was Haley’s fault for living dirty, or if

it was public's fault for being rude.

"Please go to 119th Street."

Instead of leaving right away, the driver looked at Mason through the rear view mirror.

"I feel like I saw you somewhere... Are you perhaps a celebrity?"

"I did hear I look alike with Simon Wayne."

Mason smiled and jokingly said it, and the driver laughed.

"Simon? You are way younger and handsome, what are you talking about?"

The taxi driver shook his hand and left the airport feeling happy. He was keep glimpsing at Mason probably because he looked familiar, but because he was wearing a sunglasses, he couldn't figure it out and soon stopped his interest.

Mason put down the window and felt the wind. A warm breeze of New York air softly passed by his cheeks. When the taxi went over the bridge, he smelled wet water. Because of the sun, the water was sparkling. A song from the taxi radio gently hit his ears. 'Don't ask me why I'm crying.... cause when I start to crumble you know how to keep me smiling. You're gonna save me from myself. From myself, yes....' (Christina Aguilera: Save Me from Myself)

He leaned on the window thinking it's pretty good to be alive. With a good feeling, he pushed his hair waving by the wind to the back and felt a stare on his

cheek. When he raised his head, the taxi driver was looking at this direction and got surprised and laughed.

“Because your atmosphere was so soft, I didn’t even realized it....”

Are you really a celebrity? He tilted his head and asked, and Mason put his sunglasses up and just smiled.

The taxi dropped him off at the entrance of 119th Street. He paid with cash and got off from the taxi. He walked to the alley and looked up the building where his house is. His house was two block away from Harlem, and it was a small apartment located in 7th floor. This building was built around when Haley was born, so it was old, but it was cheap and manager was crappy. For Mason who rarely goes back home, it was a pretty good house.

Mason grabbed all the mail from the mailbox in the entrance of the apartment and pressed the elevator button. The elevator came down with a loud machinery sound. Mason went up to the 7th floor and looked around the inside little bit. While he was looking if there was any new cameras installed, he tilted his head thinking, ‘....Don’t I not have to do this anymore?’ He thought about it and realized Haley didn’t have anyone who would abduct or assassinate him, and Mason who’s already dead doesn’t have it anymore.

“This life is too comfortable. I can’t get used to it....”

Mason murmured to himself. He felt scared that Haley’s life was too comfortable compare to when he had to fight for his life. Who cares if somebody he doesn’t know call him slut. It’s okay even if people didn’t like him. He doesn’t even know those people anyway... The elevator stopped by making a loud sound, and he got off and murmured, “What did I do in my previous life that made my

life suddenly comfortable?” No, if this present life is Haley’s life, then the previous life would be Mason’s life?It was definitely not a blissful life....

Mason felt like wives who get beaten all the time. He went to his house feeling nervous about his sudden peaceful and comfortable life.

Located at the end of ‘⌒’ shaped hall way, room 719. Mason stood in front of the grey door and touched a small gap on top of the door. Luckily Haley wasn’t that short, so he felt something cold on his tip of his finger. Click. As soon as he opened the door, he saw a familiar house with cold air.

Mason somehow felt strange and stepped inside. Just like how he felt when he met Noah, but right now he felt a stronger déjà vu. Looking at a place where he used to live with another person’s body.

“.....”

Mason turned on the light and scratched his head. He did talk bad about how Haley lived, but this side wasn’t that great either. Since he came to his house in two month, the place was covered in dusts.

Mason skimmed through the mails and threw everything in the trash, and he opened a drawer. Among the rusted keys, he took out a small key and went to his bedroom and opened a safe under the table. In the safe, there was a handful of small keys, and Mason took two keys out. With the one of the keys, he opened the last safe in the closet.

Inside the safe, there were few fake passports he used during the missions, little bit of gold, dollar, euro, yen, etc. He hand a bundle of money from each

countries. And there was another key. A key that he took out under the table and this small key was from J.P. Morgan Chase bank in New York safe. –The things that actual worth something are in there.

Even though he live this kind of place, Mason didn't earn that little money. Mercenaries are the representation of an extremely dangerous and extremely high pay job, and he was a veteran who worked for more than 10 years. He earned higher than a pretty well going lawyer, and since he didn't really use money, he had an outrageous amount of money in his account.

Mason dreamt of opening a small café if he was born again since a while ago. There was a small café when he was going through a worst time, and the owner and his wife looked very happy and gentle. They argued a little time to time, but he could clearly see they were treasuring, loving and respecting each other. He was so envious.

As a mercenary, he made a bunch of enemies, so that kind of peaceful life was actually a dream. This wasn't something he could tell people, but he thought this will be possible for Haley's life. Obviously can't be like that couple....

“.....”

Mason bitterly rubbed his lips. He thought probably he'll live by himself for the rest of his life. He was really happy when he got married, and he felt fulfilled and satisfied when he had a child. But when he lost all of those, the shock was unbearable, so he couldn't even think of meeting a new person.

Of course, if he meets a woman he likes, he might change his mind. Mason's type is a woman who's small and weak like she'll break. Type that he can protect and secure....

He took out magazines and DVD that he put under his bed. It was his favorite porn star.

Money, porn, and among the guns he put in his drawer, he picked Glock 17 that won't distress Haley's weak wrist and Colt M1911 that he enjoyed using for a while.

Did I pack everything... Mason looked around and realized he forgot something very important and went out to the living room. He packed his wife and his child's picture that was on the table in front of the sofa.

“.....”

For the last time, he looked around the area indifferently. He didn't waste too much time and opened the door feeling lighthearted.

“.....”

“.....”

When Mason tried to walk out the door without hesitation, he froze holding the door opened. It was because somebody unexpected was standing in front of the door.

A bright blond hair and a beautiful face. Tall like a model and perfect body and luxurious suit that fits perfectly. Sparkling atmosphere that he was born to explain the word 'luxurious.' A man that did not even look like he saw this kind of

old apartment was standing there.

It was Noah Raycarlton.

The song is called 'Save Me from Myself' and it's from from Christina Aguilera! I liked it haha

Did you guys liked this chapter? Mason and Noah finally meet by themselves! What will happen to them~? What do you guys think? Hehehehe

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 6 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Why is this man standing here....? Mason blankly stared at him, and he was staring back at him with the same expression as Mason's.

"....uh."

There was a long silence between those two, and when Mason tried to say something, the man, Noah's face turned very cold. Mason blankly thought, 'it's amazing' that his pretty face can turn into that cold. But at that moment, he grabbed Mason's collar and roughly pushed him to the wall.

"-!"

Because it was too unexpected, Mason bumped into the wall half avoiding it.

“Excuse me,”

“-What are you.”

Noah’s face approached very close to his face. He was so mad that his eyes seemed like showing a blue flame. Mason just blankly blinked his eyes at Noah’s angry words. What do you mean ‘What are you.’ He couldn’t understand what he meant by asking that question. Since he knew Haley already, probably not asking who I am, then he’s probably asking why am I here. But actually that’s the question Mason has to ask. When Mason opened his mouth to ask him then why are you here, that moment.

‘-He’s not even stupid. There no way he came to his house, right?’

With footsteps, there was a sound of peevish talking.

‘I know. But fuck. Why are hell is he living in a place like this with all those money he earns?’

Mason stared outside the door in surprise hearing familiar voices.

“Uh....”

Someone is coming this way, and Mason knew those people. They were Zii mercenaries. Why are those guys here? What do they mean by there is no way I came to my house? Do they think I’m still alive? –Mason’s head thinking busily or not, Noah opened his mouth saying, “Who are....”

“!”

Mason quickly blocked his mouth and closed the door without making any sound. He wasn't sure what's going on, but he didn't feel good about it. He felt really bad.

Mason grabbed Noah's shoulder and hand before he screams what he was doing and ran inside of the house. He grabbed the bag that he dropped and looked for the place to hide in this small apartment. He heard those military boots sounds and sweated cold sweat.

Noah dragged along blankly because of Mason's weird action, but soon his conscious came back. He slapped his hand away and grabbed the back of his neck and pushed him to the bed. Because Mason was busy looking for a place to hide, he swallowed his breath because of a sudden attack.

“This... What the hell are you doing?”

He heard a voice that sounded like ice will drop anytime soon from on top of his head.

“Wa, wait, I'll apologize later so.....”

With Haley's weak strength, he couldn't push away Noah's arm. Of course he could've hit his wrist and slightly crack his bone, but he didn't want to do that to him, but.... We don't have time to do this....! Mason's eyes moved around quickly, and he heard footsteps stopping right outside of the apartment door.

They were looking for a key that the outside was little loud, and then they

heard, 'Just break it?' Mason felt his heart pumping fast and looked at Noah. Noah heard the outside sound and was staring outside the bedroom also. In that moment, his strength got weaken a little. Mason didn't miss that timing and at the same time he pushed him away, he grabbed him and blocked his mouth and dragged him to the terrace. In front of the terrace, right after he closed the curtain, the door opened within a second.

"What the. It was opened?"

"I think someone came in already.... Didn't that bastard not have a woman dating?"

"There is no way he has one. He worked so much. He probably went to his house like 10 days in a year? If he has a woman dating in that situation..... I'm really gonna respect him, that son of a bitch."

Mason killed his breath hearing them laughing and joking around. His heart was pumping so fast at this unexpected situation, but he tried to keep his cool.

There are three men. They didn't take out their guns, and unless they are idiots, they won't harm Noah. The problem was me. I don't know what was going on, but even it's a worst situation, I think can escape when they put their guards down. Good thing I packed the guns be.... Mason realized he didn't have his bag with him and startled. He looked behind the curtain.

Under the bed, there was the bag fell on the floor. When Noah grabbed back of his neck and threw him to the bed, he probably dropped it that time. Ah.... Mason bit his lips and swallowed his breath. There was a voice from the living room.

“What the. This son of a bitch came home?”

“Hey, his safe is opened too. Wow, this guys is insane. He took off with 50 mil and came back home to rob his safes?”

How much does a person have to be crazy about money to do this? They said it with a laugh. Crazy about money? Took off with 50 mil? Who? Me? Mason rolled around his eyes and listened to them.

“Still if it’s 50 mil, it’s something you can risk your life.”

Fuck, how much is that. Even I would go crazy. Somebody said that, but another guy smirked at him.

“Do you want to die? It’s because it’s Mason that why he’s able to run away like this. If it was you, you’ll get caught on that day and have a hole in your head.”

“Well, that’s that, but this son of a bitch is too greedy. Beretta said there’s no way Mason would do that kind of thing, and since Aaron’s body is like that, it might be Aaron who’s disappeared. But if it’s like this, then it’s that guy who took the money.”

Mason swallowed his dry throat. Understanding the situation was in a second. So Aaron, that son of a bitch killed me and even blamed everything on me and took off with the safe. For that guy, he had no other choice other than doing this. If he took off with the safe truthfully, it will limit his range of movement, and he will get caught soon.

After Mason died, he didn't really thought about Aaron that much. First, it was because living as Haley was pretty busy, and he thought Zii will take a revenge on Aaron.

“.....”

Mason was deeply in thought and realized Noah who Mason was holding and blocking his mouth was raising his hand. He quickly let go of his mouth.

“.....”

Noah stood up from an uncomfortable position and glared at Mason with an irritated face rubbing his mouth. His face was like since he doesn't understand what's going on, so he'll be quiet, but he also had a face he's thinking about handing him to those guys.

Mason awkwardly smiled and pay attention to outside. He checked those guys went outside and reached out his arm from the veranda. The arm was barely not reaching to the bag.

“This guy seems like he was pretty in hurry. He's not the type who would leave this kind of stuff.”

Mason heard them digging through the mails inside the trash can.

“Maybe somebody left it on purpose. Isn't it weird to come back to this place?”

“This... it looks like it’s not been that long since he visited his house.”

Somebody said it probably because he checked the dust mark where the frames were. There was a sound somebody releasing the safety guard of a gun.

“Heh. Maybe he’s nearby?”

“He might be still in the house.”

Looking at the opened door and spilling all these stuff.... Because of the sound coming from outside, Mason held his breath and reached his arm out more. One guy came in the bedroom again. Mason quickly removed his arm and swallowed his dry throat.

He was thinking so hard what to say if he gets caught. He can’t say, ‘know Mason somehow.’ Those guys won’t hesitate to lock him up to know Mason’s whereabouts.

If he can tell them everything, that’s even better. He couldn’t tell those guys who have their brains filled with muscle, ‘My body is dead, but my soul came in to this body.’ Even if he says it, they won’t believe him.

The guy looked at the closet, restroom next to the bedroom, underneath the bed, and finally grabbed the curtain to check for the veranda. A long shadow attacked Mason. When that curtain opens, run and push that guy away and pick up that bag and.... It was when Mason’s head was spinning like crazy.

“Hey. There are some footprints outside. The dusts are still fresh.”

A voice came in from outside.

OH NO Aaron that bastard blamed everything on Mason!

I listen to my readers haha. Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! What will happen to them?? Will they get caught? Will they go out alive dun dun duhhh!

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 6 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“Hey. There are some footprints outside. Dusts are still fresh.”

Someone called him from outside. The man hesitated little bit in front of the curtain and went out the room. There was a sound of those guys talking from outside. They probably concluded that Mason had already left the house. They left the house making rustling sound.

“.....”

Mason checked the sound of the door closing and footsteps going away and exhale the breath that he was holding. Ahh fuck, Aaron that bastard until the end.....

It would have been a big trouble if he was careless thinking they already took

care his death. This time he was really lucky. If he was little late to hide or if those guys were little more detailed, he probably couldn't pass it like this.

Since his body is already dead, it's none of his business if Aaron and Zii does something. Whether Zii and his superior Beretta go through a shitty situation or not able to catch Aaron, it became totally different world business to Mason.

Of course, Aaron is detestable, and he felt bad at his colleagues who are barking up the wrong tree. And he felt little uncomfortable that he became an idiot who ran away because of the money to those guys who were pretty close with him.

But because of this situation and Haley's weak body, he can't just jump to do revenge, and it's a stupid thing to do telling Zii that the person who's alive is Aaron not Mason.

It's like throwing away one and only chance of living peaceful life in a mud puddle.

Why would I do that kind of stupid thing? This is the chance that he earned by dying once. The only thing that Mason has to do is leave this house and go straight to the bank and get the money and never come close to this place.

While he was calmly organizing his thought, Noah stood up. Mason noticed him and turned his head to him. Noah went out the veranda and picked up the bag with a cold face. He took a glance at Mason with relaxed eyes and flipped over the bag.

"Uh... No!"

Bundles of money, gold, passports, guns, explicit porns, and frames poured on the floor

“Ah damn it, what are you....”

Mason stood up right away and bent his back to pick up the picture among the broken frames and behind his back Noah’s hand grabbed back of his neck. No, he couldn’t grab it this time. In front of the door once, on the bed once, and this attack. He wasn’t naïve enough to get attacked three times.

Mason avoided Noah’s attack, and with his repulsive force, he strongly pulled Noah’s arm and made him fall on the floor.

“-!”

He held the floor, and Mason stood up in that time. Mason tried to ask why are you attacking me, but he startled.

“.....”

It was because Noah’s white hand was bleeding from the broken glass.

“I’m sorry.”

Mason unconsciously apologized seeing dripping blood. When he had an eye contact with frowning Noah, he felt more complicated. His kind looking eyes looked little surprised, and he was little pale. He felt like he’s bullying a weak

person looking at his soft hand without any callouses bleeding. Actually the weak person would be himself who has Haley's poor and weak body.... No, but he was a pro who hurts people for more than 10 years. Although it wasn't on purpose, still... Mason panicked unlike his usual self and kneeled his one knee down.

“No, so why did you attack... Are you okay? There must be a first aid kit. Hurry and your wound...”

Where did I put it? Was it in the living room drawer? Mason was thinking about his dusty first aid kit and tried to look at Noah's injury, but he fell backward.

-Bang!

Noah who had a weak face like he's going to collapse any second strongly pushed Mason like he wasn't hurt at all and sat on top of Haley's body pressing on his shoulders.

“-ugh,”

Mason swallowed his painful moan and bit his lips. A sharp pain came through his back because of those broken glasses.

Soon his sight was sparkling. (Slap!) Noah slapped his face coldly looking at him like he's looking at a file paper. Once, twice, he got slapped so many times that he lost count.

When Noah's hand stopped, Mason tasted some salty taste of his blood and cursed inside, and Noah was panting like he got beat up. He has some hand. To

think of it as just letting a fragile young master from the past memory slap me, it was pretty painful.

“....Excuse me, Mr. Haley Lusk.”

Mason opened his eyes and looked at him hearing his calling with his deafen ears. Noah’s beautiful face was right in front of his face. His eyes were slightly opened and had a strange face, and he was breathing heavily to hold his anger.

“You probably have to answer my question well. If you lie or babble something I can’t understand.... I’m not sure what I’m gonna do? With your stupid head, you probably can’t imagine what I’m gonna do.”

I’m an amateur in this, so I can’t control it. –Noah slight smiled, and Mason nodded thinking, ‘Beating someone up first and then asking a question, you are totally a pro.....’

Noah thought what to say with his cold eyes. He had the face that he doesn’t know what to ask first.

“This house... How do you know Mason?”

Noah asked with a little slow tone.

He came to this house to check if Mason is actually dead. If it was Mason he knew, he must be dead for sure, but by any chance, if he’s alive, he thought one item from this house would be gone.

A picture of his wife and his child. If he actually took off with the safe that has 50 million dollar in it, either that action was impulsive or calculated, that picture wouldn't be at home. He never really gets obsessed with physical things, but that picture was different. He is the man who if it was calculated, he probably took it along with him before the mission, or even if it was impulsive, he probably came back home to take that with him.

Actually when Noah arrived at New York and stood in front of the Mason's door, he was little dozed off. He thought Mason was dead, and it was time for him to check that. It was a simple task if the picture was at home or not. He knew that in his head, but Noah stood still for a while looking at the door.

Did Mason really die? ...He's probably dead. What happens after I check that? Will I be crying? Or just like usual, 'See. Of course, the world never works like in a movie' and nod my head and live like usual? Or.... –Noah was keep thinking about stupid things with his head keep getting blank.

A cold wind blew to his chest. His breath was getting tighter little by little like someone's choking him. Blankly he thought he's going to die. He thought he wanted somebody to save him, but now, really, no one can save him anymore. It was the time that again he realized that.

The door opened from the inside, and a face he didn't even think of popped out. Noah forgot about the thought about he's going to die and opened his mouth like an idiot. Rather if Mason's spirit popped out, he'll be less surprised.

Haley Lusk. Noah thoroughly looked at the man who came out from Mason's house.

“How are you, in this house?”

At first, Noah thought Haley knew that he was going to come to Mason's house beforehand and came here first. That was an obvious thought. Haley is the type of person who would do those, and other than that reason, no other reason came up. But when Noah saw him hiding in the veranda from those Zii agents, he thought coldly.

How did this son of a bitch know information about Mason? If he followed him, he couldn't be already in the house, or if he heard the information from somewhere else, the only informant can Phil, but there's no way he would do that.

Besides Haley wasn't standing in front of the door, he came out from the inside. That means either he had the key, or he knew where the key was. Along with that, when he saw the items he packed in the bag, he thought he had to know what's going on.

Noah pressed down Haley's shoulder and sat on top of him. He tilted his head and looked at him. Behind his shoulder, it was a small amount, but he was bleeding. And his lips were cracked and had blood on them. If it was Haley he knew, he would definitely start screaming or crying acting all crazy, but he had a calm face with his mouth closed.

Noah was the one who felt shaken. Very little. –It wasn't much that he's expression would change, but his eyes shook a little.

What is this feeling of déjà vu. Something bothered him inside of his chest. Noah half opened his eyes and raised his hand slowly. When he was about to hit this bothering man once more, he who had his mouth closed with indifferent face asked him.

“Then how about you?”

Haley asked with his eyes properly opened.

“Why are you in this house? What’s your business?”

Noah frowned. He strongly grabbed and pulled Haley’s collar and smiled saying, “I never told you to ask a question.” Haley twitched his cheek like it’s tickled and sighed.

“Mm... But I can’t tell you anything until you tell me why you came here.”

He said it calmly, and Noah picked up a gun on the floor because of his impertinent words. Glock 17. Noah put that on the man’s finger and said.

“It’s not good to get too comfortable that you have ten fingers.”

Noah unlocked the safety guard and loaded the gun. He pulled the trigger half way and observed Haley’s expression. Haley just had a little perplexed face not the reaction he was expecting. What is this bad feeling of disharmony.

“....”

Noah bit his lips and pulled the trigger. Bang! The bullet went in between Haley’s index and middle fingers. Haley didn’t even flinch that a bullet went in between his fingers. He wasn’t moving not because he was scared. Composed blue eyes were directly staring at him.

The eyes that staring directly at him. Noah felt his heart was pumping really fast.

“What are you.”

Click. Noah loaded the gun again and pointed at Haley’s head.

“What the hell are you.”

Noah actually don’t know about Haley very well. It was obvious because he didn’t care or didn’t want to care about him. But even still, he knew this man is different from the time when he got drunk and caused ruckus. This man is Haley Lusk? That slut junkie? Noah felt goosebump on his cheek and stared back at him. He didn’t know himself why he’s keep thinking of Mason from this moron, but Noah was already feeling several déjà vu.

Noah bit his lips. He put the gun point closer and placed his finger on the trigger. He didn’t know himself what he was doing, but he didn’t care. Pulling the trigger felt very natural.

“Excuse me.”

He was slightly frowning because he was bothered by the gun on his forehead.

“...By the way, you can’t kill a person in this kind of a place.”

A voice that went through Noah’s ear made him stop breathing.

He felt dizzy like he went back to the someday in the past.

[Continue to Chapter 7](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

07

“.....”

While Mason was going down in the elevator with him, he glimpsed at him. Noah had a little sluggish face and was putting his hair back. His green eyes were little dozed off.

‘You can’t kill a person in this kind of place.’

When Mason said that, his felt little complicated. Noah was pointing the gun at him, realized or not, the gun was shaking. His pretty eyes were burning. He put his white finger on the trigger, and Mason thought this is not a threat anymore he'll really shoot. He thought saying something will be better, so when he said think about the place, soon Noah's face crinkled terribly. Because of his stiff face like he heard something extremely scary, Mason had to make an excuse.

'No, these walls are thin. That gun sound just now, the next door probably heard it, and you are a famous person so.... And somebody might have seen you coming in here....'

So, so can you spare me? Mason asked servilely. When Mason looked at Noah like he'll answer any kind of question if he asks once more, Noah slowly blinked his eyes. He blinked his eyes several times like he's observing the other person.

'Ah....'

Ah. Ahh... There's no way... -He murmured to himself, but somehow his face was pale. Mason took a glimpse at below his foot. The strength that was pressing his shoulder was weakened, and finally the Colt got caught by his foot.

Mason laid down relaxing his body and pushed him with all his strength. Bang! A bullet from Glock that Noah was holding made a hole in the ceiling.

Wow, fuck. He really meant to shoot. Mason shivered and picked up the Colt next to Noah and pointed at his gun at Noah's temple.

Mason breathe heavily holding the gun. Because his strength is poor, he was already out of breath. Noah sat at an angle and stared at the floor with indifferent face like he doesn't care anything.

'Put down that gun.'

Mason said tapping his temple, but Noah didn't move.

'Excuse me? I can shoot you?'

Can't you hear me? Mason asked once more, and he slowly put his head up. He tilted his head and said to Mason with indifferent eyes.

'Just shoot then.'

'.....Pardon?'

What....? Mason stupidly asked, and Noah's hand slide down his face sighing like he's tired. He murmured something quietly. He thinks he said why the fuck is he asking again, so annoying.

"Mr. Ray, Raycarlton?'

Mason called him in little bit of panic, and Noah threw the gun away and stood up. He stood up with very irritated, tired, and annoyed face and asked.

'Why aren't you shooting?'

‘.....’

Asking why not shooting. Mason didn't know how to answer, so he closed his mouth. He didn't mean to shoot anyway, but still saying 'I'm not going to shoot' was little weird. Noah looked at him like he's pathetic and picked up the picture among the broken glass on the floor. He asked with little irritated and sluggish tone.

‘I'll ask one question.I need to confirm. –Is Mason dead?’

.....Or is he alive? It seems like you know. –Because of what Noah said, Mason twitched his lips. Why are you asking that, why are you asking for my state with that expression. Those questions roamed in his mouth. Mason gulped looking at the eyes of waiting to get confirmed that he's dead.

There are replies that Mason is set to say, and those were all negative answers. I don't know. You don't have to know. Or I heard he's dead. –Whatever he will say it wasn't 'he's alive.' He couldn't say that. It's not true, and the life as Haley might be in danger. A person who knows about Mason's whereabouts. Zii who's trying to track him will drool.

He has set things to say, but Mason couldn't say it just moving his lips.

‘Ah, Well.... Never mind. I think I get it.’

Noah saw Mason's difficult face and cut his word. Yeah I knew it was going to be like this. Noah murmured it like this and took a glance of outside through a window. He put the picture on the table and went out the bedroom like nothing

happened.

Mason stared at his back little bit and packed up the picture and his stuff. After he packed everything, he locked the bag. He stood up and saw the blood stain on the floor and scratched his head.

‘....’

Seriously what business did he have with this house? Definitely he came to this house knowing this is Mason's house. What could be his business?

And what was the strange stare and expression?

I was curious about many things, but that man didn't seem like he'll telling anything to me who has the body of Haley's.

‘....’

Something felt uncomfortable, but since he can't ask him directly, he has to forget about it, but that listless eyes kept coming up in his head.

Anyway he's the young master that quite grabs my attention.... I don't interfere with other people's business at all, but that man I occasionally thought about him.

I think it was like this 10 years ago too.... Mason thought about that time and sighed once deeply and went out the house.

I turned around the hall way, and in front of the red door elevator, a tall man was standing there. Noah went out a while ago.

‘....?’

I thought the elevator was broken, but it was already stopped at 7th floor. It looked like no one got on or got off. It was just stopped. Why is he not getting on?

‘You aren’t going to get on?’

He pressed the button and asked, and the man slowly raised his head and checked Mason. He didn’t say anything just turned away his head and looked at the opened elevator. He just got on the elevator without saying anything.

‘.....’

Mason stared at the man in the corner of the elevator who didn’t even press the button. He went inside the elevator. After he pressed the 1st floor button, he looked at the elevator going down one floor by one floor and took a glimpse.

“.....”

Noah was putting up his hair and was breathing quietly. Somehow he looked very fragile and at stake. Isn’t it little dangerous if he walks around that dozed off? He doesn’t look like he’s that kind of type. What’s wrong with him? Mason was glimpsing at him. It’ll be fine if he has his secretary or body guard down stairs, but if he’s by himself..... no is it useless interference? When Mason was

thinking this.

Clang-

Suddenly the elevator stopped making a heavy sound and the light turned off. Psssh. There was a sound of A.C. turning off, too.

Ah, this is bullshitting again. Mason sighed at the usual elevator's malfunction that happened frequently when he was alive. It's the house that he comes not even 20 days a year, but during those time this always happens once or twice.

Mason checked his pocket and realized he doesn't have a cell phone or a lighter. He thought he would die by breathing if he smokes with this body, so he thought of quitting since he was born again, but now he regrets little bit. Ah, so shallow. Mason clicked his tongue and looked at Noah's side. Because he wasn't used to the darkness, he knew he was there, but he couldn't see him.

"Excuse me, do you have a phone or a lighter?"

He doesn't look like he would smoke, but if he has anything, he asked him to turn it on. But Noah didn't say anything.

"....."

When Mason was able to see his face, because he made annoyed face, he thought he could still hear him, but now that it's dark he thought he's talking to a wall. Mason touched the wall and went to the button side. It was here somewhere.... He felt something popped out and pressed it, and soon he heard a connecting sound.

“.....”

It seems like the manager Jordan has left the spot. No one was answering the call. It is a dinner time soon. Mason quietly sighed and went back to his spot touching the walls and sat on the floor. He was sitting down on the floor quietly and slowly his eyes were getting used to the dark. Mason looked at Noah's side and thought if he should care or not and said to him.

“.....I don't know how long we're gonna stay here..... You should sit down.”

Jordan was an unbelievably slow eater. If it hasn't been a long time since he left to eat, they might have to wait at least one or two hour.

But even with Mason's kind word, there was no respond.

“.....”

Mason apathetically thought 'Sure. It hurts your leg not mine' and scratched his cheek. The place where he got slapped was keep irritated and itchy. Haley even has a weak skin. Why is this guy a man? No, if this body was a woman, I would be in trouble.... Mason had nothing to do, so he was just thinking useless thought to waste time. All of the sudden, he turned to right where Noah was standing. He heard his breathing sound and raised his head up.

“.....?”

He didn't know when that kind of sound started, but Noah's breathing sound

was getting rougher. Mason hesitantly stood up. Noah was bending down little bit holding his chest with both of his hands.

“.....Mr. Raycarlton?”

This time too he didn’t reply, but Mason carefully approached him. He got used to the darkness, but he couldn’t see it well. Closer. When he went right in front of his face, he was able to see him.

His eyes were wide opened. It looked like he was looking at something, but his focus was totally off. His forehead, cheeks, and neck was wet with sweat like he got rained. He was panting and his breath was cracking like he’ll scream soon.

“Noah?”

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Mason got surprised and called him. Usually that man would say 'we are not that close enough to call each other's names,' but he didn't respond. It looks like he can't even hear Mason's voice.

"....hugh."

Actually Noah wasn't himself even before he got on the elevator.

Mason is dead. He already knew it, but when he admitted that and came out of the house, something felt distant.

When Noah thought about how absurd it was to feel déjà vu from Haley, he thought, 'Mason is actually dead.' When he thought about that, he started to

feel the relationship between Haley and Mason is not important anymore. Everything felt annoyed and futile. Who cares? Mason is dead already. He's probably getting all his keepsakes. And who cares if it's just a robbery?

After Noah came out from the house and walked towards the elevator, his head was definitely functioning reasonably. He couldn't just cling on Mason forever, and whenever he hears Mason is going to that rubbish place like Afghan or Yemen, he prepared himself that this was going to happen. He thought of reasonable thoughts like, 'So this is nothing, and since this happened, live light hearted.' It's fine. It is fine. I think I'm finer than I thought. Noah continuously murmured to himself. It's fine. It's fine. –If he kept thinking about it, he thought he will be fine. His body felt heavy like it's drowning under the ocean, but he thought he's fine.

But when the elevator stopped and the light turned off, his body started to shiver. It was like he went back to 7 year old self when he was shoved in the bag. He couldn't breathe, it was hot and cold, and he felt like he's going to go mad. His body was trembling, sweating cold sweat, and breathing was heavy.

He thought he wanted someone to rescue him, but there was no one.

Mason is dead. Now no one will take me out of that traveling luggage case. I won't be able to get out of that bag forever. Noah wanted to scream that his one and only savior have died, but he couldn't move his lips like someone had sewed his lips.

My throat is choking, I can't breathe, it's painful like I'm going insane, but there is no one. No one or nothing will save me. No one will save me. Continuously. Continuously. Until I die.

Noah held his breath because of this rushing fear. That moment when his mind was getting blank.

“.....”

(Swipe) A little bit of air blew and Noah met a pair of eyes that was looking at him. And,

(Slap!)

There was a flash. Slap! Slap! Slap! The sound of slapping continued. With an indifferent face, Haley’s face was right in front of my nose. He was countlessly slapping my two cheeks with his two hands.

“....I am, awake,hey...”

Noah tried to talk with his mouth that was not moving. It was still flashing. Haley knew Noah was awake, but he was continuously slapping his two cheeks. Like he’s avenging what happened in the house.

“Are you okay? Huh? Well, it looks like you’re still not okay.”

Mason was staring directly at the eyes of Noah that were coming back to focus, but he ignored them and kept slapping his face. Noah murmured, ‘This fucker....’ Noah forcefully moved his frozen arm and roughly got rid of his hand.

“Ah... Now it looks like you got better.”

Mason's hand got forcefully taken off and smiled like nothing happened putting his hand up. Noah glared at him like is this son of a bitch playing around? But Mason just asked back with his eyes wide opened.

“Why? Well, I was really surprised too. Suddenly you held your chest and panted. I couldn't even carry you out so to make you wake up, I unconsciously. – Well, you don't have like asthma, right?”

While he was hitting him, Mason slapped him few more times with some feeling in it. He emphasized it was 'inevitable choice' and played the innocent. Noah knew the truth, but he wasn't in a situation where he can complain about that. He bit his pale lips and said.

“....I just have a light fear of being in a narrow and dark place.”

“Really? It didn't look that light though.”

Claustrophobia, is it something like this? Mason purposely said it indifferently, and Noah frowned and glared at him. His eyes were like, what is this bastard? But in this kind of situation, the one who he needs is not a scrupulous non-professional just an indifferent idiot, so Mason pretended not to know and asked.

“Do you not have your medicine?”

“.... I was trying to change the medicine that I was taking....”

“Xanax? You don’t take that anymore?”

“.....”

This time he didn’t answer his question. He had a face ‘why am I talking useless thing with you.’ He frowned and bit his lips, and it looked that the previous questions were answered because he was not right in his mind.

Mason scratched his cheek. His expression got better, and both of his cheeks got swelled so it looks like he has some color, but he was still not normal. Although he got better, it was compared to before when he couldn’t breathe. His breathe was still heavy and sweated cold sweat.

“.....Should I hold your hand?”

They didn’t have any medicine and didn’t know when they will be going out. He won’t like it, but Mason asked. Noah looked at him like he heard something crazy.

I'm BAAAAACK guys! Thanks for waiting! Did you guys noticed? I changed the cover picture of Kill the Lights! I think the picture on the left is Noah Raycarlton and picture on the right is Mason Taylor and Haley Lusk
And did you guys noticed the previous pictures too? What's the difference?

UPDATES

Ah! I forgot to mention it! These pictures are NOT from the novel! These are separate pictures by Ya-he Audio! They make drama CD and make pictures of the characters! Usually Korean BL books don't have characters on the book cover (not that I know of...). If you press 'Jangryang' or any authors on the TAG, you

can see the actual book cover!

I like how they did it... If you are secretive about reading BL, Korean BL book covers are way to go! LOL No one will know those books are BL unless they read it, and they are pretty too! Hahaha.

Yeho, Kill the Lights, Monsieur Park... all of their pictures are from the audio company like Ya-he or ACO. Except for Black Butterfly... because they didn't make that into drama CD...:(I hope they do someday....

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

“.....Should I hold your hand?”

They didn't have any medicine and didn't know when they will be going out. He won't like it, but Mason asked. Noah looked at him like he heard something crazy.

“If you hold something, it's less scary.”

“That's when the other person is reliable.”

Relying on you? Noah turned his head like don't talk to me because it's annoying, and Mason shook his hands.

“No, I as well...., frankly I'm not saying this because I like someone who

ruthlessly slapped my cheeks and shot at my face with a gun.”

“-The cheek, -no, never mind. Since there’s nothing good for each other, don’t talk to me.”

Noah opened his mouth to quibble over you hit me too, but soon sharply said it like he doesn’t even talk to him. Mason stared at Noah’s swollen chubby cheek and looked at his sweaty neck. His shoulders were lightly shivering and arms and neck were all tensed up not able to move.

Mason rubbed his lips. He told me to not to care why am I nosily caring. He turned thinking ‘I’ll pretend not to know.’

“”

“”

“”

And there was a small silent. Some minutes have passed. Mason glanced at Noah. Actually he’s been peeping at him. Noah who got little better after getting slapped looked like he’s getting worse again. He was panting heavily and leaning his head on the wall of the elevator closing his eyes. Even in this dark place, Mason was clearly able to see how pale and precarious state Noah is in right now.

“”

Mason scratched his head for a while and sighed quietly. He approached him and quietly embraced his shoulders. He felt Noah's small flinch.

"—Wait for a second."

Mason quickly said it before Noah say something.

"I don't like you, and I know Mr. Raycarlton doesn't like me either. I know, I'm saving a person in a battle field, no, anyway. I'll act like I don't know you when we go out so just think of me as a body pillow and hold it for a while."

Seriously you, you look like you're gonna die. —After he said that, Mason held Noah's shoulder little tighter, so Noah can't push him away. Noah tried to stand up because he didn't like it, but he didn't even have that energy and soon he murmured 'Fuck...' and leaned on him.

"....If we go out, I'm going to sue you for a sexual assault."

Noah breathe heavily and said it in his embrace, and Mason laughed.

"You are even thinking of going out here alive?"

"Who dies for getting locked in an elevator?"

" "

He talks well even though he's shaking in my embrace like he's going to die

soon. Mason sighed at Noah's drenched wet hair on his shoulder, cold neck, and nonstop shivering shoulder.

Because I'm holding him like this, it feels like I went back to 10 years ago. Back then this was common for Noah. On a regular day, he looks fine, but occasionally he is vacantly sitting there. Or when he's sleeping quietly, he wakes up screaming with a pale face and looks around. He looks around with fear in his eyes for a while, and when he has an eye contact with Mason who was dozing off under the bed, he gets relieved and goes back to sleep.

Sometimes Mason thought he was overreacting, but he looked at sleeping Noah and once in a while stroke his hair. Still it wasn't for that long.....

"..... That. Hair..... Don't do that."

Mason raised his head at a voice coming from his embrace. Noah was frowning with his eyes closed. Mason was unconsciously stroking Noah's wet hair and carefully asked, "...Does it feel bad?" That time I thought he went to sleep well when I did this to him....

Noah didn't answer Mason. Mason wasn't sure if he didn't like it but didn't have energy to say something or didn't not like it. He just touched his hair more slowly. He heard Noah sighing quietly.

".....Hey, Mr. Raycarlton."

Mason played with his hair for a long time all of a sudden called him. Noah didn't answer or raise his head, but Mason continued to ask.

“Seriously why did you come?”

How did he know this house, why did he come, and why is it important for him to know whether I’m alive or not. I was curious about these.

Actually since I’m living inside of Haley’s body, it was better for me to forget about these kind of curiosity. Without asking that person anything, I just have to get out of this place and go to the bank and after I get the money, the life as Mason is completely over. There was some sadness and lingering feeling, but I’m not delusional. I am dead. My head flew away and completely died and with that that life had ended. It wasn’t reincarnation like commonly thinking. It was a great luck that I’m able to live in the same time period continuing the time I lived, so I’m able to take my safe.

Mason definitely understood that and no matter how weird the situation was, if it wasn’t Noah, he might have just passed it.

“Perhaps... Do you have some business with Mason?”

But Noah get in my sight too much to be ignored. I didn’t think that it is a great destiny that we are locked in the elevator, but still it is true that I see this man’s weakness especially often.

It was like this when I first met Noah. –The story is not 10 years ago.

I LOVE this new picture! I coincidentally found it online I didn't know they had this picture... I have some more! I'll change the cover picture again later~

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

When Mason first met Noah, it was a place that didn't suit this man at all. It was a smelly old women restroom. That time Mason didn't live next to the slum he lived in the slum. It was a street where lots of Hispanics were there, but there was a white woman walking with a weird expression dragging a big luggage. If it was usual, he wouldn't care whether someone was carrying or dragging a luggage, but she was little strange. Her expression was total off, and she was reacting very sensitive to police car siren sounds and walked faster looking around the area.

The reason why Mason followed that woman was purely a whim. That day he was especially bored, and he was free until his part time job. He thought if she goes too far, he won't care anymore, but unexpectedly she went inside a close building restroom. That restroom was a very old and smelled rotting. It was a place where not too long ago two drag queens overdosed and died. After that the building owner kept the doors locked and watched for people, so there weren't that many people using it.

Inside the stall, there was some rustling sound and murmuring sound. Should I go in or not? Outside of the restroom, Mason thought about it for a short time. A person who has a knife whether it's a woman or old person it is dangerous. I refuse to get involved in it, but.....

'Whew.'

A small sound that I heard while following her lingered in my ear. A weak scratching sound that came out from inside of the bag. It seemed like I'm the only one who heard the sound, and if I ignore that, I won't be able to sleep peacefully tonight.

When he went inside the restroom, the very last stall from the three stall was locked. Mason didn't hesitate and knocked on the door.

'There is a person inside.'

Along with the rustling sound, there was a calm voice from inside. It was so natural that if I heard it without knowing anything, I would've thought I made a mistake. Wow. This woman is amazing. Mason smirked and knocked on the stall again.

She knocked back and said, 'I told you there's a person inside.' End of her voice was little shaking. Mason thought about it little bit and went inside the next stall. He went up the toilet seat and looked inside.

A woman drenched in sweat covered the bag and looked at Mason. Mason clicked his tongue. If you are trying to hide it, you should've hide the knife first,

you lady.

‘You know you can’t kill a person here?’

Mason glimpsed at the knife and the bag. Inside the luggage, something shook in between a small gap. Was it my imagination that I met my eyes with a child’s teary eyes?

She screamed and wielded the knife, and Mason took his hands off. She tried to open the stall that Mason was in, but she realized she couldn’t and hurried left.

‘What an amateur.’

Either kill the witness too or shouldn’t even have tried it. Mason murmured, but he didn’t follow her instead he jumped off the toilet and came out from the stall and went inside the stall where she was in. A big luggage bag was standing in front of the toilet.

Mason felt his heart was trembling little bit. What do they call this? Fear? Thrill? He didn’t know what it was, but Mason slowly opened the bag with a strange feeling.

‘.....’

When the bag was half opened, Mason suppress his exclamation and felt anxious. Inside the opened bag, a young pretty boy was shivering and looking at him. Six? No, he looks like he’s like seven years old. The child’s pure blond hair was wet due to sweat and little bit of blood. His face looks like he got beaten up

because it was swollen and messy, but Mason thought the boy was the prettiest person he'd ever saw.

Did she steal him because he's pretty? If it's that, I think I could understand. – The child was sparkling pretty that made him think of something stupid. If the child's sneaker brand wasn't Gucci, Mason probably seriously thought he is a fallen angel.

Mason carefully undid the green tape from the child's mouth. After taking out a cloth in his mouth, the child sighed and took out his tongue.

‘.....’

‘Are you okay?’

Mason thought he asked something useless. The child's face did not look okay at all. Mason took out the child who was so dehydrated that he couldn't even cry and panted harshly from the bag and untied his arms and legs. He took off his shirt that he was wearing and wrapped it around the boy.

The child raised his shaking arm like to hold him, and Mason hesitated little bit and held him. He smelled a child's smell and saltiness of his tears. Mason felt weird hold hot and sticky child. Is it because he saved a person? Mason calmed his shivering heart down and said, ‘It's okay now.’

‘It's okay now. Everything is okay.’

Mason pat and awkwardly murmured, and the child cling on to him more breathing heavily. The child couldn't even put strength, but he tried his best to

cling on him. Mason thought about it for a while and put the child down. The hospital was too far to walk. He thought it was better to go to a public phone and call for an ambulance or a police first.

But when he put down the child and said, 'Wait for a second. I'll call for people,' Mason couldn't move.

'....Don't...here.'

Don't leave me here. It was because the child clung on to him with a hoarse voice. The child was holding desperately onto his pants and crying continuously. Mason moved his lips like he was about to talk but instead held the child again. The child's body was extremely hot and shivering like he's going to die soon. He thought he have to call hospital as soon as possible, but he couldn't leave him here and go. If he put him down, he thought the child is going to die soon, so he couldn't put him down.

Losing this pretty child. I wonder how the mother feels right now. Because Mason is an orphan, he didn't believe in maternal love, but if someone lose this kind of pretty child, unrelated to maternal love, anyone would feel miserable. This kind of expensive shoe to a child, there are people who spend money in this crazy way? They should've given that money to me. He always had this kind of mind, but because the shoes on the child's feet were very pretty and suited well, he thought it worth the money.

'.....'

The child got dehydrated that he couldn't hold it for long and fell asleep. Mason put the child down on the floor and carefully stood up. It's probably okay for a short time. He couldn't run to the public phone with the child. It was too

far, and it will shake when he runs. It a problem if the child gets worst.

‘...I’ll be back soon.’

Mason was little hesitant but stood up and ran to the public phone. It was pretty far, but he ran fast as he could and reported. When he came back to the building, it didn’t even past 3 minutes.

Three minutes. It was a very short time, but he couldn't hold the child’s hand again. The police have already caught the kidnapper and already put the child in the ambulance after they rescued him.

It was way later until he found out the child’s name is ‘Noah.’ For a while, the world was pretty loud because of the kidnapping incident. That time Mason was pretty interested, so he bought few newspapers. But after he found out the child was recovering fast but lost his memory because it was a big shock for him, he didn’t care about it anymore.

While thinking, ‘It is better to forget about that kind of horrible memory. It’s good. I hope he lives well.’

And he didn’t have contact with him at all after that. Mason was 27 and Noah was 17, it was all when he guarded him for about a month. That was all their connection. It wasn’t even a month. Ten years and ten years again, during those 20 years, Mason sometimes thought about him. That’s how much Noah was in his mind.

Noah slightly opened his eyes. He felt strange seeing Noah’s long lashes slowly went up and his wet beautiful eyes appeared.

“....You call him like you’re very close.”

Yay~ Noah and Mason's past!

[Continue to Part 5](#)

Part. 5

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 5)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

To that man. – Noah looked at him like what are you and moved his dried lips.

“What if I have a business? Are you gonna give him my word?”

He wasn’t quibbling over about it. It was like he didn’t even have energy to do that. He just sighed lowly and slightly smiled.

“He’s dead anyway, that man.”

“.....”

Mason closed his mouth. Noah just stared at that Mason and laughed like sighing. He put his head down and grabbed his two arms.

Mason got grabbed by him and flinched.

“.....Um, Mister, Mr. Raycarlton...?”

“Why?”

He replied with calm voice, and Mason was nervous.

“.....”

No, um, I think you are crying.... Mason couldn't say it and just turned his eyes away. Noah said, “Ah....” He just realized tears were coming out from his eyes and released Mason's arm. The tears seemed to come out without his control. He had a perplexed face seeing his tears falling on his hands and sighed quietly.

On the beautiful face, tears were coming out like it's unrealistic. Mason looked at the tears falling on his smooth cheeks for a second and wiped his tears with his hands.

“Are you okay?”

With Mason's awkward question, Noah didn't answer. Mason felt complicated because of Noah's endless tear. Noah looked like he's going to get dehydrated. Bunch of sweat and even tears, they were joking around like who dies getting trapped in the elevator, but that bizarre person might come out from here.

Mason saw overlapping of Noah who's crying in his embrace with a blank face

with a small child clinging on to him long time ago in a small restroom stall.

“I don’t know what’s wrong but.....”

Mason hesitated little bit and said it. He didn’t know why Noah came here, but he doesn’t look like he’s going to cause harm or trouble. No, he might do that but easefully thought first that ‘I might able to get away if the situation actually come. Who would think Haley is me?’ Anyway the people I’m worried about are not people who might noticed me, it’s the people who can break my peaceful life saying, ‘You know where Mason is, right?!’

“.....So if it’s Mason, I think he’s alive.”

To stop a child from crying, who cares if it’s little bit of lying? Noah stopped with his tearful eyes wide opened, and Mason continued the word.

“Of course with some problem, he is not living as Mason.”

Mason said it ambiguously. If it’s like this, then it’s not even a lie.

“....He’s not....dead?”

Noah murmured blinking his eyes. Whenever he blinked his eyes, his art-like tear fell.

“Yes. So if you are worried about his well-being....”

Mason blurred his word. If he's crying because his claustrophobia got worsen not because of worrying about Mason's safety, then my safety is in danger. Actually there is no reason for this man to be worried about me? It was when he was thinking about this.

"-!"

Mason frowned avoiding to back. Noah who was calming crying with a blank face suddenly reached out to Mason like he's going to grab him. When Mason looked at him, he slightly smiled.

"...Haley."

He always coldly called Mr. Lusk suddenly called his name friendly.

"You, you know where Mason is? –You sound like you know..."

Can you tell me? Noah smiled sweetly like he'll melt a person. Teary eyes and innocent eyes about to be, but Mason didn't get fool this time. Definitely a moment ago, he had a startled look after he fail to attack. If Mason didn't avoid it, he would definitely grab again and question after he slapped his face.

"-That's little difficult."

"Why? You think I might harm him?"

Noah laughed like he's talking nonsense, but instead of answering him, Mason fidgeted and stayed back. He got one step closer. Unluckily, this small elevator

didn't have a place to get away.

"I wouldn't harm him at all. I just.... Yes? Haley? I just... want to know where and what he is doing...."

No, you are already trying to harm him. Mason swallowed his lingering word in his mouth and tightly leaned against the elevator wall. A weak crying claustrophobic man disappeared and in front of him, it was a man with a violent eye. 'Mason is alive.' Must have been a magic spell.

Noah put his hands next to Mason and trapped him. He got really close to him and asked.

"...Were you lying, perhaps?"

Should I say it was a lie? Mason thought about it for a short time and thought if he's going to tell him that, he should tell him when they are outside. If he says that Noah's health problem is second, the thing that he's most concern is his safety.

Noah's eyes were dangerously glowing. They are probably like that because of the tears a short while ago, but Mason watched out for Noah's fist that looks like it might fly at him any time and asked, "...It's not a lie. But you, didn't you say you are claustrophobic?"

"I told you I have light fear."

Noah's eyes were smiling. Mason glimpsed at his arm again. He did get better like it can look as a slight fear.....

“I told you it doesn’t look that light.”

Noah looked curious for a second and tried to grab Mason’s collar saying, “You are changing the subject.” Before Noah was able to grab Mason’s collar, Mason moved his head to his embrace and strongly pushed him with his head.

Bang! Noah slam into the wall and the elevator strongly shook. Mason didn’t miss Noah’s arm slightly shivering like he’s fine. Noah was frowning and Mason hold on to his arm. Although Haley is weak, somehow do something to this full of fear and shivering man might....

“Ugh!”

Mason changed his thought ‘might be possible.’ With Haley’s weak and fragile arm strength, he won’t be able to block a seven year old child. Noah easily shook away Mason’s arm and threw a punch, and Mason sloppily avoided and clung onto his arm. Even though he clung on to him with all his strength, it took a second to get pushed away. Did not know fighting with weak strength was this tiring. Noah pushed him like he’s annoyed at him keep running away, and Mason pulled and rolled on the floor. And quickly flipped his body. If he gets topped by Noah in this situation, he won’t be able to escape and will get slapped until his cheeks burst.

He fell on the floor and bumped his head on the elevator door. Mason went on top of him and grabbed his collar and pushed him down so he can’t get up. During that short time, he’s body was covered in cold sweat.

“....!”

On top of Noah's body, Mason's body shook. He used his long arms to choke Mason's neck with incredible power. Haley's thin neck fit perfectly to the man's hands, so in a second, he couldn't breathe right away. Mason sweated cold sweat and strongly pressed his elbow area.

“.....”

Instead of weakening his strength, he smiled, and Mason gulped in nervousness. His pretty eyes were seriously dangerously glowing. It was full of emotion 'don't care about claustrophobia I will kill this annoying bitch.'

“Wait, Noah, Mr. Raycarlton!”

Mason called him with desperate voice him pressing on him with all his strength. The strength is not everything while fighting, but in the situation where you got caught, strength is everything. Noah grabbed Mason's two wrists that were pressing on his shoulders. In that moment...

Bang! Bang! Something banged the elevator, and there was a sound of air going out. Mason put his head up and with a sound of screeching sound, a light came in in the dark elevator.

“Mr. Raycarlton, are you..... Haley?”

Noah's secretary Phil and the manager Floke was standing outside of the elevator door and staring at them with rotten faces. Oh my god, somebody murmured, and Mason stared at them with a stupid face and dropped his head. Underneath Mason, Noah was smiling with a strange face.

On top of a man who is sweating and looks weak, Mason moaned quietly.

AND my last Christmas Present! I hope you guys enjoyed my gifts!
MERRY CHRISTMAS~ My loves~

[Continue to Part 6](#)

Part. 6

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 7 Part 6)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

It probably looked like a scene where a crime might just happen. Actually Mason thought himself that he hit Noah too hard because Noah’s cheeks were swollen and his clothes were all messy. Mason too has swollen cheeks and ripped lips, but that didn’t give that much an impact as clearly marked hand print on Noah’s flawless skin.

Assaulting and attempting to harass Raynoah? Mason thought his life opened up a hell gate worse than life as Mason, but that didn’t happen. Noah who was smiling suspiciously like he’s going to blame me for assault and attempt to harass didn’t say anything. He held Phil’s hand and stood up and smiled like a gentleman.

“Thanks to this person I was able to wake up.”

Of course it hurt a little. He said it jokingly and Mason pretended like he was

sorry and said, “I was in panic.... I think I put too much force into it.” Noah smiled, and Mason shrugged his shoulders.

Phil and Floke had suspicious faces, but since Noah himself had a normal face, they just glared at Mason didn't do anything more.

“.....”

Mason stroked his pretty soared neck and stood up carrying his bag. It was a trip tougher than he thought when he just came to New York with lighthearted to rob a safe that lost its owner and come back relaxed. Of course compare to endless missions he'd been through this was like a kid's playing, but probably because of Haley's health, he was especially tired.

Mason glimpsed at Noah who is the start of his tiredness. Noah was organizing this hair and clothes with a much better face. Mason stared at him for a while and carried the bag and turned around. I don't have to say bye to them. We are not even in a good term. He thought about it like that and when he walked few steps, he heard a voice from behind.

“Mr. Lusk.”

He turned around and Noah who was standing in front of the elevator walked to him. He stopped right in front of him and question with his relaxed voice.

“What you just told me.... It's not a lie, right?”

Is he talking about, ‘So if it's Mason, I think he's alive’?

“Well, it’s not a lie.....”

Mason looked at him slowly. I think it was my mistake to think that tear was because of me. Why would he crying for a person who he just met for a month of his life 10 years ago. I’m just guessing it’s probably because of Zii or weaponry merchant Alta.

“I don’t know in detail.”

Noah smiled at Mason’s reply. He smirked at Mason’s awkward reaction and glimpsed at this bag and murmured, “Okay. Good enough.”

He slowly stared at Mason’s cheeks and swollen neck and gave him his hand.

“...What is this?”

Mason looked at his hand and asked sourly. Noah smiled like an art.

“I’m thankful for multiple things that happened today. You aren’t.... that much of a trash than I thought.”

I thought you were hopeless. Noah said he thought him as a trash right front of his face and asked for a hand shake. Mason stared at Noah’s white and pretty hand and face back and forth, so he held his hand little bit late.

“You ask for a hand shake in a weird way.”

“Not as your proposal.”

Noah brought out Haley’s confession when he said, “I’m really good at that,” and he smiled. Well, while Mason was reading the article about ‘Haley’s analects,’ he himself thought it was a propose that cools down even a thousand year love.

He lightly shook the hand and turned around. He felt Noah was turning around too.

“.....”

Mason stop for a second and took a glimpse of Noah.

Well, he will probably live well. I’ll quit being actor soon and next time we see each other can be another 10 years later. –Because it seems like the time period meeting that man is every 10 years.

“Well, of course this can be the last....”

A coincidence won’t go on forever, so this is most likely will be the last time, but if I ever meet him again someday. –I hope he is strong enough so that he doesn’t need anyone to save him anymore or has someone else who can save him.

Mason stared at the back of the grown man that somehow looked pitiful for a short time. He turned around and started to walk again.

“.....”

Noah felt the stare on his back gone and slowly turned around and stared at Haley's back. He was walking lightheartedly and took out a cap and wore it. Underneath the baseball cap, his pale neck had some hand mark.

“Hm.”

Noah coldly smiled.

“Are you really okay? Your cheeks...”

Phil looked at Noah's injured cheek and asked. Phil knew Noah is not the type who would quiet get beat up but in a dark enclosed place is exceptional. Haley hit Noah in a place where it makes him into a seven year old child, and he was even sitting on top of him when the door opened. If he thinks about Haley's well known character, there is nothing wrong with him thinking Haley was about rape Noah.

“Ah.... I hit him first.”

Noah chuckled. Phil still thought Haley probably caused it, but Noah shook his hands.

“Don't worry about it. If I didn't get hit, I could've died.”

“...Pardon?”

Phil asked again like he didn't understand, but instead of Noah replying him, he stared at Haley who was already far away.

In the dark and enclosed elevator was like that small traveling luggage that he was trapped in when he was seven years old. He didn't have time to think the space and the situation was totally different. He just felt he was choking and felt like he going to die. The fact that Mason who was his only savior died was like a death sentence to him, and Noah was so much in fear that he was about go crazy. I'm gonna die. As soon as he thought like this, a small breeze came in. A pair of eyes was right in front of his face.

Noah's conscious already came back even before he got slapped by Haley.

"Mr. Raycarlton?"

Phil called Noah who was looking at where Haley disappeared with a strange face. Instead of looking at Phil, Noah said it.

"Mason seems to be alive. I'm not sure it's true or not.... But for now contact Zii."

"Mason?"

Phil looked much better and replied, "I see. Okay." Noah continued on.

"Make Zii stop interfering with Mason and hire other place to find him, so he doesn't feel threatened. If they find him, except for reporting to me tell them don't do anything to him just secure his safety."

“Yes.”

Phil thought about several other organization that can move more secretly than Zii and nodded. If needed he can move government power. The name Raycarlton is enough to do that.

Noah who was just staring at the direction where Haley disappeared and turned around and said, “And...” and looked at Phil.

“Investigate Haley Lusk.”

What happened few years ago to very minimal things. –Phil had questioning face but soon nodded his head.

Noah looked at the direction where Haley left once again. How does that man know Mason, why did he come here, why did a person just change like a different person –and what is this familiarity. I will find out soon.

Noah frowned because somehow he felt little bothered but soon came back to his original face.

The sun was setting.

Hello guys! Long time no see~ I'm back, but the schedule might be irregular. I started school and I'm pretty busy right now.... I'll try my best to post it on time~ I don't really have exact schedules yet. I'm just gonna post it whenever I finish the chapter haha. I'm sorry for the long wait!

Thank you for all those who comforted me... It really helped.

[Continue Chapter 8](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 8 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

08

Getting the key was the hard journey, but after that, everything was easy. When I was making the bank account, it was my biggest luck that I didn't put biometric lock because I was lazy. Mason promised that he would never do any iris or finger print scanner lock and opened the safe with the two keys he took from the house.

In front of the bank, there were around two Zii agent looking men, but they couldn't find any connection with Haley and me. They just glimpsed at me like staring at a celebrity.

Mason went inside like nothing's wrong with his specialty pocker face and took out a bearer bond, stocks, and more and left New York lightheartedly. He

thought now he won't be facing his past life anymore. –He felt like he solved all the hard problem that the life gave him, and now he has easy ones left.

He headed to his home riding a taxi from LA airport. He felt little uncomfortable that he doesn't have a license because of few DUI, but it was still fine. He felt little uncomfortable that he just traveled LA to New York, but this body became really heavy like it just traveled the world. For a second, he respected and amazed at Haley living in this body for 24 years. With this poor body, he lived a hard life like going to club all night and doing drugs and drinking alcohol and doing sex. –Mason thought Haley might be an amazing guy than he thought. He got off from the taxi with his heavy body.

And in that moment, someone came out from the Ferrari that was parked in front of the house and called out, "Liz!"

"Liz! Liz!!!"

When Mason turned around, a woman who looked little familiar hesitantly ran to him with a very angry expression. Where did I see her, when I thought about it, I remembered right away. When I first opened my eyes in Haley's body, it was the woman who tried to take off the oxygen mask. Behind her, there were few other relatives coming out from their cars with angry expressions.

Mason indifferently looked at them. He knew his relatives would run towards him after cutting their money, but he didn't expect them to come this soon. It was totally obvious outcome that he wasn't even surprised.

"Liz, what is this?"

His cousin Joy ran to him with an angry face and showed him few letters. Mason glanced at what she was holding. Loren&Casey, it was a letter sent out from Haley's accounting company.

"It's a reminder."

Mason said it like it was something, and she screamed.

"Do you think I'm asking because I don't know?!"

"You want us to pay back the money we borrowed?"

Haley's relatives already stood in front of him and asked him with angry faces. Aunt Anna, Uncle Jason, Uncle Jordan, Cousin Sandra, Colin, and a guy named Ford that Tony doesn't exactly know what the relationship between him and Haley was, but he borrowed two thousand dollars from Haley.

"Do you think we have enough money to pay you back? You are cutting our living expenses too? You rascal! How can you do this to us?!"

"Do you know how embarrassed I was in the mall when my credit card didn't work? Pay you back? Mack is going to study abroad to Vienna. You can't even support him you are asking for money?"

"Who is it. Did someone tell you to do this? Is it Tony? Did that idiot tell you to do this? Who tricked you into doing this?"

Many words were pouring into my ear. Mason blocked his ears and said,

“If you don’t say one person at a time, I’m just gonna go in.”

Because of Mason’s sternness, the relatives stopped for a second and screamed louder.

“What? What are you saying? Don’t you get what we are saying? Don’t you get you are giving your family a hard time?”

“Such a cocky bastard, we even took care of you who didn’t even have a parent.”

“Liz! Seriously why are you doing this! I already apologized for what I did on Twitter!”

What about the Twitter. Mason blocked his ear with one hand and waved at them with another hand, and he walked to this front gate.

“Liz!” “Haley!”

When Mason was trying to go inside adamantly, they tried to grab him like they are going to eat him. Mason avoided their hands and asked, “You guys are gonna hit a person in front of the CCTV?”

“It’s better not to do that. Trying to attack a person for the money, isn’t it like a robbery?”

Well I guess that charge can apply. –Mason didn’t really say to provoke them.

He just said it indifferently, and Uncle Jason who tried to grab him frowned. Mason held the gate and stared at each one of them.

“I’m listening to you guys because I thought I have to do this once anyway. If you guys aren’t going to talk one person at a time, go back.”

“What? You bitch-“

Mason shrugged his shoulders at a curse word and closed the door. Right before the door closed, a foot came in.

“I’m, I’m going to say it first!”

It was his cousin Joy. People were saying why did you interfere, but Mason looked at her. “Liz~” She called him with a lulling voice.

“Liz. Why are you suddenly like this? Huh? Are you seriously not gonna give this month living expense? You are gonna even cut Eric’s baby sitter’s salary, you are kidding, right?”

She said it like I know you are mad, but let’s get along well again. The relatives around her didn’t look pleased, but they didn’t stop her because they thought this was the better way. Mason slowly checked her out.

“And suddenly a remainder. How, how am I gonna pay this much money? I don’t even work....”

“Why aren’t you working?”

“What? Be, because I don’t have ability, and I can’t even do office works....”

“So you are not capable of doing anything than normal people?”

She blushed her face little bit at what Mason said and hardly replied, “Ye, yeah, that’s what I meant.” Mason said, “Then go to a center. There are many programs for people who can’t work normally” and smiled.

“The money that you borrowed, first sell the house you are living in and that Ferrari and the rest sell those nice heels and dresses, and if that’s still not enough, sell your organs to pay me back.”

He said it like it’s nothing. Actually to Mason, it was not a big deal. She is riding Ferrari and wearing high-end brand watch that Mason even knows, and she can’t pay back the money. In the neighborhood where Mason lived, they don’t just nicely say “sell your organs” they just take the person and chop them off and send it to China, Philippines, and everywhere around the world.

“Wha, What? How can you say that to me?! I’m your cousin!”

“Who said you don’t have to pay back the money that you borrowed from your cousin? If your lawyer said that, you should fire him at once. And you don’t even work, but you hired two baby sitter. Is one of them to help you since you are not capable of doing anything?”

Even though it’s not, I don’t have to care. Mason shrugged his shoulders and said it. Joy screamed “Liz!!!,” but he looked to the far left woman, Aunt Anna. She was biting her lips to hold her anger and said it in a calm voice.

“Haley. Isn’t my hospital bill different? I don’t know about other but cutting my hospital bill, you want to me die in pain?”

“I don’t know. You have your kids. Why are you asking me?”

Mason picked his ear and said it insincerely, and Anna asked like she couldn’t believe it.

“Bella is earning money so hardly. How can I ask her to give it to me? How can I do that! What kind of person.....”

“My money is easy to earn so share some?”

Anna looked little in panic, but soon she turned shameless.

“It’s, it’s not like that, but, you have more money...”

“You should ask Raynoah? He has way more money than me.”

“How can I ask Noah there’s no relationship between us? You really,”

Mason cut her word and asked “Why?”

“You and I there’s nothing. You say this well. –It seems like you don’t know what the word disowned means. If you call your daughter, Bella, who’s earning money hardly, then she’ll kindly explain it to you. –And you.”

After Mason made Anna pale, he looked at Jason.

“You took care of me even though I didn’t have a parent? I’m sorry, but you should’ve done a better job instead of thinking of selling a picture of me on the ground drunk.”

What? –Mason ignored Jason screaming and looked at the next woman. Cousin Sandra. She was pale and trembling her lips.

“Support Mack’s studying abroad? –bullshit, seriously.”

Mason got annoyed and lazy at talking nicely.

“You don’t have ability to teach a kid, but you want to send him to study abroad and want to shop in a mall. A cousin who’s born pretty needs to even sell his AV to satisfy your desire?”

Mason saw many trash in his life. He couldn’t even put these people in a trash category. There were far more son of a bitch people in his life. If you look little bit weak or relaxed, they steal everything away literally even people’s organs. There were countless people kidnapping little kids and feed them drugs to do prostitution, and there was a guy who enjoyed scamming poor people so that they end up hanging themselves. Mason survived middle of people like that. Well, he ended up dead at the end, but still. Anyway this wasn’t even an appetizer to him.

“Look. Isn’t there anymore to take it away? Good pocket money? You know even if you sell my sex tape, they won’t even give 500. Do you really want my

inheritance?”

Mason looked at them like he’s looking at world’s worst people. They frowned that Haley brought out what they were talking about in the hospital room.

“You, you, you, you’re so selfish.....! You earn that much money, and you can’t even use some for your relatives? If you act like this, we have ways too!”

“We are gonna bury you completely. You think we can’t do it? If I sell the dirty little secrets you have to the reporters.....”

Mason smirked. He was tired, and people in front of his eyes were very boring. He thought of what he should do and took out a Glock 17. Click, he instantly took off the safety guard and turned around to see them. I should have just done this in the first place. This kind of thought came in late.

“Wha, what are you doing?!”

“Kyak! Liz!!”

He didn’t even point the gun at them he just showed them the gun, but the relatives were all in panic. Bang!!! In front of them he shot the gun in the air and said, “Listen carefully.”

“Before trying to ruin my life, you should hire a body guard. Pretty expensive ones too.”

Mason smiled brightly in front of the pale cousins. His goal was to look crazy and looking at the relatives faces it seems like it worked.

Gosh Haley's relatives are such asses... Poor Haley...

*Guys I'm looking for people who can work with me translating....

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 8 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Mason smiled at the pale white relatives enough to look vicious and went inside the gate. He was going through the garden but suddenly stopped. He remembered one place he couldn't look after looking everywhere to find every kind of drugs. –The basement. Mason stared at a blue wooden door that goes to the basement for a short time. He struggled between a rational thought of go in to clean up and rest later and an instinct of 'want to go straight to bed and lie down.'

“.....”

It's not like it's going to explode if I don't clean up right now. –It's not like I'm busy, so I think I can do it after I sleep. Mason thought about it and walked faster. He felt like since his stamina is not good, he's getting lazy, but with this weak body, if he lives like he used to, he would die of a heart attack in one day. Resting enough and exercising is best for Haley's body.

Mason filled the tub with hot water and went inside. After finishing two jobs that was in his mind, dipping his heavy body into the hot water made him feel sleepy and relaxed.

Ugh, good, so good. Mason moaned at his happiness rushing in and leaned deeply on the tub. Some situation happened in New York, but well, it wasn't bad. I cleaned up the house and got my fortune from the bank. If I sell those, it might be little hard, but I'll be able to build a pretty nice café not too far from Beverly Hills. It looks like people in this area like expensive coffee, so I'll get the best coffee beans and sell it with the price like golden flakes are in there then I'll sell well. Of course it'll look different from those couple from café in front of the house in New York.

"Hm, hm."

Mason was enjoying the bath humming but suddenly looked at his lower part of the body. It's his thing, but technically it's a stranger's thing at the same time, so he didn't really look carefully. But something is....

Mason felt behind the testicles, and soon he frowned.

"....."

Something felt strange. Behind the testicles, a secret place where I can't see, something small caught my finger. Behind the testicles, front of the anal, a small diamond piercing was there.

What is this gay kind of thing... Mason frowned but realized that Haley was a straight gay and clicked his tongue. He should respect his taste but to a normal middle aged Mason, it was a nasty thing to do. For a second, he tried to take it out, but he didn't know how to take it out, so he just left it there. Who cares. It

is not like it's uncomfortable, and no one will see it for now. He gave up right away and dried his body and headed to the bedroom all tired.

He took out a gun and a porn from the bag he brought from New York. Rest of them were money and little bit of jewel and gold, passport, and etc. He planned to put them in a new bank near his house, so he put everything in the bag and put it under the bed. He put his comfortable Glock 17 near the bed and opened a big cabinet near the bed.

“.....”

When I first opened this cabinet, I thought I was already amazed enough, but it is still amazing. In the closet or other place, he wasn't good at organizing at all, but this place looked like he put a lot of effort into it.

From top to the third space, the gay porn he collected were organized into country, genre, and name categories. Mason found out even Iraq makes gay porn through this cabinet. The fourth section had condoms, colorful gels, and sex toys piled up. And from fifth section, from toys that Mason knows to horrible looking things that he has no idea how to use and hundreds of things that a gay sex store would sell were displayed artistically.

“.....”

When Mason saw this for the first time, he was so surprised that he dropped all the drugs. He heard he was gay and suffered from sex addiction, but this was out of his imagination. He found out sex can be a really big part of a person's life.

He doesn't lose his cool usually, but even he was in panic when he saw this

explicit inner side. He even thought to clean these up after cleaning the drugs. Of course that was too harsh for as a same guy to do, so he couldn't do it. –He wasn't sure when Haley will come back to this body, drugs are drugs, but throwing away his precious collections was too cruel for a human to do.

But still this is too much. He looked at a neon green dildo that's a size of a child's arm (it was too big that it was hard to believe it goes inside a person body, but the shaped looked like a dildo) with a sick face. He put down three magazines in front of that and opened the DVD cover that he brought and took out a CD.

“.....”

Three magazines and one DVD. He never really thought about it, but once he saw Haley's cabinet, he felt like he was too inactive sexually.

“No, I didn't really go back home.....”

Mason shook his head and erased his thought. He went back home few days a year. He did not have time to look at those porn magazines.

He murmured to himself and convinced himself. He put the CD in a player connected to a large TV in front of the bed. He looked at the remote and touched few things and soon a plasma TV big as a theater turned on and played the first part of the DVD.

Actually Mason was curious about something.

When the body and mind's sexuality is totally opposite, which side will come

out stronger? Or is being gay affected by the body or is it because of the mentally preference?

.....To simplify this. Can I put it up watching a porn where a woman comes out? Mason believes he is a perfect straight, and he lived like that, but since Haley's gayness is too strong, he started to worry little bit. Some people despise men but still raise it only for the men. He believes sexual desire is strongly affected by physically than mentally.

Since I look boobs first when I see women, I don't think that's true. I still think I'm straight, but there was what if since this body passionately satisfied sexual desire.

Mason started to focus on the woman coming out in the screen. He was sleepy and tired, but because of that it seems like the pleasure is enhanced.

“ ”

I didn't really need to take off any clothes since I came out from the shower naked. Mason leaned on the bed head and slowly rubbed his penis.

The woman coming out in the screen was Julia. Julia wasn't an extremely sexy or popular porn star. She dyed her hair blonde, put on a thick make-up, and wore inappropriate clothes to try her best, but she looked normal and calm type. She was thin and small, so she looked good in fragile atmosphere, but her breasts were still pretty big.

Mason looked at her breasts bouncing. He felt good and sexually charged. He wasn't used to the penis, so there was some difficulty. But because Haley's hand

was like a woman's, it probably felt even better.

“.....”

His lower body felt heavier, and Mason wet his dried lips and moved his hand. His ears and cheeks were getting hotter and the breath was getting heavier. Mason glimpsed at the harden thing and moved his eyes back to the screen. In the screen full of skin color, Julia sexily screamed. He imagined her thin waist and scarce pubic hair and white butt sensation on himself instead of the man in the screen very fast. The man forcefully thrust into fragile Julia. Usually he felt little uncomfortable at this AV's feeling, but especially today that shaking butt was strangely erotic.

“.....Huhg.”

Mason slightly bit his lips. It was little faster than usually, but he definitely felt like he's going to cum. He inhaled deeply and swallowed saliva collected in his mouth. He felt his sweat dripping down on his cheeks. Mason took out tissues on the table next to the bed and put that on the penis and came.

“....Hah....”

Mason shivered at the cumming sensation. His body lost all his strength, and his forgotten sleepiness came out. He wrinkled the tissue that has his semen and threw it anywhere and glimpsed at Julia in the TV. Her moaning sound was getting into climax.

Thanks, Julia. Thank goodness that I can erect to you. Mason smiled at her well-fit body happily. I did live as a straight until now, but Haley's gay mental was

pretty scary, so I was little worried. But after I masturbated, it felt better right away.

Definitely a person is physical than mental. If I think about it, after I became Haley's body, I never really thought of men sexually, so my worry was useless.

"Hah...."

Mason deeply yawned and got a blanket and covered his body. Tiredness, feeling after cumming, and comfortable thought made him fall asleep right away.

I just want to move this novel quickly...

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 8 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/editor: Kaima, Hwarang

‘This must be a dream’, Mason thought lightly, because his pin-up star Julia was approaching him.

The setting was a normal hotel room and the atmosphere was pretty calm. She was shaking her boobs that were bigger than in the AV and sweetly called, ‘Mason!’

‘I was really thankful for before, and now you even appeared in my dream’.

‘Today the service was awesome’, –Mason said it, and she smiled back at him. In the film, she was always busy screaming, so she didn’t smile that much. But now she was smiling widely, just the way he liked.

‘Mason....! Mason....!’

She called him again, a little too desperate and Mason, without any hesitation, pushed her on the bed, down on her stomach. Since it was a dream, Mason

knew he won't get slapped on the face, but still he wanted to treat her gently. Her smooth white butt was shaking softly. Mason slid his hand inside her clothes and gently clutched her breasts.

"Ah, ahng, Hahng! Nhhhg...!"

After touching her breasts, he moved his hands beneath her skirt and Julia readily flushed hot, as he stimulated her clitoris. Mason lifted her skirt, way up until he caught sight of her cute, damp underwear and pulled it down. Watching her leak, sweet love juices, Mason licked his lips. Somehow, something was lacking.... even as he held that thought, Mason was not about to dwell on it.

'....?'

Julia threw away her underwear and suddenly turned around.

'Why? You don't like this position?'

Mason asked her. But instead of answering him, she laid him on the bed and started to caress his whole body. She began to tenderly kiss his lips. After she slightly sucked and licked at his lips, she gently licked his tongue.

She really is an AV actress. Her skill is not a joke. Mason felt himself panting heavily at her sweet kisses. He closed his eyes and held her waist.

'.....?'

As he held her tiny waist, it strangely felt strong. Mason opened his eyes, surprised. But then Julia sucked deeply under his neck and Mason shrugged his shoulders and held his breath. The small of his back suddenly got stiff and his bottom started throbbing, as if it would fall off. Before he knew it, her blonde hair was swaying over his chest and she was caressing his nipples. Mason

swallowed and tried to break away. A sense of danger overtook his body. Something was quite strange.

‘Hhk-..., euh.., ...aah!’

Mason blushed, hearing himself moan like a woman and tried to block his mouth with his hand. But every time her hand touched him, his body trembled to such a degree that he didn’t like it. He felt his erection harden, and there was no strength left in his body thanks to her skillful foreplay. He wanted to push her on the bed and thrust his penis deep into her hole. But not only could he not push her, he couldn’t even put strength on his lower body. His thighs trembled and opened wider on their own accord.

The hands caressing him stealthily moved past his thighs and touched the gap bridging his legs. The wet hand that felt a little rough stroked the area around his anus and kept moving higher up. Click! There was a sound as that wet hand got caught by the piercing behind his balls.

‘Ha!.... Such a slut!...., You’ve nailed it pretty well here.’

‘Fuck, do you like getting hurt that much?’ –She said sucking his neck, no, ‘he’ said and grabbed his balls as if he was going to pop it. Mason groaned in his throat and ‘he’ licked his lips with his tongue and smiled prettily.

‘Uh.....’

As he screamed like a fool, in intense pleasure, Mason frowned at the person who was on his body instead of Julia.

“...z! Lizz!!”

Hearing Tony’s desperate voice, Mason got up screaming, “Hugh-!”

“Arrrrgh!”

Tony followed suit and shrieked wildly, which startled Mason awake and he looked at Tony.

“....? Tony?”

“I, I got scared. What’s wrong? Something happened? Did you have a nightmare?”

Tony anxiously asked Mason who was drenched in cold sweat. Mason blinked his eyes for a second and stubbornly shook his head.

“No, it’s nothing.”

He looked so determined that Tony just murmured, “...Yeah? Your face is red and sweating like crazy.” However, Mason snapped again, “I told you it’s nothing.”

‘Doesn’t look like nothing’, Tony thought and looked at him. Mason was panting as if he had experienced something scary, and his expression was rotten. In addition, there was this oddly sweet atmosphere....

Tony, in his haste, had initially failed to notice a few things. Mason’s blushed ears and neck, his naked body covered in a blanket, a small ball of tissue underneath the bed, and a big plasma TV next to the door, showing skin colors.

Haley masturbating wasn’t particularly a big deal, so Tony just frowned a little bit and watched the muted porn playing on the TV.

“Huh? It’s not gay?”

‘What’s this, is it a transgender woman?’ Tony wondered. For all the world, the main character looked like a real woman. Tony blinked his eyes and voiced his thoughts. Mason frowned.

“What’s going on? You came running in a hurry.”

Mason wanted to change the subject as fast as he could. Tony clapped his hands as if he just remembered. He made a fuss, “Quick! TV, The TV!” and found the remote control nearby.

“Did you see it? Well, that man. He talked about you in an interview-!”

“Which man?”

Mason didn’t care about the showbiz and so he asked indifferently, wiping his cold sweat with the back of his hand. “That man!” Tony screamed at a high pitch and pressed the remote button. Tick, with a quiet sound, the porn disappeared on TV, and a man’s face filled the screen.

“--!”

Mason flinched back at the face that floated up on the TV. That man, Noah Raycarlton, was glancing at his side. He was probably staring at the camera lens, but Mason felt as if he looked straight at him.

“Where is the mute canceling button, -? –Liz? What’s wrong?”

“Are you sick? Your face is red”. Mason bit his lips, hearing Tony’s questions and frowned. He felt his ears getting hotter.

Only a moment ago, Mason had dreamed of having sex with that man.

It was a very rough and dirty sex, and when he woke up, his crotch was damp

and his erection, half-up.

(+TT+) (drooling...)

I have new person who's working with me! Her name is Kaima! This scene she did the proofreading and editing... No wonder the translation got much better huh?

[Continue to Chapter 9](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 9 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Translator: Love Hwarang

Editor/Proofreader: Kaima

“Ah.... You mean Mr. Haley Lusk?”

Noah gave a perplexed laugh at the reporter’s question. It was a pretty tricky question, asking what he thought of Haley Lusk. The rumor, that Haley attempted to commit suicide because of him, had spread across the country.

Until today, Noah had restrained from talking about it and had made no comments. Instead he’d let people imagine whatever they wanted to. They either said it’s not worth talking about a trash like Haley or how Noah was amazing for being polite towards that kind of a guy. Everybody had a slightly different opinion, but most agreed that Haley Lusk was a piece of trash.

People thought Noah would pass the question this time too. Even the reporter was not really expecting anything. However, before long Noah erased his awkward smile and said

“I heard that his health was very critical recently. I hope he gets well soon, so that he can film good dramas and movies.”

“....Huh? No, no. Mr. Raycarlton. You know that is not what we want to hear?”

‘Like that incident.... how did you feel when you heard the news about his attempted suicide?’ the reporter asked him excitedly. Noah had always made no comments and today wasn’t supposed to be anything different, but suddenly he had decided to cooperate and not just pay lip service. Finally, it seemed, he was in the mood to say something. Inside the reporter’s head, an exclusive sign was flashing, and she enthusiastically thrust the microphone onto Noah. Noah looked embarrassed, for real this time.

“Well, that is private. I’ve already had a personal conversation with Mr. Lusk, about his proposal. But expecting me to talk about that to strangers.... I’m not sure. Isn’t that a bit childish?”

“Oh, no, nobody will think like that. Everybody knows what a filthy mouth Haley has and you ask me! He is not a kid anymore and yet, he threatened with his life.... Is it wrong to criticize the reprehensible actions of a public star?”

Noah smiled slightly at the reporter’s fierce reaction.

“Attempted suicide... I was told it was a heart attack.”

“And did you believe that? Oh my!”

Dear all, who would have thought that Noah was so naïve? the reporter blabbered in front of the camera. Noah waved his hand.

“Ah, but that doesn’t mean it was impossible. And it is way more realistic than an attempted suicide.”

‘A lot of Hollywood stars die from heart attack, you know,’ Noah said in a gentle and kind voice.

“It’s true that he is rough and uncontrollable, but I know he is not a bad person. –There are several people in this world, who don’t like me. So I appreciate it, to rather have someone that at least likes me”.

Noah smiled with his eyes bent, and the reporter shut up for a long time, in shock. Finally, she rubbed her eyes and said

“Oh my! I just hallucinated a pair of wings, growing on your back, Mr. Raycarlton. How could you say that? We are all sick of Haley, just watching him from the side.”

Noah frowned a little bit and then smiled. He probably felt uncomfortable with her overly done compliment. He stared at her and the camera and said after a short pause.

“.....When my mother found out that he got addicted to heroin, she really felt sorry for him. I kinda felt sorry too. The Hollywood is a harsh place for a child actor, and so it was for him.”

Noah was smiling now, but with bitterness. The reporter wanted to point out that Haley earned a lot of money in return and that it was cold and harsh everywhere in this society, and not just in Hollywood. But she didn’t say it.

Talk about Hollywood’s brutality, they cannot leave out his own childhood story. Raynoah’s kidnapping incident from 20 years ago always came up, whenever they talked about the occupational hazards of Hollywood.

A nameless actress, who got jealous of the leading actress, kidnaped her kid and kept him stuffed inside a traveling luggage for 27 hours. She assaulted the child and attempted to murder him. The incident garnered so much attention that it was made into a movie.

“Oh, that reminds me, was it '27 hours'? Haley was really lovely when he debuted in that movie”.

The reporter naturally thought about the movie and sighed. People, who thought that no other child could rival Raynoah's loveliness, couldn't take their eyes off the screen. He wasn't perfect like Noah, but Haley was very cute in the movie and played the role like a charm. Back then; Haley was definitely a lovely and an innocent child. May be it was not wrong to say that the one who changed that child was Hollywood.

After the scheduled interview was over, the reporter had to let go of Noah with an awkward feeling. She had secretly asked if he was free tonight and Noah had avoided by saying, 'You should've seen my cold-hearted secretary telling me that I don't have time today for lunch or dinner so should eat only sandwiches in between....'

In fact, Noah already had other schedules lined-up, with no time to blink his eyes. Inside the limo, Noah flipped through some documents as he chewed on a sandwich that Phil had gotten him. Phil, who was sitting next to him, typing on a laptop, suddenly asked.

“Did Haley really say that Mason was alive?”

Noah stopped chewing the sandwich and looked up. He slowly chewed on, swallowed the food inside his mouth and then said tilting his head.

“Mm, not sure. If you think about it, I wasn't in my right mind at that time and so, I cannot confirm it.”

Thinking back, it wouldn't have been weird if he'd actually seen or heard any hallucinations.

“It's a bit strange too. Mason and Haley, eh?”

Noah wiped the sauce on his lips with his thumb and smiled.

“Still, it’s true that I saw the man getting outta there. There has to be some kinda relationship between them. ...-Oh! I’m not the only one who saw Haley there, right?”

Noah asked half-jokingly, and Phil answered, “No. I couldn’t even imagine meeting Haley in that place....” When Phil first saw Haley in the elevator, he had believed that he was stalking Noah. Except for that reason, there was no way that Haley could have been there. In addition, not only did he ride in the elevator with Noah but was also sitting on top of him, when it stopped. There was only one thing that Phil could think of...-Haley, that trash, had gone insane.

Noah was not as gentle and kind as people thought. Wings of an angel? A gentleman? Noah was just an amazing actor, who could smile and put on airs, according to his own calculations. In real life, he was a pragmatic, high-class, son of a bitch. No, the upper crust among the upper class-sons of bitches, he was especially evil. He definitely had the blood of a politician, an actress, a conglomerate, and a lawyer, all mixed together. He had everything he needed to destroy a person, and it came very naturally to him.

Compared to the elevator incident, last week’s proposal was stupid enough to be suicidal. Had he shot himself in the head, it would have been much cleaner, thought Phil. Mason had gone missing at the same time as the scandal and Noah was going crazy. But, now that he knew Mason was alive, Haley would die, after spending a life lesser than a pig.

However, it hadn’t been that simple. Haley’s full story turned out to be beyond the limits of Phil’s understanding.

“I was surprised too. But frankly, it would be more surprising had he intentionally planned it, because Haley didn’t want to talk about Mason’s life.”

Noah said with a listless face, while flipping through the pages. Phil nodded, 'If you looked at the details, you would know that it was definitely unintentional. Which is why it's even weirder.'

"My..... what a strange coincidence!"

He knew that such coincidences doesn't exist. But he didn't want to argue either. If not a coincidence, then what was it? You can't use a big word like 'coincidence' for a relationship between Haley and Noah. Noah chuckled at Phil.

"Mm-... Did you get the report about Haley? What does it say? Did it explain how such an 'amazing coincidence' happened?"

Noah raised his head and swallowed the last piece of the sandwich and stared at Phil expectantly. Phil looked at his laptop. He had read everything on Haley's report, but for the contact log. He had searched the data until his eyes turned red, but couldn't figure out where Haley could have met Mason. Haley and Mason's tastes were so different that they didn't even share the same shoe brand. He reread the whole report, just in case he had missed something and used his imagination. But try as he might, there was nothing connecting the two of them and the house without an owner.

"Honestly, I've no idea. There is no solid evidence connecting them. It's as if they used telepathy."

"Telepathy? –Wow, is that so?"

Noah looked through his hooded eyes and smiled as if having fun. Phil handed over Haley's file. Noah put down the files he was holding and took it from him.

"There was no evidence to find Mason?"

Noah asked looking through the file and Phil nodded with a disappointed face. Mason was definitely a skillful mercenary and a veteran, so he didn't expect to

find him that easily. However, not being able to find even the smallest clue was disappointing.

“It certainly does seem like there was no connection. Just like I thought, but....”

Noah murmured, tapping the paper with his fingertip and bridled up.

“Was there anything else other than this data related to Mason?”

“Pardon? Ah. Yes. I have it.”

He had done a thorough investigation, but hadn’t looked for anything other than finding a connection between them. In a panic, he took out the other file that he had put under the seat. Patter! Haley’s materials slipped from his hands and spilled on the limousine’s floor.

“I’m sorry.” Noah offhandedly listened to Phil’s apology, while picking up a few pages of the Haley’s report.

“By the way, are you interested in Haley himself?”

Phil picked up all the papers and asked carefully. Noah smiled and frowned slightly. Phil had a hard time guessing his mind and so, he closed his mouth. Come to think of it, usually he ignores any questions about Haley, but in today’s interview he had given pretty positive answers.

“Are you thinking of using him to find Mason?”

Noah didn’t answer but continued to thumb through the pages indifferently. There were countless data on troubles that Haley had caused; bunch of addictions, dirty relationships with men.... Haley was a dirty and stupid human being, just like he thought. Whenever he was in heat, he had pocked everywhere; he was rude and a low life. He didn’t need anyone to ruin his life. Even if they had left him alone, he by himself would have fallen into a puddle and

died.

“.....”

But he had looked totally different then. Last week, he was definitely the pathetic Haley that Noah knew: the one who got drunk and grabbed him and said some nonsense like, let's date. But in Mason's house or in the elevator, he didn't seem anything like the 'old Haley.' When was it, since he started having this strange feeling?

“.....”

Noah thought about the drama 'Clue's' film set. Haley was definitely different back then too. No, if he thought about it, he had been different since then.

Noah frowned slightly and pressed on his heart. When he thought of Haley standing in the rain in that set, his heart started to beat nervously. What's wrong with him? Noah ignored the incomprehensible feeling and halfheartedly thumbed through Haley's report.

“Isn't there any recent file? Like.... After he had the heart attack.”

“Ah, that's the one in the bottom.”

‘Yeah, here it is,’ Phil pointed at a red file, wedged between a thick wad of papers and when he tried to grab it, something fell onto his foot. It was a picture of Haley.

“Oh, I'm sorry. That's from another file.”

Phil tried to pick it up hastily, but Noah beat him to it.

“This... This is a recent photo, right?”

Phil gave him a questioning look. “Yes, this was taken today, not so long ago.” How the hell did he know, Phil looked amazed.

Noah smirked and murmured, “Today, huh-?.” He was definitely different, Haley, from before the heart attack and after. He could tell from just one picture.

He wasn’t talking about plastic surgery or a needle. Noah tapped at the picture. Things that changed were very minor. Instead of wearing something that screamed ‘rape me,’ the new Haley wore a muted T-shirt, covering up to his neck. His jeans were less ripped. His hands and neck that usually dripped with all kinds of accessories, now only revealed a little bit of scarred, fair skin.

People said he was always drunk or high or both, but now he just looked tired, as he bought a cup of coffee.

Noah was staring at the picture and then snapped out of it, before he tossed it aside.

“Were there any noticeable changes recently?”

Noah asked while turning the pages of the file that was on his lap. Phil slurred his words as he replied, “I’m sorry. This is the most recent, yet....” Noah gave a nod and continued looking through the file. Until a week ago, before his heart attack, Haley wasn’t any different from his past. Drinking alcohol, going to promiscuous clubs..

“.....?”

Noah looked at one point of the document and frowned. Underneath the pictures taken on the night of his heart attack, there was a testimony of a police official.

?... His face was pale, as if he saw something terrifying. He had no pulse and did

not breathe. His heart had completely stopped and there was no doubt about it. There had been a few incidences in the past, where people came back to life, after getting a heart massage under five minutes after proclaimed dead. But in case of Haley, rigor mortis had already set in. He had been dead for an hour and another 20 minutes had passed during the investigation. All that was left was to carry the corpse away. That's when we heard a small coughing sound, and it was surprisingly coming from Haley.?

Noah read through the novel-like testimony. Come to think of it, he faintly remembered hearing this story from Phil. Like rising from the dead?

Died and came back to life again. –There was a nagging feeling that bothered him, Noah frowned and read through the file. “Oh, it reminds me!” Phil exclaimed suddenly, as if he remembered something.

“I heard Haley's been saying something like, he's going to quit being an actor. This was from his own manager.”

Noah removed his eyes from the file and looked at Phil as if he'd said something strange. There were a great number of Hollywood entertainers, who wouldn't survive not being a celebrity, and Haley especially, was in the middle of them; he would rather die than not being a star. Him? Wanting to quit his job?

“He says he's going to build a café. –This is a rumor though.”

Recently, he'd been drinking a lot of coffee, from the nearby coffee shops. Noah slightly furrowed his brow at Phil.

Our Valentine gift for you guys! Happy St. Valentine's Day~

Very long part today... I didn't know where to cut... Enjoy!

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 9 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Translator: Love Hwarang

Editor/Proofreader: Kaima

“Thank you.”

Mason smiled at the clerk and picked up his coffee. The sales clerk seemed to recognize whom Mason was, but didn't venture to talk to him. In Beverly Hills, stars like Haley probably existed in every other household. However, the sales clerk did turn around and steal a quick glance at Haley.

Mason exited the café, thinking that it would be a good idea to build a coffee shop nearby. Even though it was nearly saturated with cafés, if he looked carefully, he might find a good location in the vicinity. This neighborhood was so expensive that, if he did a lavish interior decoration like he had originally planned, there was a danger of losing half of his fortune. But still, there was nowhere better than this.

Mason did think about searching other neighborhoods more suitable for his budget, however, considering Haley's image, if he went to a rough neighborhood

there would be a lot of idiots attracted to him. Mason had taken care of idiots before, but that didn't mean he had to continue living like that. He liked this neighborhood where nobody seemed to care about celebrities. No one was paying attention to Haley.

“Oh my, Liz? Liz!”

Hearing somebody call his name, Mason turned around feeling embarrassed at thinking, ‘I like how no one here doesn't care about me.’ A hippie-looking woman, with huge breasts, smiled brightly at him and pulled him into a hug.

“—!”

Mason was squashed against her breasts, as he hugged her in a momentary confusion. She had a faint scent of musk on her.

“Why didn't you contact me? Huh, didn't you get my messages? You said you were going to contact me-”

Mason flinched, as she gave a friendly smile and grabbed his hands. Of course she wasn't someone that Mason knew. What could be her relationship with Haley? She sounded as if they were dating, but Haley liked men and so, that can't be it. Was she a friend? How were they related? This woman wasn't among all the people, he had heard about, from Tony. While Mason was spacing out, the hippie-woman must have thought that he was upset, because she giggled and tried to act cute.

“Honey, what's wrong? Are you mad, because ‘the item’ didn't have a strong enough effect?”

“What item?”

Did she buy and sell from Haley? Perhaps Haley's regular drug dealer? Mason eyed her suspiciously. But the woman was oblivious to Mason's reverie and

started to make some excuses.

“You know, even if it was not potent enough, don’t you think its effect is already manifesting? Did you watch Raynoah’s interview yesterday? He was verrrry friendly,” she said in an exaggerated tone. Mason frowned when Raynoah’s name popped up suddenly.

“Honey, just wait three more months. I’d say, I’m already feeling it! Coming— He is coming! I saw you and Raynoah in my dreams today, being all lovey-dovey.”

“-... Is that so?”

Mason chuckled in response and she mumbled, “No, well, the dream wasn’t vivid.... Anyway just wait for three months, okay?”

“Fine. I’ll contact you in three months.”

Mason gave a vague reply. He had a pretty good idea what she was getting at, guessing from her rambles so far. She looked happy at Mason’s reply and pulled his ears down, whispering as if she was sharing a secret.

“Oh, a new item just came in. Do you want to buy it? It’s a talisman, and this one also came from Japan. I heard, if you used it along with the item that you bought last time, the effect would be immediate. —Well? Are you interested?”

“I only have two, so you need to decide fast.” She made it sound as if only Mason was privy to this special offer. Mason smiled bitterly and told her that he’ll take a rain check, since he didn’t have any money. He left the woman, still arguing that she’ll give it to him for a cheap price. He crossed the street, sipped the coffee and clicked his tongue. It was easy to figure out the relationships, Haley had with other people. People like Noah, who didn’t want to use him, openly despised and avoided him and, people who wanted to suck everything out of him, approached him with smiling faces.

Mason sipped the coffee and stopped by a big mall on his way home, to pick up some supplies. A chemical to drain the sewer, a detergent, a rag to erase stains, a shovel and a small bag of cement. After buying some more, he caught a cab back home. Once inside, he climbed down the stairs and reached the basement.

His arms were shaking from carrying all the purchases, but he couldn't ask anybody for help. He threw the supplies in front of the basement door and wiped the sweat across his forehead.

When he opened the basement door, there was a faint smell of something rotting.

Yesterday, when Tony woke Mason up late in the afternoon, he had been in a state of panic. Mason was flustered and had felt absurd.

He had dreamt of sleeping with Noah. He'd have been weirded out, even if it had only been a dream of them holding hands platonically. But in that dream, Mason has had sex with Noah. The smuttiest and most vulgar sex, he had ever known.

So, did the mind not control the body? Mason had slept satisfactorily after getting erect to a woman; but the lewd and dirty gay sex dream, had made him feel as if his soul was flowing out of his mouth. It had felt as if the Gods were whispering in his ears, to not take his life as a joke. Telling him to shove it up his ass, unless otherwise.

Noah had been chatting on TV and smiling prettily and as soon as he saw his face, Mason had remembered Noah's pretty lips from the dream. 'How do you want it? Do you want me to poke you and tear it to rags down there? Yeah? Fuck, tell me.' Wild and vulgar words had spilled from those lovely lips.

When Tony had worriedly asked him if he was sick, Mason had answered 'Yes, I

don't feel well' and had hurriedly tucked his legs under the blanket. Because, just laying his eyes on Noah in TV, had been enough for his nether regions to throb embarrassingly.

Since they were both men, sporting a morning wood wasn't so embarrassing, but the burning sensation Mason had felt in a subtly different position, had left him flustered. The spot in the inner part of his butt, where Noah had thrust deeply in his dream as if to rip it apart, a spot that he was embarrassed to talk about, had been trembling.

After sending Tony away, whose only business had been to tell him that 'Noah was talking about you!' Mason wondered about his dream and replayed Julia's DVD on the flat screen.

Mason watched her and hastily rubbed himself. Since it was already semi-erect, he was able to cum quickly. However it had felt weird and Mason frowned at a feeling of loss. It was completely different from the crazy pleasure he had felt during the dream.

He stood up and went straight to shower, and after that he had started to clean up the house. While showering, the diamond piercing had started to get on his nerve, a lot more than before he had fallen asleep. But it was still not easy to remove, and his back had started to ache from all the bending and so, he had given up.

Mason went down to the basement and wishing to avoid the reality, he had thought embarrassedly, 'Well, whatever, it's not as if someone would know —.' He tried to organize his mind, 'so what if he felt a bit guilty, he could do nothing about it. Everybody had a perverted side and this was nothing. It had been just a dream and he didn't even actually try to do it. And it wasn't illegal. A dream cannot be controlled by a person's will, and there was no way he would have that dream again. At least once in their lives, people have dreams about having sex with someone completely unexpected. One time, Mason had dreamt of having sex with his neighboring widow, Mary. Thinking back at how bad the

relationship had been with Mary, it was understandable of him to dream about Noah. Noah was pretty and —.’ While nonsensical and rational thoughts have been spinning back and forth in his mind, Mason had opened the basement door and stood frozen.

‘...— ‘

It had been a perfect decision to clean up the basement, in order to calm his head. As soon as he had opened the basement door, thoughts about Noah erotically licking his lips and murmuring coarse curse words had flown away from his head.

Inside the basement, there was a faint smell of something rotten. It was an awful smell, something that Mason was very well familiar with.

Yay! the basement!

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 9 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Translator: Love Hwarang

Editor/Proofreader: Kaima

I really want to meet and ask him.

‘Seriously, what's the matter with you?’ –Mason murmured, while pushing the things he bought inside the basement with his foot. Even if he had met Noah alive, they would’ve acted like strangers and not talked to each other. But still, he really wanted to ask him, ‘what were you thinking? I mean, do you even think?’

Click. When he switched on the light, the same scene greeted Mason, like that of a few hours ago.

“ ”

When he checked Haley's financial situation, he had noticed considerable money being spent on items like 'totem' and 'talisman', so he's had his suspicions. Well, he hadn't cared since Haley did not spend it on his relatives and had used it

by himself. But he should have paid attention, what if any of those 'items' were this kind of nightmare. Mason considered he was very lucky to have found this early on and glanced around the basement area.

In a corner of the basement there was an unusual sight, something that one could only have seen in a fictional story. There was a magic circle, surrounded by many molten candles, and there was blood rotting in the middle. There were traces of something having been ground in a mixer on the table, and it was hard to tell if the hairs on the floor were human or animal.

Mason could only just guess, what Haley did in that place. It looked as if after having done some dangerous ritual, Haley had ground all the products he had used and dumped it in the drain.

To be honest, the spectacle wasn't so bad that he couldn't look at it. It wasn't as if there was a corpse, and even if there had been, Mason wouldn't even flinch. He had been a mercenary, who ran around the battlefields, hired to do all kinds of dirty work. Of course he had killed a person before, and the first person he killed was chopped up enough, to be frowned upon by a veteran police officer.

So, he was confident that even if Haley had done something involving a corpse, he wouldn't even bat an eyelash. There was no corpse here, and in this the era where people joke around about having at least one hidden corpse in their basements; it wasn't even a big deal.

But the problem was, he should've cleaned it up properly, after doing something like this.

"Whew...."

'If this kid was my underling, I would've given him some very sound training.' Mason glimpsed at the drain that was clogged with flesh and congealed blood and put on a gas mask and disposable rubber gloves. He sighed slightly as he poured the chemical he had bought into the drain. He was trying to imagine if

this guy led a very hard life, but after looking at the dirty mixer and sorcery tools that were not even washed, he got a headache. Using a detergent to erase the magic circle that stinked of blood, Mason murmured.

“I’ve been told that I’m a very indifferent person, but....”

He had heard many complaints from his former team members, for executing dangerous missions without any plans, but even he was a little sick of Haley’s easy-going attitude. Unlike others, if one had to deal with paparazzi standing in front of their door, every day, to catch any of his flaws, how could he have thought about dying without cleaning up behind him?

Mason erased every mark that Haley had left behind.

He poured whatever was left of the chemical, in order to leave no residue and wiped all the places wherever the blood had splashed. He pulled apart the mixer and washed it with water and the cleaning liquid and stashed it deep inside storage. He repainted the table that had bloodstains.

He moved pretty quickly, but it still took three to four hours. After finishing everything, Mason was completely exhausted.

Maybe this life wasn’t so comfortable after all.... Mason thought belatedly and crawled back upstairs. When reached upstairs Tony, who had left earlier, was back again. He exclaimed, “What did you do down there?” Tony had thought that Mason was not home, but then he saw him dragging himself up from the basement.

“Cleaning. By the way, what’s up? Didn’t you go home already?”

Mason inquired, but before Tony could reply he said, “No, wait” and shook his head.

“I think I’m going to die right now, so if it’s not important, can you tell me later?”

The soreness he felt was alarming. Haley's body was fragile and delicate, and trying to use it like his old self again and again had caused it to overload. Actually Mason had already cleaned up the basement, even if he had found about it only yesterday. It looked like this body that was drenched in drugs and alcohol took longer to heal.

"It is important!"

Tony said in a confident voice and put a few books and files in front of Mason, who had collapsed on the sofa.

"...What are these?"

Mason slightly frowned, and Tony smiled as if his chubby cheeks were going to burst. His cheeks were sparkling, and he clenched his fist saying, "You've got new job offers coming in!"

"Huh?"

"I think it's because Raynoah said he doesn't dislike you, in the interview yesterday! I went to the office this morning, and suddenly there were movies and dramas coming in right and left, no, of course not all of them were main roles.... But this one is a leading role!"

Tony hesitated a bit before picking up the script. 'War on Drugs.'

"....."

Mason stared at Tony, and Tony rolled his eyes in order to avoid eye contact. One by one, he picked up another manuscript and handed it over to him.

"How, how about this one? I read it, and it was simple and acceptable. The role is about some sort of a prodigal gay...." It looked like it was a story about an

easy-going, promiscuous gay guy.

Tony said in a bit of an exaggerated tone. “The main role is Brick Womun, and you will have a bed scene with him! You’d wanted to sleep with him.”

“It’s good, right? Well, of course, you wouldn’t actually be doing it, but if everything goes well during the filming, you might actually sleep with him after the shoot!” –Tony probably thought Mason would definitely pick up this script because his eyes were all sparkling as he stared at him. Mason said in an indifferent tone.

“Did I say that? I don’t remember.”

“Oh yeah! You do have amnesia. But don’t you still have those feelings?”

“I’ll tell the director to have some hot scenes”, said Tony and Mason’s hands slid down his tired face. “Is there anything else?”, he asked.

“You, you don’t like it?”

‘Why doesn’t he like this?’ Tony was tilting his head with an awkward look on his face and handed over several other manuscripts. Mason made a huge effort to stay awake and took hold of the scripts.

“But why did these suddenly come in? Didn’t you say I don’t have a job anymore?”

Noah’s few words on television were that of a big deal? Of course, I knew how incredible Noah was, but he didn’t even directly say that he’ll take care me or push me. He just said ‘I don’t dislike him.’ Not one or two, but several jobs had come in at the same time.

“Well....? It, it might be jobs that were about to come your way, but didn’t, because of Noah?”

Tony didn't seem think there was anything unusual. Mason wondered for a second if Haley was that kind of an actor, who was wanted for different sorts of roles; but looking at the movies offers that had come in, they were either prodigal gay roles or 'War on Drugs: Heroin and Marijuana.' So, Tony might be right.

Anyway, why would Noah do that interview..... Mason slightly sighed and thought about how to politely decline all these roles.

No corpse! HAHA fooled you guys!

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 9 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Editor/Proofreader: Kaima

It was not that Mason completely hated acting, it was more like he was uncomfortable doing the job. It was okay to pretend like a drug addict or a prodigal gay, not only in front of the camera, but also in real life. When he was a mercenary, Mason had done that much; until the verge of his death, when he had gone inside Alta's bunker, he had pretended to be a servile pimp. He was very skilled in pretending to be different people.

However, one cannot just ‘pretend’ to be a professional actor. The camera points threateningly at you like a gun, the director watches and monitors your every move, and worse, you cannot escape even when it is not your scene. When Mason stood in front of the camera, as if anchored at the ankles, and concentrated, emotions had hurtled out of him naturally.

Mason had felt strangely unpleasant, embarrassed, and uncomfortable by that experience. It was probably because he wasn't used to showing strangers, a glimpse of his life.

There was another crucial reason; roles of a drug addict and prodigal gay were not at all helpful for the image of a café owner. His image as a junkie and slut were already solid, and we don't want to add to that.

The other roles, in the scripts extended by Tony, were no different.

“Anything else? If that is all, then I don't really care for....”

He felt sorry for Tony, but Mason opened his mouth to decline them. Tony stuttered in shock, saying, “Why? Why? You don't like them?”

“I'm done with the drug addict image.”

Who would want to drink coffees made by a junkie-slut? Of course the world already knew Haley's morbid love for drugs and men, but still he was not willing to do it. Because of what Mason said, Tony hesitantly took something else out of his bag.

“I, I do have something like this....”

Tony sounded as if ‘this won't probably do either, but still....’, and handed him the synopsis of a script.

[Real]

“The director is Vick Procter, so it will be a box-office hit without a question but, — —”

“...But?”

Tony left the statement vague, and when Mason copied his words, he scratched his cheek, as if wrestling with a tough decision.

“Well, the role is more like an extra than a supporting character. And because it is that of a killer, there are many action scenes, and the director said to just get lost, if you were to use a stunt double... To be honest, you are not an action star and there is no reason for you to do that.”

Tony made it sound as if he was worried, but his eyes were full of want. Mason indifferently read through the synopsis.

It didn't even look particularly impressive.... Even though Mason thought that showing his killer side would sell more coffees than a bitch or junkie image, it still was not enough to satisfy him. Tony asked, “Are you interested?” falsely assuming that Mason might be interested because he was reading the synopsis.

“No, not much. No good guy roles had come in?”

Mason already knew the answer, but he still asked, and Tony awkwardly nodded his head making an excuse, “Playing villain is a trend these days.”

“But doesn't a good guy always win?”

“The winning side is anyhow the main character”, Mason said indifferently, and Tony nodded his head, as if acknowledging the truth.

“Yeah, but I wanted you to do it only because the director is very famous. In fact, they don't even pay you much. Well, your character would probably be cut and the filming period is also very short, so there's no helping it.”

“Oh, really? How much do they pay?”

Mason put down the synopsis and asked without thinking much. Haley did earn good money, seeing how he threw away thirty thousand dollars for things that could've ruined his life.

“Huh? Was it fifty thousand dollars?”

“I need to check the contract, but I think it was around that much,” Tony said with a sorry face. He thought the money was too little, but Mason flinched.

“For how many month are they filming?”

“Max two days? Ah, are you talking about the total time they would be filming this movie?”

“I think it’d be three to four months”. Mason flinched more at what Tony said.

“Fifty thousand, for two days?”

“Huh?”

“You are not even killing a person for real; neither are you torturing nor getting tortured.... Fifty thousand, for two days?”

Mason asked again. It was as if he was complaining. Mason, who was leaning on the couch like a gum, slowly stood up as if he was going to attack Tony. Tony stepped back saying, “Yea...h, it’s too little right? I complained, how they could treat you like that, but.”

“What are you talking about?”

Mason picked up the synopsis and the script, he had previously put down. ‘Fifty thousand, for two days.’ Mason looked at the script and slightly frowned. ‘Fifty thousand, for two days. Fifty thousand, for two days.’

Mason had actually been a well-paid mercenary. It wasn’t strange for the Zii bastards to spit out, ‘The son of a bitch earns good money, but why does he still live in a place like this?’ That was how much he made.

However, he had worked for as much as he earned. He had stayed underground

for two months in order to ambush and abduct a person, had run with a bomb on his chest and a single gun into the middle of a battlefield, sometimes he got caught by the enemies and was tortured. Such things happened quite a lot.

In return for paying him a great deal of money, Zii had used Mason like a rag. They used him to wipe all kinds of dirty stuff... They used the rag until it was all tattered. Of course, Mason had already signed a body disclaimer contract and threw away his life for Zii like someone crazy, so there was no helping it.

Anyway, for getting a large amount of money, Mason did things that people won't even do for 10 million dollars. It wasn't because he wanted some money, but because he thought his work was worth it.

"Fifty thousand, for two days...."

When he murmured it to himself, he saw Tony all tense up. Mason controlled his emotions.

"This role is a killer? An amazing director's movie?"

He hadn't worked for the money nor had many earthly desires, but that didn't mean Mason cultivated himself morally. They were ready to pay fifty thousand for two days, even without him having to throw away his life recklessly like Aaron. He would be an idiot, not to do it. Coming from the backstreet slums, you'd be lucky to get thirty thousand dollars for killing someone. He won't be playing a big part in this movie, after working for only two days, and honestly, Mason thought he could manage a killer role.

Fifty thousand dollars in two days. Mason thought to himself, 'If I were to work like this, I will have enough for my retirement even if I had to close down the café and rightfully so.'

"Should I give it a try?"

Mason glanced at Tony and asked, and Tony burst into tears. ‘Amnesiaaaa’, that was what he said at the end of his sad and happy cry.

Yay he's going to act!

[Continue to Chapter 10](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 10 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima

Two weeks later, when the day of filming arrived, the weather had already taken a turn for summer. Mason settled the sunglasses on his head and looked around the streets, where the sunlight was pouring. The streets, where people were preparing for the shoot, looked so familiar. The buildings and streets, and the people observing the staff preparing for the shoot, everything, of course, looked familiar.

“I’m back here again, so soon.....”

Mason mumbled, with a sigh. Today’s filming location, of the movie Real, was at the 120th Street, New York, a block away from his old apartment.

“Huh? What did you say?”

Tony, who was following him from behind, holding an umbrella, couldn’t hear him well and asked him again, and Mason said waving his hands, “No, I was just talking to myself”. He had felt so embarrassed about his past that, he’d said

good-bye to this place, thinking he'd never see it again.

"Ah, it's pretty scary near the slums, right? The director wanted to film it very realistically, so...."

Mason had an uncomfortable face, and Tony thought it was because he was scared. So he shivered his shoulders and acted as if he was scared too.

"Still, there are so many people around. So it'll be alright, right? Just don't walk around alone...."

Mason shrugged his shoulders. People still lived in places like this, so there was no need for such exaggerations. And this place wasn't even that dangerous. Of course there would be some thieves trying to rob anyone who were walking alone, but well, was there any place that wasn't like that. Mason looked around the area. A woman, who was at the side of where they were preparing for the shoot, felt Mason's stare and ran towards him, providing a greeting.

"Ah, Tony, you came? Haley, nice to meet you. I'm the producer, Gloria Sue. Do you guys have a hotel to stay?"

"Not yet. Where is a good place?"

"Not sure. It's better to take a car and drive a bit farther, before booking a hotel. You need to go at least three blocks away, to find a place where cockroaches don't come out from under the bed."

She sounded sick of saying it.

"But since you didn't arrive late.... It'll be hard to say, since it's an action scene, but if you can work until late, we might be able to finish it in one day."

Actually there weren't many scenes. She looked sideways at Mason thinking, 'this can't possibly be, though'. Her eyes glittered when she laid her eyes on him

and she soon grinned.

“Hahaha, we came a little early, right? This guy is a big fan of Director Vick. I told him it’ll be a nuisance if we go here too early, but he insisted that he wanted to see the director-”

Tony tapped Mason, who was standing still, and Mason looked around indifferently, smiling back at her.

“Hahaa..., really? Who wouldn’t be his fan? If they have eyes.”

Gloria smiled freshly and took them to a place under the shade.

“Unfortunately, the director didn’t come in yet. I’ll introduce you to the actors, who will be filming together.”

“The.., there are actors who came earlier than us?”

Tony, who acted triumphantly like ‘a manager whose actor came the earliest’, asked in surprise and Gloria had a proud face like ‘a producer who picked up the world’s best actor.’

“Oh my, of course! Didn’t you check who is playing the lead role in this movie? He is at-, oh my gosh!”

She looked around the area, with a lively face, to look for the leading actor, but she was startled and ran to a very tall man. He was walking, carrying a big luggage, like the other staff members, on his shoulders.

“Chase! Oh my, gosh! I told you not to do this. What if you get hurt? Joe, I told you, not to let Chase do this, didn’t I?”

“Oops, Gloria! When did you get here?”

A tall male actor dropped the luggage like it was hot and brightly smiled at her, showing his teeth.

“Wow.... It’s Chase Viller.”

Tony mumbled in amazement, and Mason frowned a little and backed away. The man named Chase, who was smiling as if the words ‘good man’ was written on his face, looked his way.

“Don’t you remember Chase? When a rumor leaked about him having a sex video, you didn’t even come out of your room.”

To masturbate.... Mason shook his head, at Tony’s bitter words.

“Not sure.”

He may have seen his face a few times on a poster, when passing by. But he didn’t know his face that well, and..... Because a very handsome man was smiling brightly, showing his teeth like that, for some reason Mason felt repelled, a little bit.

The man, who was listening to Gloria’s nagging, rolled his eyes and found Mason, just standing awkwardly and shouted, “Hello!”

“Are you the new actor who’s coming today? Ah...? –Haley Lusk?”

He looked slightly surprised, but soon smiled brightly and approached him. Haley wasn’t so short, but when the man came close with his tall healthy body, he looked like a big bear and gave him his hand.

“Wow, you look prettier in person. Nice to meet you, I’m Chase Viller.”

“Aren’t the cameras used by the paparazzi, really strange? Mr. Viller, you look better in person too.”

Mason smiled and properly held his hand. He managed to look a little surprised and shook with both of his hands.

“No, really. This is seriously unexpected. The atmosphere about you is pretty good and actually, I’m quite surprised right now.”

He put his hand on his chest, like he was being honest and said with a serious face. Mason just smiled, while Tony gasped, with his eyes wide open, at the top actor’s lip service. He seriously was not getting used to Hollywood’s amicable atmosphere.

“No, wow-.. This is- amazingly,”

Chase didn’t let go of Mason’s hands and his gaze was fixed on Mason’s face, with an amused expression.This wasn’t a lip service, was it? Mason started to frown slightly, when he heard the crowd erupt into a loud noise.

In front of the filming set, a beautiful woman with a bold red hair alighted from a pink Ferrari.

“Ah.....!”

Chase, who was holding Mason’s hand, looked upon the new arrival with a little dislike. She waved her hands calling, “Chase!” The man sighed quietly and greeted her with a little bit more toned down voice.

“Hello, Melisa. You are early today.”

“Oh my, it was only that one time when I came late.”

Melisa greeted him and smiled as if she didn’t notice Mason or Tony. She lifted her sunglasses up and as she got closer, she finally saw Mason and Tony. She frowned a little bit and blocked her nose.

“Oh no, don’t you smell a rag?”

“Look at the set, seriously!” –She glanced at Mason as if annoyed and went on, disappearing towards the shade, in a rapid pace.

“That, that, that bitch...!”

Tony mumbled in anger. He then took note of Chase and blocked his mouth, smiling perplexedly.

“Don’t worry too much, Haley. She is a little....”

Chase said, a little gloomily. He was a man like a hot sun, but like the clouds on the periphery of a hot sun, where the darkness is deep, he seemed to be getting stressed by her, a lot, despite having a happy and beautiful life.

Mason was about to say that he didn’t really care, but then she’d settled on a chair, underneath the tent, with her legs crossed and started yelling, “Chase! Excuse me!”

“Will you see this?”

She said, while waving her script. Chase rolled his eyes, like he didn’t like it, but went on to meet her as if he was being dragged. Chase seemed like he didn’t really like her, but because of his polite and gentle personality, he good-naturedly answered all her useless questions.

“That bitch! She couldn’t even look at your face last time, but now, because of that one movie which hit a jackpot, she acts all-“

Tony cursed at her and chewed on her. Mason indifferently said, “Who cares?” and tried to calm Tony. Mason looked around for a minute, to gauge the situation. This time he had enough time, before the shooting, to prepare himself.

He had researched and studied and now he was able to understand what was going on. The producer did say that the director hasn't arrived yet and so, everybody was getting ready at a relaxed pace.

Mason asked a staff member where the restroom was. He stopped Tony who wanted to follow him even though it was just the next building.

Behind him, he heard Melisa's voice saying, "Chase, don't talk to the rag. He thinks all men wants him just because they talked to him a little." Maybe she got her boyfriend jilted away by Haley. Mason did not care at all and went to the restroom. He was in hurry because he had been sleeping in the airport and hadn't yet relieved himself.

"....."

Mason stood in front of the urinal and took out his package and urinated. Looking at his listless urine stream, he was thinking 'I need to take that piercing out... Do I have to go to a piercing parlor? It's so embarrassing to ask.' But then he felt something behind his back.

"....."

Feeling a stare in the men's restroom while urinating? Mason glimpsed beyond his back, where a young man was standing, in front of the restroom door, with a serious face.

"?"

Is he homophobic? Mason stared back at him indifferently sending vibe that he is not going to attack him. He shook off the urine, closed his zipper up and flushed. The man kept staring at Mason with a strange look, while Mason finished urinating, closed up his pants and flushed and washed his hands.

"Do you have some business with me?"

Was it someone Haley knew? Mason asked indifferently, and the man shook his hands.

“No, no. I don’t.”

He said he didn’t, but he was checking out Mason more obviously, from top to bottom and from side to side. In the end, he squinted his eyes. Mason passed by him, and the man followed.

“I don’t sleep with men anymore.”

Mason said to the man behind him. It was the obvious reason for a man to send out a sticky stare, inside a men’s restroom. For a second he remembered the dream about sleeping with Noah, but didn’t show it on his face.

The man following behind him giggled and said, “Really? I don’t sleep with men, too.” Mason thought about what to say, but got annoyed and left the man alone. The man continued to question him, from behind his back.

“Did you do some exercise?”

“Do you take good care of your skin these days?”

“Did you change your coordinator?”

“Botox?” “Cosmetic surgery?”

“Ah! Did you get a nose job?”

Instead of answering, Mason picked on his ear and went back to the set. While pondering on how to get rid of the son of a bitch, Gloria ran into him.

“Oh my, you guys already met?”

“I was trying to introduce you guys to each other.” Mason turned around and looked at the man. ‘Introduce him?’ Mason had a questioning look, and the man had a carefree smile.

“Yes, you said you were a fan. What do you think of meeting the director?”

Gloria asked Mason, and Mason quietly moaned, “Ah!” The man, Vick Procter, smiled as if he was having fun.

Happy belated Easter! I hope you guys had a good Easter~

Today's long~ since I skipped a week and there's nothing really big going on haha enjoy!

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 10 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Vick Procter. He was a talented, greedy, young director, who'd swept countless awards, including the one for the Best Director two years in a row. He had established new box-office records and broke those again, with his own works. He was the most famous upcoming director.

This year's movie that everyone's been focusing on, 'Real', was of thriller-action genre. A genius geek who graduated from MIT but lives like a crook, coincidentally touches a secret organization's confidential information and ends up getting chased by them. This was the basic story line. Mason's role was that of a gloomy killer who tries to kill the protagonist.

A killer who dies in the hands of a nerd that had never even held a gun. Mason thought that, for a movie titled 'Real,' it wasn't all that realistic.

"You met the director in the restroom?"

Tony asked, opening his eyes widely.

“Did you greet him well? What did you say?”

Mason didn't know what to say to Tony who was looking at him with full of expectations but decided to be honest.

“.....I told him that I don't sleep with men anymore.”

“What, why? Why did you say that?”

Tony was aghast and Mason moaned quietly.

“Just.... I don't know either.”

Mason ignored Tony's eyes full of question marks and glanced at Chase and the director who were discussing the script.

He made a mistake; since Vick Procter has made a bunch of box-office hits, Mason had imagined that he would be an old director. The director seemed like he was in Noah's age group. He looked maybe thirty, and he was young and unique.

“Hey, Haley!”

The director, who was talking to Chase about something, summoned Mason. Tony grabbed Mason and hurried to him.

“Hey... Here, pose something holding this.”

“.....”

Mason caught the gun that was thrown at him and stared at it. Desert Eagle. The weight was a little lighter than he knew. Is this a model gun? Pose something holding a gun? They were asking for such a weird thing. Of course, for fifty thousand dollars, he would do this anytime.

Mason effortlessly unlocked the safety guard of the gun and pointed it around

holding with both of his hands. “Wow!” Chase sounded a little surprised, looking at Mason’s sharp moves.

“Whoa.... Did you practice? The movement of your hands loading the gun looked pretty good. Try to shoot with one hand.”

The director made it sound like it was just fiddling around. Mason frowned put down the gun and said, “I can’t shoot this with one hand”.

“Why can’t you?”

Are you kidding? Doesn’t everyone know that if you shoot Desert Eagle with one hand, your shoulder will pop out? No, it might not be a common knowledge among regular people, but don’t you have to study a little bit about guns if they were gonna come out in the movie? Mason didn’t answer and just stared at him. The director seemed to understand and waved his hands.

“Who cares about what’s real? This is not even a real gun. Hurry and use it with a single hand.”

‘Can’t you do it like this? Loading while you are holding it in your mouth?’ The director giggled and Mason looked at him for a while and slowly pointed the gun to his head using only one hand.

Tap. The tip of the gun touched the director’s forehead, and Mason asked.

“Like this?”

He put on dull act, and the director was startled. Tony rushed to Mason’s side and grabbed his cuffs. “Hey, what...” –the director stopped Tony, who was trying to apologize, and shook his head.

“No. Don’t hold it straight. Try to turn your wrist. Yes, to that side.”

The director told Mason to shoot the gun horizontally.

“.....”

If I shoot it like this, my aim would be bad because of the shock absorption and my wrist will fly to my face! Mason held in his scream and did whatever he was told to do. If they told me to do this holding a real and not a model gun, I would have shot this guy for real.

“Hm. Hm.”

The director grinned looking at Mason holding the gun. “Have you used a gun before, Haley?” Chase’s voice revealed that it was totally unexpected.

“Your form doesn’t look so bad.”

Mason laughed, hiding his decaying mood. It was amazing that Chase could deduce his experience with guns, just looking at his unrealistic poses. The director pondered on something for a while.

He said, “Haley, hold that again with both of your hands. The target is.... that.”

After Mason held the gun with his right hand and supported it with his left, the target that he pointed at was Melisa, who was sitting on her chair with legs crossed, and whining about the heat. The director’s lips twitched as if tingling to say to shoot right away.

“That’s funny. Somehow, this looks more realistic and—, strong?”

The director marveled at Mason who's aura got sharper by holding the gun with both hands, properly trained on a target.

“But is there a scene like this?”

“I don’t think I saw anything like this on the script”. He asked what kind of rehearsal was this, and the director smiled saying, “No, I just wanted to see you do it”.

“....Really?” Mason said and smiled back. What is this, son of a bitch? Mason felt his old boss, Beretta from Zii, who was a total freak and this guy are very similar.

“The real thing is this. –Hey!”

The director called out for someone from the props side. A man hurriedly came running carrying a big bag.

“Should I start now?”

The man asked carefully putting down the bag and wiping his sweat. The director shook his head.

“No. Teach him how to assemble it.”

“Huh?”

“I want to film the bust shot all at once using Haley.”

The model is unexpectedly okay. –The man looked surprised, and Mason chuckled at the gun case that the man put down.

“Do you use a real gun while filming?”

“Who cares? It’s not like we are really aiming at a person. A person’s sharpness is different depending on whether they are holding a real gun or a fake one.”

The director smiled indifferently. “What are you waiting for? Teach him!” The man frowned at the director.

“Th, this is not a pistol that a civilian can learn easily. A sniper rifle is a very sensitive thing.”

Wasn't it a common knowledge that people don't usually disassemble or assemble a rifle, the man complained. The director shook his hands at him and called Gloria and an assistant director to prepare for the shoot.

“It's not like you know a lot yourself. You are a civilian too. Were you in the military? – Don't complain before you even teach him. This shot is prettier in whatever way I look at it.”

The director said so holding both of his thumbs and index fingers in the shape of a screen. The man hesitated, wanting to say something more, but the director waved his hands and cut him short. The set moved quickly.

“Ah, that frigging, son of a bitch-“

The man, who was left with Mason, cursed and looked him over as if there was no way this would work.

“Have you even touched a gun before? Not the ones used on a set, a real gun.”

The man asked arrogantly, and Mason smiled bitterly and stared at the gun bag that the man had put down.

“..... Not really. I never had a chance to use a real gun before.”

Blaser MOD 93 LRS2 Tactical. That was the name of the gun inside the bag.

“This is MOD 93 LRS2 Tactical, from Blaser. Have you seen this before? It has been used in quite a lot of movies.”

“All guns look the same to me.”

He answered vaguely, and the man sighed, 'Of course!'

Blaser MOD 93 LRS2 Tactical. Effective range 900 m, weight with a scope 5.45 Kg. It was a straight-pull bolt action style gun. It was a pretty good model, but not commonly used in combat. It had a strange shape and the popular opinion was that, it was a little uncomfortable. To Mason, –he pretty liked it. It wasn't sensitive for aiming, but had a high safety rate and with that kind of accuracy rate, it could come handy. Honestly saying, this gun was too much to kill a nerd, who only exercised he had was when he was clicking a mouse in his room.

The man blabbered on everything he knew about the gun, while teaching Mason, how to assemble the gun. 'Mr. Lusk didn't really know about this, right?' The man ended his sentence with that, every time he finished a story about a gun.

Mason patiently listened to his story. He couldn't stand him, taking forever to assemble a gun. His hands were clumsy and so, some of the parts were about to break, but Mason didn't have to care about that.

I can earn the fifty grand, so easily; Mason halfheartedly listened to him and yawned.

"–Get it, now?"

Four or five minutes have passed with him struggling with the gun. The man wiped the sweat on his forehead and asked, and Mason said, "I think I understand" and smiled. The man rolled his eyes, as if to say, 'like you'd know anything'.

"Watch it one more time. I'll disassemble it again."

The man started to disassemble the gun, still sweating. If his subordinates had been like that, Mason would've smacked on the back of their heads, until it made a hole. Of course, this guy would never have passed the Zii entrance examination.

Mason looked around while the man was disassembling the gun, sweating a lot. He made eye contact with Melisa, who was watching him. She noticeably frowned and said, “Oh my, I think they are done with getting ready. Let’s start the shooting,” in a loud voice.

“Ah, no, wait! I only showed him how, only once.”

The man, who had been teaching him about the gun, was in a panic, but the director, who had been loitering around with a bored face, came running back excitedly. He asked with a child-like spark in his eyes.

“You’ve already learnt how to use this? Wow, Haley! –How was it? You think you can handle it?”

“Not sure. Not yet... I think it’s hard to do it, in such a short notice.”

Mason paused a little and the director’s face fell.

“Re...ally?I guess the shoot will take longer, after all.”

Gloria, who was walking around, heard the director and glimpsed around, looking for Tony.

“Tony? Did you book a hotel? I think it’s for the best to book it, right now.”

Tony, who had been putting a drink in an icebox for Mason said, “Really?” and nonchalantly took out his phone. Mason raised his hand.

“Wait. I’ll give it a try, at least once.”

Mason thought it’s a waste to drag this for two days when the work can be done in a single day. Mason said so, while putting his hands up, and the director’s face brightened. However, the man in charge of the props frowned.

“I told you, you can’t do it just by watching the demo once.”

“I don’t think I can do it well either.... But you’ve explained it to me so well that I think I’d remember some.”

Mason wondered, how much he’ll need to do, to look like a pretty good amateur. They’d all probably think it was weird, if he did too well, wouldn’t they? Should he make some mistakes? Of course, nothing will happen even if they thought it was weird, but still it’ll be for the best to go unnoticed.

“They are wasting the film.”

Melisa, who had put on her sunglasses while walking over, said and the prop man sighed like he agreed. The location of the shoot was on the rooftop of a building nearby. They were already done getting prepared, so Mason soon ended up standing in front of the camera.

“First, let’s rehearse it a few times.”

The director sat on his chair, holding the script. Mason had thought that he was just a fluttering freak but looking at him now, poised like that, he had to revise his previous opinions.

“So, after you assemble the gun, aim at something and bang! Just shoot once, in that direction.”

“You see the target?” He asked, and Mason stared at the scope that the director was pointing to and asked, “Do I really have to shoot?”

“Yes, you need to shoot for real.”

He nodded his head like 'you need to know how to do all those things to make a good scene.' Mason sighed lightly and started to assemble the gun in front of

everyone.

It was pretty bothersome to pretend to be bad at something, in which you are actually good. Mason acted like he was stuttering, and the prop man mumbled the order of the parts.

This was so boring. Mason clumsily assembled the gun and took a very long time to look through the scope, and aimed at the target, using the gun sight and acted as if to pull the trigger.

When he raised his head, the director looked unsatisfied and said.

“Hm.... Can’t you do it faster?”

“You can only do that much?” The director sounded disappointed, and Melisa, standing on his side mocked, “Director, don’t you know who he is? Haley Lusk! Why don’t you just split the scenes?”

“If it’s sleeping with men, you can do it faster than anyone, can’t you?”

She was smiling, when Mason glanced at her.

“Oh my, look at that fierce look!”

Mason indifferently considered the fuss she was making and noticed that everyone around her closed their mouths with perplexed faces. She was scarily pretty and had huge breasts, but nobody in the set seem to like her. That usually didn’t happen, unless if you had a ready bad personality. Mason ignored her and asked the director.

“Should I give it a try, one more time?”

The director seemed to consider it a bit.

“First, let’s give it a shot few more times and if it really doesn’t work out, let’s film the hand and face shots, separately.”

Melisa smirked and told the director, “I’m telling you, it’ll be a waste of time.” People around her seemed to dislike her, but Melisa was completely oblivious, which made him pity her. Haley’s image had been like that too, and hers wasn’t any lower than that.

Mason assembled the gun that the prop man had hardly disassembled. He assembled it a little faster this time, but the director still looked a little dissatisfied and shouted to repeat it once more.

Clang, clang, clang! Mason assembled the gun faster than before. He thought this was pretty good for an amateur, but when he looked up, the director sighed. And before Mason tried to say anything, he shook his fingers, meaning to do it again.

Mason frowned a bit and assembled the gun, even faster, for the fourth time. And again when he raised his head, the director was frowning at him.

“.....”

“.... Should I do it even faster?”

Mason asked looking around, and the director blinked and said, “Yes, do it faster.” Mason wondered, where was the limit for a good amateur and disassembled the gun, before putting it down. He hesitated and looked up.

“.....”

Mason, who had unconsciously disassembled the gun at his usual pace, realized that the surroundings had gone quiet and moaned inside. Everyone was staring at him like, ‘who’s this son of a bitch?’ and the prop man’s eyes were bulging so much that, they might pop out. Melisa was trying to say something, but Chase

blocked her mouth with his hands.

Among the staffs looking at him with surprise, only the director was staring at him with flame in his eyes.

“Haley. –Faster.”

He said, firmly. Mason quietly stared at him and scratched his cheek. He put his head down and started to assemble the gun again. Clank, clank, a barrel, a magazine, a pistol grip, a delta ring, an upper receiver, an alignment pin, an upper cover, a lower receiver... after he finished the assembly, in the right order, he even aimed at the target outside the window, and when he tried to lift his head, he heard the director’s voice whispering.

“No, just pull the trigger.”

‘Pull the trigger’. Mason inhaled deeply and stopped his breath, out of habit, and took an aim. Pull the trigger? They probably blocked the roads, as soon as they started to film, but it’s still a rehearsal. It doesn’t make sense to pull the trigger, towards the road. He placed his index finger on the trigger and frowned, but only for a moment.

There was a bird passing through the telescopic lens, and Mason pulled the trigger as if he got bewitched.

Bang-!

The bird flew higher up, with few of its feather dropped, and Mason let go of the breath he had been holding. This time when he lifted his head, and made an eye contact with the director, he was making a strange face. The director squinted and said, “Hm” and smiled.

“–Cut-!”

Cut? Mason lifted his head up, a little higher, when he heard the director, and the staffs behind the camera started to breathe again. It was at that moment he realized that, the camera they were holding had the red light on.

Awesome skill!

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 10 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“That director.... gives me a bad feeling.”

Mason mumbled and Tony, who was biting into a sandwich, lifted his head up, "Huh?"

“Why? I like him. Isn’t he unique and cool?”

“Cool?”

Mason looked at Tony like he dislikes it.

“He’s totally a genius. All the movies he’d filmed ever since he was twenty-two, have been successful. –He is a little weird, but normally geniuses are a little.... different than normal people.”

Tony stared at the director from afar, who was filming something else, with sparkling eyes. He probably thought, even that kind of weirdness was cool.

Mason had felt this before, but it seemed like Tony was a much bigger fan of Director Vick Procter.

A moment ago, Mason had gotten carried away. He had never spent plenty of time, pointing the gun in the air, without a target, and so he'd ended up pulling the trigger, unconsciously. Actually if he had done such a pointless thing, while at work in his past life, his colleagues would have glared at him.

Would he be doing such stupid things, from now on? That bastard Aaron did kill Mason, but he didn't normally let his guard down, so easily. While living as Haley, and when standing in front of the camera, he'd often felt like something inside him was being dissected.

"....."

Maybe he was just imagining things, simply because he was not used to the cameras. Mason glimpsed at the busily working cameras with displeasure and took a bite of his sandwich.

"Haley, am I doing this correctly?"

He suddenly heard a voice and turned around to see Chase, standing there with eyes sparkling and holding a gun. "Pardon?" Mason chewed on his sandwich.

"Ah, you are in the middle of eating. Is the sandwich good?"

"Do you want some? I thought you ate lunch already."

Mason pointed at the generous amount of sandwiches, that Tony had prepared. Chase smiled in a friendly manner, with his teeth showing, "Give me one, please," he said and sat next to him. Tony stuttered, "You, you would eat this kind of food? Are you really okay with that?" Mason chuckled and stuffed 'this kind of' sandwich into his mouth, and Chase replied with a perplexed expression.

“What do you mean ‘this kind of’? Haley is also eating this.”

“No, no, I didn’t mean it like that.”

Tony sported a queasy expression, as if he was having butterflies in his stomach and at the same time, he kept glancing at Haley. Mason pitied him and said, “Bring me some cold coke, Tony” giving Tony a chance to look at Chase from a distance.

“Wa, wait a moment. I’ll be right back.”

Tony stood up, as if he had been waiting for this and ran over to where they kept an icebox. Mason watched him digging through the icebox, sweating and turned around. Chase was staring at him.

“-Have some?”

Mason quietly handed him a sandwich again, and Chase gaped at him.

“You are very, very different from the popular opinion.”

“Is that so?”

Mason replied unconcernedly. Chase looked at him with eyes full of admiration and goodwill.

“Yes. No, actually I had been prejudiced. I know this is rude, but I used to think that, those journalists wrote novels instead of articles. And that, you might not necessarily be as promiscuous; but at the same time I’d questioned that maybe there was a little.... I used to have thoughts like that too, but now, in person, I see that you are actually totally different.”

“No, well, I am a little like that actually.”

Mason said humbly. Based on what he’d heard from Tony, most of Haley’s

articles were 'unexpectedly' true, unlike how other people thought. If it wasn't for the bad credibility of that yellow paper, on which those novels had been printed and sold, and without people's belief that, 'Even though this is Haley, he's also human and he definitely wouldn't do this much,' Haley would've already been buried deep.

"No really, I didn't expect at all for you to be so calm and charming. You are very thoughtful and patient Of course, you are also very handsome, and your aura is really—"

"Excuse me?"

Mason cut through his praises and smiled awkwardly, but Chase still managed to say something very cheesy in the end, "You are fantastic!"

"Haha.... Thank you! But I think you have misunderstood something...."

"No, I trust my intuition. There is no doubt that you are way more amazing than what is known. I really wanted to clap during the shoot a while ago. —Did you learn separately, perhaps?"

He asked secretly, and Mason chewed on the sandwich to avoid the question.

"Your skill in handling the gun..... My shooting coach is a retired soldier, but I think you are better than him."

He wore an excited expression and Mason laughed awkwardly. He had been on active duty, just a month ago and so, it was obvious that he was better than a retired soldier. He had only wanted to look like a pretty good amateur, but the director had sneakily inched him on and pushed him to go with the flow. His hands had moved on their own volition. Even if it wasn't a big risk, that had still been an oversight.

Mason jokingly said, "Really? I guess, I've got some talent after all," with an innocent expression.

“You’ve seriously not studied it? If that’s so, how about learning it properly? I’ll introduce you to my coach-“

Chase was getting too close to Mason for comfort and the moment he tried to refuse, a long shadow approached the top of his head. A sweet, sour smell attacked him.

Splash-!

Mason unconsciously stood up, trying to avoid it, but the liquid falling on top of him, was faster. He got drenched from head to neck. He blinked his eyes, a little irritated and looked up.

“-Oh my! What should I do?”

Melisa stood behind him, with her eyes wide open and shaking a cup. Mason stuck his tongue out a little to taste the liquid. The smell was strongly sweet, sour. Was it lemonade?

“I poured it, because I smelled something bad while walking..... and I was right, it was the rag. It turned out to be good, because I don’t have to feel sorry after all.”

She laughed, covering her mouth. Chase stood up shouting, “Melisa, what-” Tony, who had been watching Chase with eyes full of a fan’s heart, shouted, “Liz!!! Liz!!!” and came running.

“Why did you do such a childish thing?”

“Did you just scream at me?”

Chase was mad at Melisa, and she looked at him with tearful eyes. He was about to burst upon her detestable face, but stopped, biting his lips, because his upright character did not allow him to.

“Hey, there-! What’s going on?”

Filming was stopped briefly, because of the fuss they made, and the director watched them from a distance. Mason waved his hands and said, “It’s nothing” and turned to Melisa. Looking at Mason’s impassive face, Melisa’s lips trembled.

“-Hmph, why? Looks like even the director has taken to you. Why don’t you go, suck his dick and tell him to cut me off?”

“Me—, Melisa!”

A normally well-mannered Chase was shocked by her explicit and foul words. He stopped her, but she glared at him with anger.

“Why? Did you fall for this rag too? When I offered my lunch, you said you were full, but now, you are eating this cheap thing. How can you do this to me? I’m really dumbfounded—!”

‘How am I worse than this rag?’ said her facial expression, when Mason turned around to look at her. He stared at her big breasts for a second and said.

“Melisa.”

She glared at him angrily, daring him to say something. Mason slowly wiped off some of the liquid and said.

“You probably feel it a little, it's not that people like me, it’s more likely that they hate you.”

‘You’re an idiot if you haven’t realize that already. Don’t tell me that you haven’t?’ –When Mason finished talking, Melisa looked taken aback, “Wha, what did you say?” Her face turned red. Instead of repeating himself, Mason graced her with a smile full of pity, turned around and headed to the restroom.

Soon afterwards, he heard a horrible shriek and a mixture of insults. He did not look back.

“Ah, really....”

Melisa was Mason’s type a little, since she kind of looked like Julia, but he hadn’t expected her personality to be so fierce. The curse words that Melisa spewed on his back, surprised even Mason, who’d spent his entire life on the low ground.

Tony seemed to be dealing with the film set that Mason had ruined, so he didn’t follow him. In fact, compared to throwing lemonade at people’s faces, what Mason did was less serious. He knew Melisa would go insane if he told her that, but he still did it. Well, off-the-wall if something did go wrong, he just wouldn’t receive the fifty thousand dollars. Losing it would be regrettable, but it can’t be helped. Wrapping up his thoughts readily, Mason continued to wipe down his wet clothes.

His clothes weren’t so wet, since he mostly got hit on his face, but how much syrup did they put in? The sweet, sticky feeling refused to disappear.

“Tsk!”

After agonizing for a while, Mason took off his clothes and washed the sections, where the lemonade had splattered, with soap. He squeezed it to get rid of excess moisture and shook it. Although cold and damp, it was better than being sticky. Anyway the sun outside was nice and the clothes will dry soon. Also, it was a little on the hot side, and now it’ll be cooler.

Mason wiped his wet hands on the knees and left the restroom.

He shuffled out of the building and started walking. Melisa was probably still excited and teed off, so he thought it wouldn't be a good idea to go back to the set right away. Gloria already told him that there was a lot of time left before the next scene. And.....

Fidgeting with his collar, Mason studied the surrounding, moving only his eyes. It wasn't his original intention, but since he was here, he couldn't help but look around.

He wondered if the men from Zii were still around; evidences left behind by them, were still visible.

A camera lens aperture glinted in the sunlight, from a window in the building, right across his old apartment. Flowerpots with cameras planted in them, had been placed at the florist's, in front of the building entrance. The products used weren't Zii favorites, at any rate it proved they were still looking for his appearance.

"Tsk....."

Mason clicked his tongue. He guessed they still haven't caught on to Aaron's trail. Had they found a single evidence of Aaron being alive, they'd have easily guessed that the destroyed corpse wasn't his.

"No, well, actually I don't have to care...."

It was somebody else's work, but he still felt pity for his colleagues, who were wasting their time. Stupid bastards. Mason had instructed them several times to move their bodies more if they weren't smart enough, but they were still the same. Of course, he was also to blame for leaving behind a few traces in his old apartment.

The sun was strong and his clothes dried fast. There sweet, sour smell still

lingered but somehow his mood brightened. Should he start back to the set? Mason checked his watch and the moment he tried to move his feet, he felt bothered by something. He glanced across the street, froze and rubbed his eyes.

“Why is that guy there again.....?”

Mason muttered like a moan. Across the street, a familiar man, who Mason knew, was surrounded by tough looking men.

It was Noah.

Yay! Noah! Noah! Noah! Noah!

[Continue to Chapter 11](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 11 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Mason thought that the world was very small, scratching his head. It wasn't as if the guy showed up wherever he went, but he had met him several times in a month already, that too in the most unexpected places.

It would make more sense if Mason had met him in Beverly Hills. Did Noah have work around here to come and go frequently? But he had never met him before, in front of his old apartment, when he lived there for the past 10 years.

“.....”

Mason stared at the man for a while and murmured, “No, just ignore him.” Even if he were to talk to him, Noah would coldly say, ‘Didn’t you say that you won’t talk to me after we get off from the elevator?’

Noah wasn’t a small seven year old or an unstable seventeen year old, anymore. The guys surrounding him looked pretty dangerous, but they cannot just touch ‘the Raycarlton’, much less beg for money or do something. That man had

enough money to pour it in a swimming pool and swim in it, so he'd probably be okay.

"Huk...."

But right afterwards, Mason gasped. Mason had to admit that he had underestimated the street robbers, because, just then, one of them had taken out a gun and pointed it at Noah.

The director of the movie Real, Vick Procter, picked at his ear and apathetically said, "Yes, yes. He was too harsh."

Melisa Ain was a one of the hottest female actors in Hollywood recently. Not long ago she'd undertaken a deaf psychic role in a drama, which at the end of its screenings had left an already quite well known Melisa, with five hefty CF (commercial films). People say that it was the merit of the role that she played, but this was Hollywood, where however amazing a role it was, if an actress cannot play it well, she'll disappear just like how so many others did. Whether because of the role or not, Melisa seized the moment and jumped in to become the new, hot actress. How long can she keep it hot that would depend on her ability, but at any rate there were many places eager to have her.

Vick had picked her from a list that was recommended by the production company. She wasn't that bad, and Vick thought her image would fit just right. Actually an actress wasn't so important for this movie. Vick would just have to please her a little and shoot an okay scene.

Turns out, he didn't exactly love her. Actually he disliked her, but this was a work and he was a pro. As long as she gives a good performance, he wouldn't care even if she were a murderer. There were countless actresses with bad

personalities, and the ones with nice characters were so few and far between. It was not like Vick casted those rare nice actors.

What use does an actor have for a good personality anyway? Doesn't matter if they were rags, junkies, or mad; as long as they shined through the camera's viewfinder, Vick can film anybody.

The problem was in fact Melisa wasn't shining that much.

Everyone in the set had given that impression. Chase, who was unbelievably bright and gentle for a Hollywood actor, was sick of her and because he couldn't ruin the mood in the set, he was patiently listening to all her whines. The staff were either unnoticeably avoiding her or leaving her out, ignoring her completely.

The only one who didn't know any of this was Melisa, who had become famous overnight like Cinderella and had lost her sense, indulging in narcissism.

'It's not that people like me; it's more likely that they hate you. You're an idiot if you haven't realized that already. Don't tell me that you haven't?'

When Haley had said so with an indifferent expression, Vick, who was standing up from his chair and looking over at them, had laughed loudly. He laughed so loudly that soon everybody was staring at him.

"Ugh... Director, uh, really that, hck, hck, that rag, uggggh..."

"Huh? What did you say?"

Vick pretended not to understand and asked her again. She held in her cry and said, sobbing

"Director- Director likes that rag better too, right?"

“Huh? Me?”

“That’s why you, laughed, hughhh,”

She said sobbing her heart out and Vick rubbed his cheeks that were sore from laughing too much.

Actually it wasn’t Vick’s decision to cast Haley. Few weeks ago, the biggest sponsor had asked for a role like that of a gangster, and Vick had fought back a little, but threw a role that any unknown actor could have played. And next day when he’d heard from Gloria that the person who got casted was Haley Lusk, he had been pretty surprised.

Haley Lusk? He’d never met him, but Haley had been publicized so frequently in the third-rated magazines that Vick enjoyed to read that of course, he knew him. Most of the articles bearing his name were mostly dirty or stupid, and whenever Vick saw these articles, he clicked his tongue and used to think, ‘Wow, what is he gonna do after this...’

When Vick saw the recent Raynoah incident and read about the attempted suicide, he had murmured to himself, ‘He’s doomed for real this time’. And not so surprisingly, Haley was recently fired from the television series that he had worked on for the past ten years.

He’d never wanted to film him. ‘A gay guy with a rag’s image?’ Vick wasn’t an art house director; he was a public movie director. People didn’t like him... and Vick himself did not find Haley attractive too.

‘It’s just an extra role, I should give it a try,’ Vick had thought but not so enthusiastically. He felt that Haley had poured filth on his movie; so to be honest he was a little upset. ‘A killer with such an image? What’s this?’ He’d thought. ‘Were they trying to turn my movie into a laughingstock?’ So he hadn’t been keen to go to the set that day.

He woke up on time and when he couldn't push it any later, he arrived at the film set, still dragging his feet. A killer role played by a promiscuous gay? He wondered if there was any other role and went inside the restroom only to find Haley Lusk there.

Haley, now that they've actually met, was.... Well. He was very different from what he had imagined. A few profile pictures he'd seen were honestly that of a common junkie, who one could come across in an alley. Skinny, poor, and eyes blurry like a dead fish.

But the Haley in flesh was very different. First he looked like he exercised a little, and his skin was oddly clear. Exercise and skin care. He got it up to there, but couldn't figure out the next bit. Had he done any plastic surgery? Did he get botox? Filler? He thought about several other things, but the changes in Haley's appearance weren't particularly of that of his facial features.

What did he do to change his aura so completely? Vick thought. If Haley were this kind of a person, he would give him a try as an extra. He had imagined a guy, to whom the word 'gun' brought an image of a dick, but unexpectedly, really unexpectedly, Haley had managed to stimulate Vick's creative curiosity.

How would this man look if he held a gun? Vick had an idea about the image that will emerge. Vick, his heart throbbing a little, told Haley to hold a gun. And when Haley held the gun with his both of his hands and aimed at some far away spot,

'Oh my gosh, Director, this....'

Chase, who was standing next to him quietly, slurred his words, and Vick completely understood what he meant to say.

This was different. This was totally different from what he had thought. The man, who Vick thought wouldn't be suitable at all, turned into a complete professional when he held the gun. The angle of his arm holding the gun, his stare, direction of his chin, and his whole vibe turned sharp all of a sudden. Haley

was different from all those models, who'd held a gun like a lovely prop and acted all cutesy, whenever he'd asked them to pose for something with a gun.

How would he look through the camera's viewfinder? Will this scattered shininess show through on film too? –Vick felt himself growing impatient to film him as soon as possible.

He knew it was a little too much but still asked Haley to assemble the gun and pull the trigger aiming outside the window. Honestly Vick didn't care if the gun was actually getting assembled or not, not as long as he got a pretty good shot. Haley can just pretend to be an expert and they can always edit it later and make something out of it.

But Haley's hands that were assembling the gun attracted people's attention from the very beginning. They were a little slow but at the same time smooth. He didn't stutter or anything and got all the pieces right, screwed the screws and connected the parts, until the parts become a gun; it was like watching a documentary. Vick secretly told his staff to turn on the camera.

'Pull the trigger, Haley.'

When he whispered, he wasn't in his mind either. Bang-! Because of the silencer, the shot rang quietly inside the room and everybody stared quietly at Haley.

They needn't check the shot they'd just filmed. They knew that a moment ago an amazing scene was born.

'I should've given Haley a bigger role.' –Vick, who'd thought he didn't want to use Haley even as an extra only this morning, was already regretting his decision.

Actually that killer's role was not at all important, and since it would be a waste to not use this scene, it will still go into the movie, but stand out of place. Those idiot film producers, who don't even have eyes, might try to cut the scene without even realizing that it was the only thing good in the whole movie.

While filming other scenes later that afternoon, Vick kept thinking ‘Too bad. Too bad.’ The scene that he wanted to film or the scene that transpired better than he imagined, cannot be used: what a damned situation. While he kept shooting, unfocussed and thinking about Haley, a fuss broke out on the other side of the set.

Haley, drenched from head to shoulder, was standing without showing any expression. In front of him there was Melisa and standing next to him was Chase, sporting an angry expression. He knew Melisa, who had sharp claws, would do something to Mason, but what he couldn’t predict was Haley’s reaction.

He didn’t get mad or cry or cursed. He just gave her advice as if stating the obvious, ‘it’s not that people like me, it’s more likely that they hate you.’

Vick knew it wasn’t right, but burst out laughing when Haley asked her ‘Are you an idiot?’ He thought he was watching a dramatic comedy.

‘I shouldn’t have laughed like that for the sake of the left over scenes.’ –Vick regretted a little bit later, but he wasn’t confident he wouldn’t laugh again if he thought back to that incident.

“Hugh, how can he just say that- Isn’t he an extra, and I, the main character? If people didn’t like me, why would they hire me as a main character?”

Melisa wasn’t even crying now, but she kept talking like she was very sad. Vick had kept repeating ‘yes, yes, you are the best and he’s not that good.’ ‘Ah! I want to run away now.’ Vick glanced at Chase, but he seemed to be really mad this time and wasn’t even looking at them.

“Even Chase- He took that rag’s side. Isn’t it obvious that I’m sad? Don’t you think so, Director?”

Melisa actually had quite a crush on Chase. If Chase helped him out, it’ll be easier

to calm Melisa down. Vick made another signal towards Chase, to tell her a single word, 'sorry'. But instead of apologizing, Chase turned around and walked away. 'Aigoo, my head!'

"H.... ugggh, Directorrrr!"

Vick sighed quietly when Melisa started to cry again. Actually Vick didn't even like her, so he wondered if he really needed to go through this.

"Yes, yes. I understand everything. Right now Chase is a little shy and he's not that mad. Later, after you calmed down a little bit, Chase will probably come back and apologize. You know, he may look like that, but Chase is a very shy guy, so he can't say what he wants to say."

Vick kept talking but he didn't even mean to calm her down, and she wiped her tears and mucus and said

"Really, my pride is hurt, and I'm so upset that I can't shoot my scenes. How can he do this to me? What so if I poured some lemonade? Do you know what he poured on me last time?"

She was sobbing sorrowfully and cursed at Haley as much as she wanted. 'Just a while ago, he probably practiced for several days and nights and then pretended like he didn't know anything, only to move swiftly later, like a fox. Just looking at that crazy bitch was scary and insidious,' she chewed on him for a while and at the end she finally said.

"Director, can't you cut him off?"

"Huh?"

"He's not even that important, right? Doesn't matter who plays the role, right? Don't you agree? There are many good rookies in my agency, it'll be good if one of them is cast-"

At this juncture, a good answer would have been, 'Oh, should we?' or 'Of course, just as you say.' But Vick unconsciously said, "Huh?" and startled. She opened her eyes wide.

"Why? Don't tell me Director, you don't want to cut him off? I'm telling you, I can't do this movie if he acts!"

"Ah, that...."

Vick hesitated, and she stood up with an angry expression "Oh my gosh!"

"Is it gonna be me or him? Choose! If you like him so much, why don't you just make him the main character and shoot!"

Vick couldn't bring himself to say, 'Of course, I want you!' Because he ended up thinking, 'Ah, Haley as a main character, now that's a good idea.' Vick's insincere reaction made Melisa to bite her lips. She turned around, with a bright red face and yelled for her manager, "Ellie!!" She took her manager and walked out of the set, trembling, without giving anyone the time to stop her.

"Melisa. Melisa!"

Vick called after her. Haley, as a main character? Of course filming Haley was more fun than expected and the movie might turn out to be good, but he cannot afford do that. Haley was not an actor that can help the movie in the box-office. Not only would it be unhelpful, but people might also start boycotting the movie, and the investors probably will hate him. Well, of course, the one who pushed him was indeed the biggest investor, NLC, but still.... Vick didn't understand why he kept organizing his thoughts around making Haley the main character. What cannot be done cannot be done. Also what about the scenes that were already filmed? Using a top actor like Chase, a leading female actress, and a leading male actor? The story and the flow of the movie will have to change completely.

“Hey, Melisa? Melisa!”

Vick desperately thought of reasons why he can't use Haley. He didn't have to think hard. A long list reasons unrolled in his head, like a toilet paper.

“Melisa....”

She was stalking out at an amazing pace for someone wearing heels and Vick grabbed her shoulders in order to stop her. She was crying so much that her face was a mess. Vick was trying to say, ‘How can I use Haley instead of you? Does that even make sense? The only person that will make Chase shine in this movie is you.’ He obviously had to say something to calm her down and bring her back to the set. That's the duty of a professional director.

But he did not do so and the reason was because of a situation unfolding right across the street. Haley was running somewhere, in the direction of some thugs holding a gun and at the end of it was, Raynoah.

So Vick Procter likes Haley too now huehuehue...

[Continue to Part 2](#)

preparing to attack Mason, hesitated.

“... -Haley?”

Noah, who was standing in their midst, looked at him, slightly astonished and Mason, instead of looking at him, turned around and slowly scanned the area. There were three men. All three were young and healthy Hispanics, but the guy biting his lips because his wrist got kicked, was fat, and the guy, who had his hands up in front of the gun, was a little skinny. Amongst them, the tallest and scariest looking guy asked frowning, “what are you?” and looked ready to throw his fist anytime soon.

Mason tried to pant inconspicuously and frowned. Poor Haley's body was already panting only after a short run, even in this situation.

“Hey, don’t you guys think I should be the one asking questions? Fuck, how dare burglars ask for my identity?”

“What, you son of a bitch?”

“Are you guys close?”

Mason suddenly asked. And the guys looked at him like ‘what is this fucker talking about?’ So he kindly explained the situation.

“Do you want me to kill this bastard?”

Mason asked while unpleasantly tapping the skinny guy’s head with the gun. They shared a signal, and the tallest guy chuckled as if he was dumbfounded.

“What’s he saying...”

“Hey, you’re Haley Lusk, right? Fuck, how can a whore dare to meddle when us, oppas, are talking? Bullshit, hugh!”

Mason raised the hand holding the gun and struck from behind the head of the skinny guy who was blabbering. Bam! With a loud sound, the guy fell on his knees and stopped breathing, and Mason properly pointed at his head again and asked coldly, “What?” He grabbed the hair of the guy who had collapsed and ‘Ugh’, made him raise his head. The other guys began to turn an angry red.

“Fuck, you can’t even shoot, bitch.... You watched something somewhere and dare to bullshit us now?”

“Do you want to test whether I can shoot or not?”

Mason’s grin was driving them mad. The tall guy hesitated for a second and mockingly said.

“Look at this?Hey, are you trying to pretend right now? Because that’s an empty gun you’re holding, you know?”

The tall guy tried to convince him that the gun was not loaded, and Mason looked at them with mock astonishment.

“Really? Then can I shoot?”

Mason pretended to pull the trigger at the skinny guy’s head, and the other guys looked startled. Mason smiled and slightly rolled his eyes and ‘Bang!’ shot the gun. Not at the skinny guy’s head.

“Hee, heeek....”

What got pierced was the fat guy’s sleeve that was trying to sneak a knife out of his pocket. The fat guy, who tried to hold Noah as a hostage, grabbed at his wrist that was burned by gunpowder and collapsed on the floor. The knife dropped from his hand and rolled over on the ground, and before the tall guy could grab it, the gun went off once again and shot the knife away. The loading and

shooting happened, all at once.

Bang! At the same time when the gun was fired, the handle of the knife spun and it went flying.

“Oh no. You said there were no bullets in this?”

Mason said composedly and laughed. He obviously knew there were bullets in the gun as soon as he'd held it. A gun with and without bullets weighed differently.

“Wha, what are you?”

Mason glanced at Noah, who was looking back at him with a strange expression. ‘He doesn’t look hurt...’ while Mason was assessing him, Noah’s nice forehead crumpled a bit. ‘Uh oh,’ just when he was thinking, Mason heard a gun click from down below.

“.....”

Mason looked down at the skinny guy, who had been kneeling and was now pointing a gun at him. Turns out, the bastard was hiding a gun too.

What a relief. Mason truly believed it was a relief that the skinny guy was pointing the gun at Mason instead of Noah. Because if he'd pointed his gun at Noah, gambling or talking, no matter what, Mason would've thrown his gun away and held up both of his hands.

“Drop your gun, you slut.”

The guy shouted with arrogance, and Mason laughed bitterly. He showily slowly loaded the gun that was aiming on the guy's head. Mason didn't care if the guy shot at his stomach or not; he pushed the gun closer to him and bent down to get even with his height. There was a smile on his lips.

“-Hey,” Mason called him.

“Wha, what? I’m, I’m gonna shoot?”

The skinny guy frowned, and Mason looked directly into his eyes and asked in a whisper.

“You, never have killed a person, right?”

Mason questioned with his eyes smiling and the guy closed his mouth, without answering. Mason continued.

“I’ve killed before. –Quite a lot.”

Mason noticed the robber’s pupils getting bigger. Mason saw his own brutal expression, clearly reflected on them. Mason slightly raised himself up and coldly stared at him from a distance. He noticed that the guy’s frozen body was shivering. He couldn’t even open his mouth and continued to tremble. The tall guy chuckled, unbelieving.

“Ha-, haha-..? What is this son of a bitch saying? Are you saying you killed some people in the dramas?”

The tall guy, who had taken out his knife too, held it ready, to swing towards Mason. Mason stared at him, smiling slightly.

“Pell, stop it!”

The skinny guy screamed at him, and the tall guy hesitated. But Mason’s trigger didn’t stop.

Bang!! A loud shot rang through the street again.

“....-This, cra, crazy-,”

Clang, -the tall guy dropped the knife he was holding and hesitantly stepped back.

“Heeek, heek-“

Mason looked down at the skinny guy, who was trembling and cowering, with both of his hands over his head. Some of the burn marks, still remained on his temple. Mason nodded to the fat guy who was still sitting down on the ground, just watching the scene, wide-eyed.

“Take them away.”

Mason said coldly. The fat guy took hold of the skinny guy who'd slightly wetted his pants and the tall guy and ran away to an alley in the next street. Mason watched them until they disappeared completely and turned around to Noah. Unlike a man who had been in the middle of a life or death situation, Noah was staring at Mason with a quiet and calm expression.

Mason handed over the gun to him.

“Don't you think it's not safe for you to be walking around alone in this neighborhood? The seemingly expensive watch, shoes, suit and all.” Noah blinked at Mason's remarks and smirked.

“Of course, a little. But don't you think you interfered in a pointless situation?”

Noah glanced behind him, and Mason looked over his back. There were men wearing black suits, ready to pop out from everywhere.

“Because of your shooting, my bodyguards are all pretty riled up.”

He wasn't lying, all the tensed up bros were looking at him with scary faces.

“.....I’m sor...”

Mason slightly bowed his head from afar towards the men, who looked pretty tense. He hadn’t thought of him being nosy, but what if, he wondered. What if.... Come to think of it, Noah probably wouldn’t come to this kind of a place by himself and no matter how crazy those robbers were if they valued their lives, they would’ve just taken some money and not try to shoot or kill Noah. So he couldn’t understand why he’d rushed over and butt in. What was he, a justice apostle...?

Noah was scanning a sheepish-looking Mason and paused for a second when he stared at Mason’s wet neck and said.

“Well, I did have some business with you...”

Business? Noah, with me? Mason blinked and was about to ask what kind of business when he heard a voice cursing from behind, “Fuck, what’s going on-“

Mason turned around and about a dozens meters, standing away from him were director Vick, looking as if he was going crazy and an ashen-faced Melisa, who was biting her lips.

“Fuck, oh my gosh, God. How can they do that-“

The director was panting as if he was going to faint any time soon.

“.....Director?”

Mason carefully called out to the gasping director who, instead of answering Mason looked at Melisa.

“Melisa.”

Melisa startled and looked at him. “No way, director, you-“ She stepped back

hesitantly and the director asked.

“Didn’t you say you were going home?”

“Wha, what are you playing about?”

She looked at him as if ‘this son of a bitch is going crazy!’ She faltered and felt something different about Vick’s crazy-eyed expression.

Vick tapped on her faltering shoulders and said.

“Yes, if you want to go home, then you go home. Of course.”

He didn’t need to stop someone who will not be related to the movie anymore. Vick waved his hands saying, “Get home safely. Move, quick.”

“What....! Director, are you crazy!?”

She screamed. Director Vick wasn’t listening to her, he insincerely said, “Okay, okay, I got it. I’ll contact you later” and stomped off to Haley, who was just standing still.

“Director! Direc, ... Hey!!!”

Melisa was screaming like a crazy bitch, but inside Vick’s ear, he could only hear a crescendo of angels’ trumpets.

Melisa getting fireddddddd ouch!

If you don't know what *oppa means, go to TERMS. I have all the word there.

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 11 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“Oh my god, how can you do this to me?” He thought that god was always on his side, but this time he was trying to betray him. No, no. The one who betrayed him was himself. Failing to recognize god’s good intentions and in his own arrogance, he had disappointed him.

Was it perhaps one of god's arrangements for him to be standing there, at that moment? Yeah, it might be so. No, it most certainly was. Otherwise, there was no way that he left in the middle of filming and ended up witnessing such a scene in the middle of the street.

When Vick saw Haley running across the street, towards the robbers, he had a premonition.

‘Something. I will see something amazing.’ His whole body’s senses came right to a halt. Like a sixth sense that only geniuses can feel.

Just as expected. –Haley accurately kicked the burglar’s hand and caught the gun, which flew into the air. Oh, fuck! Vick felt goose bumps on his spine. Click, Mason aimed the gun at the little skinny man and talked like a low life, while laughing. It was pretty impressive to watch him strike at the back of the blabbering guy’s head. His perfectly sharp movements were unprecedented, something he had never seen even the martial art directors do.

What is this? Vick’s shoulders quivered in a sense of thrill. Vick scarily glared at a screaming Melisa, hoping to shut her up and looked back at Haley again.

When one of the guys grinned and said, ‘That’s an empty gun,’ Vick swallowed a dry spit. One against three– Even if that Raynoah, who was standing to the side with a cold expression, helps him, it’ll still be two against three. It was a situation where either he should help them or call somebody else, but Vick didn’t move an inch.

Holding his breath, Vick was curious to know how Haley would evade this situation. ‘What are you gonna do holding that empty gun, Haley?’ Vick kept watching as if it was an exciting movie scene, his sweaty fists clenched tight. Haley said grinning, ‘Really?’ and right away, bang! He heard a gun shot.

Vick’s eyes opened wide in surprise as he watched them. What Haley shot at was the sleeve of the fat guy, who had been trying to take out a knife from his pocket. He wasn’t sure if he did it on purpose, but not only had he accurately shot the sleeve, in an instant he had loaded the gun again and shot the handle of the knife on the ground. The knife flew like a spinning dagger and dropped near Vick’s feet.

Haley didn’t flinch, not even once. He loaded the gun right away and pointed at the skinny guy’s head, as if nothing had happened.

‘God.....’

Vick felt that the word ‘god’ was involuntarily spilling out of his mouth. Chilling.

Vick hugged both of his shoulders and shivered.

Haley smirked at the guy who was pointing a gun at him. With that pretty face, he smiled like the most despicable bastard in the world; Vick look at him, with his eyes wide open.

‘I have killed before. Quite a lot.’ Haley’s expression when he was whispering was not in view. But the eyes of the skinny guy, who heard it, were shivering and trembling. Vick could imagine Haley’s expression from those terrified pupil and the image had him thrilled.

This was a scene in his movie. It was Real– the movie that he had to film. He felt like the title Real, which he made-up without thinking hard, was indeed the arrangement of god. –Oh, god.

This was fate, Vick felt.

He walked up to Haley. Small angels were circling overhead. ‘Congratulations’, ‘the best movie of his life’ and ‘jackpot’, rang the fanfare of joy. He even felt a halo just standing behind Haley. This is mine. He felt desperate that other directors might find out about Haley and snatch him away. The reasons for why he shouldn’t use Haley as a main character unrolled like a toilet paper, but Vick rolled it up again, put it in the trash and burned it.

Vick tried his best to look less crazy and school his expression before grabbing the hands of Haley, who was just standing there and pulled him aside.

“Haley!”

“Oh, Haley...”– The director called him in a trembling voice. Mason frowned a little and took half a step back. Something was strangely unpleasant, but the

director kept stepping forward and called “Haley” again, making it more burdensome.

His expression was all excited, like a man proposing, and Mason felt chills and shrugged his shoulders. ‘Ah, guess I’m not gay after all.’ Even as Mason was having this very scary thought, the director grabbed both of his hands firmly.

“Won’t you make a jackpot with me?”

The director asked excitedly as if he meant, ‘Won’t you make a baby with me?’ and Mason was taken aback, “Pardon?” Melisa, who stood at a distance, was crying and frantically struggling as if to charge at them, but her manager dragged her away to the car. Even in the midst of all that, the director kept gazing only at Mason.

“Let’s film a movie.”

‘What do you think? Good, right?’ He asked with his eyes sparkling, and Mason scowled. What’s wrong with this guy? Did he eat something wrong?

“What are you talking about? Didn’t we just finish filming?”

“Ah, yes. Yes. We were indeed filming. I’m talking about while you are at it, why not make the scenes longer?”

The director was full of excitement. “We’ll make the scenes longer and go with more doped characters, what do you think?”

“....Why?”

‘Why would I do that?’ Mason asked with a displeased expression. Making the scene longer means it’ll take more than a day, and Mason knew this technique very well. His superior at Zii, Beretta, that son of a bitch, was always like this. ‘Mason, there’s a job that will finish within a week, do you want to do it? Mason,

this time it's really simple. Mason? You trust me right, Mason?' –Vick was scarily similar to that disgusting bastard. Before long Mason would get persuaded into agreeing, 'Perhaps, may be only this time...'., and soon he would be forced to think 'Ah fuck, not again.'

"Why? You don't want to? You would like it, with a dope character let's make you into a big star and me, a rich man. Yeah?"

"Top actor? Wealthy?"

Mason narrowed his eyes and stared at Vick, who was talking exactly like Beretta. Vick shouted, "Yes!" with a confident tone and took out his phone.

"Oh, look there. Where's your manager? That fat guy who stares at me with sparkling eyes? No, will it work if I talk to your agency? What's the number?"

"Hey, wait a minute."

In Haley's agency, Haley was the boss and Tony was the only employee. Mason felt queasy, and the director called elsewhere.

"Hi, Gloria? Send Haley's manager here immediately. We are right across the street.... Yes. Stop the shooting."

Vick was burning with passion to do something, so he immediately jumped into action. Mason tried to interrupt him, "Director? Hello? Excuse me." 'Calling Tony and stopping the shoot?' It was obvious what Tony would think. Just thinking about poor Tony, carefully looking around the area and running to their side, gave him a headache.

The director hung up the phone and put it in his pocket. He started to talk in earnest.

"Now then, since the biggest investor is here, let's talk properly, yeah?"

He said so while looking at Noah, who was standing there with listless eyes. Noah had been watching their conversation with amusement, and smiled upon receiving the attention of the director.

“I don’t know. It’s not what I came here to talk about.”

Noah glanced at the suave leather watch on his wrist.

“If you want to talk to me, please make an appointment, Mr. Procter.”

Noah smiled gently, but firmly said so to the director, who in turn frowned as if being hit by cold water while in a good mood.

“Hey, excuse me. We are talking about a person who saved your life?”

“No, um, Director.”

I didn’t save his life... Mason stepped up to stop him. He more or less interfered in another person’s business rather than save a life. Noah sneered at the part of ‘saving life’ and said.

“Anyway, about the movie, please write a new report and send it to my secretary. Tell me how you are going to make a movie where Haley Lusk gets a bigger role and how the movie will succeed and repay the production cost.”

“Ah.... Write a report?”

The director asked with a smile, and Noah smiled back.

“Who knows? Honestly, I think it’s crazy, but I can at least hear about it.”

The director grinned at Noah, who was smiling very politely. The director’s expression said that at least Noah realizes what a crazy thing he was about to do

and having understood that, this was a very positive feedback.

“.....”

They were talking about him, but strangely he couldn't find a place to join them. Mason glimpsed at Tony who was running towards them from afar with a terrified expression. Tony had a face like he was thinking, 'what the hell did he do now. Of course, he got into trouble again. Amnesia is just an illness, not a cure-all that solves everything. I was having a good dream, only for a short while.' The director walked up to Tony, who was ready to bow on the ground and beg for forgiveness, even if he didn't know what Mason had done.

Mason saw Vick talk pretty importantly to Tony, while holding his shoulders, and turned around to look at Noah, who on the other hand had been avoiding his eyes until now.

“Um, you said you have some business with me?”

What business would Noah have with me? Mason asked carefully, and Noah smiled with his eyes bent. Mason felt that beneath his eyelids, Noah's eyes looked cold. His gaze slowly travelled from his head to toe, and Mason rolled his eyes.

“I did have some business-...”

Noah paused for a little bit and tilted his head again looking at Mason. He looked into his eyes as if searching for something, causing Mason to frown. Noah smiled inscrutably.

“This is all for today. I fear too much time has passed because of the unnecessary fuss.”

Noah said while looking at his watch and sure enough, a black limousine stopped on the side of the road as if it had been waiting. The car door opened and Phil,

wearing a navy colored suit, climbed out and stood by. Noah squinted tiredly and laughed, and Mason quickly averted his gaze, after glancing at his lips. Saliva collected in his mouth and glided down his throat.

“See you.... next time.”

“Huh?”

See him next time? Mason blinked at the banal goodbye, and Noah smiled with his eyes half-closed. Shortly thereafter he walked to Phil, who was waiting for him and got into the car.

Mason stared at his back as if bewitched. Until Tony fell forward in a faint after talking to the director and he had to catch hold of him.

What is Noah thinking now? HmMMM..... and poor Tony... he fainted lol

BTW almost half passed through the novel~ I can't wait to finish it! I hope I can finish it by this year... I have so many other novels I want to translate!

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 11 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Noah climbed inside the car and braved a glance at Haley, who was still staring dumbly at him through the window.

“Phil, am I really crazy?”

‘No, I’m a bit crazy, I know....’ Noah muttered, smiling and then frowned as if he really didn’t get it.

Hearing Noah’s words, Phil gave him a strange look and said, “Mr. Raycarlton is a very rational person. At least, as far as I know.”

“Ha, ha, as far as you know?” Noah smiled a bit, quizzically.

“That’s right. I know I’m a bit psychotic with more than ten different diagnosis, but still, you know I thought that I’ve been a rational person in general?”

Noah tilted his head and stared at Haley, who had already grown small, through

the window for a second and smiled, his eyes slightly bent.

“That's what I thought, but...” Noah mumbled vaguely.

Noah thought that he was a fairly rational person. Well, he did have a few mental health issues, but apart from that he didn't really lose control of circumstantial judgment and reasoning. As the highest of the highest, he had received the right kind of education soon after he was born and, it even suited his aptitude, so he never had a hard time doing that kind of a thing. The kidnapping incident that happened when he was seven, left the deepest scar in Noah's life, but still it hadn't changed the course of his life. Whether that incident happened or not, Noah knew, he would still be wearing a smiley mask and continued working indifferently.

He never misjudged a circumstance. He was cold to others, but he was cold to himself too. Just like Phil said, generally he was a rational person. He most definitely was, but...

But why did he feel that the guy was like Mason?

Noah squinted, clearly having a sense of déjà vu. He knew this was a weird thought, but Noah continued to project Mason on Haley.

Two weeks ago, when Noah heard that Haley might retire from acting, he had given it some thought and then sent several scripts to Tony. He wasn't sure what this feeling of déjà vu was, and so he didn't want Haley to slip into a different world.

After sending those scripts, Noah kept thinking about Haley.

How had Haley flirted with him, honestly Noah didn't remember much. Of course, he remembered what Haley said and what he did, but Noah didn't remember his facial expressions or his tone, at length. It was because Noah never bothered to look at him properly. He wasn't the type of guy that attracted

Noah's attention. Just like a rock that gets kicked around on the ground, the details of which no one cares to remember, Noah didn't remember Haley at all.

But then, when he met him again on the set, Noah clearly remembered Haley. His expressions, that frown in the rain, and that look, and the tone of his voice in the restroom; strangely, Noah remembered everything well.

It happened again, when they met. Granted it had been a baffling moment, but even considering that, strangely everything was memorable. There were moments when he was panicking and having an attack, but still, everything that Haley said or did were distinctly memorable to Noah.

The eyes that were gazing at him— The gaze that sent a familiar thrill and even the sense of self that met that gaze; everything was vividly engraved in Noah's brain.

It was a familiar feeling. Similar to all those times when Noah had met Mason. To that person, it might probably be a blurry and hazy incident that happened ten years ago, but to Noah, it was as clear as if it happened only a short while ago.

It was unusual, how Noah remembered everything about Haley, in the same way as how he remembered about Mason. Noah had dwelled on it for two weeks. During which, Haley occasionally kept overlapping with Mason. And not just the several intense moments, even the minor facial expressions, talking habits and their accents, kept overlapping.

Even as he thought that it was an insane illusion, the Haley that kept resurfacing in Noah visions, started to look like Mason. Even though they did not resemble each other, at all.

Noah wanted to explore his delusion. Maybe he'd gone crazy while getting tired of missing Mason, and had fallen into a despair at the news of his untimely death, and was still nervous at the thought of him being dead. Maybe his protective instincts were looking for a substitute that made him come up with

this misconception. Mason and Haley? It definitely was a delusion. However, the creepy feeling he got every time he thought about Haley did not change.

Noah decided to verify his memories by meeting Haley again.

Noah heard about Haley's shooting today and so had made some time. He didn't know what he was going to say when they met, but somehow he felt compelled to meet him.

".....-Mr. Raycarlton? Are you okay?"

Because Noah was vague in his last sentence and seemed to be lost in thought, Phil carefully approached him. Noah smiled brightly and waved his hand.

"Did it go well? The thing you said you wanted to confirm."

"Ahh."

'Definitely.' –Noah answered while smiling brightly. He was able to confirm more precisely because of the unscheduled incident. Was Haley capable of threatening a person holding a gun? That was more like Mason, rather than Haley. He had looked exactly like him.

It was a very short time, but Noah had concluded that he was not deluding himself after all.

".....But it was a stupid move."

Noah closed his eyes and mumbled at his own actions, 'I did something stupid today.'

Even if he had not been deluding himself, it was not as if Haley could become Mason. Indeed, what did he confirm? No matter how he looked or felt like Mason, Haley was not Mason. He wasn't even thinking about finding a substitute

for Mason, especially not someone like Haley.

Noah chastised himself for doing something useless and clicked his tongue.

He saw Haley’s image overlap Mason inside of his closed eyes, but Noah didn’t know what he must do about that.

[Continue to Chapter 12](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 12 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

A man in black staggered in to the rain. It was pouring, but he didn't even have an umbrella or shoes. The man ran like he was out of his mind, looking for someone calling 'Amy...' The drenched, wet and pale man raised his head.

'Amy!'

The man looked around. He didn't see anything in the pouring dark street. He had an indifferent expression unlike his actions, and on his face, there was but a slight show of nervousness.

That man, Dan Haihen, was a very rational person. Just like those genius types, he couldn't understand other people very well and was emotionally dry. He was smart in catching criminals, but very dull in understanding the feelings of the criminals or the victims. When his colleague got killed, rather than being sad, he was focused on catching the killer, which had gotten him cold stares from all around.

No matter how big the business was, he would just say, "Why so loud?" with a

stern expression.

But the same rational guy couldn't do anything in this situation. His one and only daughter, Amy Haihen, had disappeared where Taken, the murderer, appeared in the street.

Taken had a personal grudge against Dan. Three months ago, Taken's daughter found out that her father was a serial killer and tried to commit suicide, and Taken had tried to stop her. Reading Taken's mind, Dan had arrested him in the middle and because of that he couldn't stop his daughter from committing suicide. Dan tried to stop her suicide too, but he was a little late, and when the FBI got to her house, she was already turning cold.

Taken got sentenced to 320 years and while he was being transferred, he had smiled at Dan.

'This time I was late, but next time it will be you'

Taken had left Dan who was frowning and walked inside the jail. Ten days later, it was on the news that he had escaped.

Dan knew what he meant. Taken couldn't save his daughter and wanted Dan to suffer the same fate as his. Dan heard that Taken had escaped, but he purposely ignored it.

On his way home with his child, he had opened his wallet to buy some bread for dinner and breakfast. During that short interval, the child, who was looking around the cakes beside his legs, had disappeared without a trace. The child was standing there a moment ago, but nobody saw the child leave and didn't know who took the child.

'But next time you'll be late.'

Taken's voice passed through Dan's mind.

Logically, he was already late. Dan knew that, Taken did not hesitate with his target and by now everything was probably over. He knew that, Amy was not alive.

Dan, who never lost his judgment, couldn't do anything at that moment.

Nothing could have happen. There's no way something had happened to her. He could only think over and over again.

'Amy....'

Dan frowned after murmuring her name. His cold and solid eyes shook and trembled.

And soon Dan ended up finding it, what Taken had left there to see, a child's small shoes. Dan saw the shoes drenched wet in rain, and his hands started to tremble. His face cracked horribly. He knew he had to accept the fact that his child was dead, but he couldn't.

Dan's cold face, which had never shown any fury, was now distorted in horrible pain.

Click, he heard the cold sound of a gun loading and soon following it, 'bang!' he heard the gun shot.

Dan raised his drenched face to see the person. From there, everything started to move very slowly. Just like how death would be.

'I'm sorry. This time I was faster.'

The man, Taken, smiled. Dan didn't notice the blood oozing out of his chest. He just stared at Taken.

His face, full of murderous intent, grew bigger in a close-up.

“Oh my....”

Ashley, who was watching the drama ‘Clue’ with a small 17-inch TV screen, unconsciously covered her mouth and muttered. She didn’t really enjoy watching TV, but since she suddenly became free, she started to watch the shows that she used to watch irregularly. This one was a little boring, but it was still watchable, and as expected it was mildly entertaining. And just now, she opened her mouth and stared at the screen.

Haley Lusk? Ashley knew Haley. Even those, who didn’t really care about gossips, knew about him. Hollywood’s famous slut, who wasn’t even good at acting or singing, but still caused a lot of trouble and used that to earn money. Ashley had thought about him as much. In fact, most people thought of him in such fashion, and recently everybody had started thinking, ‘This guy won’t do....’

On the screen, Haley Lusk appeared again. He bit his lips in the rain and glared at the other person, and dramatically frowned.

What is this, was he that pretty and cool? Ashley didn’t get why she thought Haley drenched wet in rain was pretty, and innocent, and sensitive looking. Haley’s face that was zoomed in and huge, in a close-up, was inspiring an emotion.

That fierce glare at the killer, teary eyes, and with blood wetting his entire lips—Ashley felt a sudden chill. Haley threw up some blood and breathed out heavily, inhaled with convulsions and exhaled. And then he fell forward and the screen shook a little and moved in for a big close-up. Underneath his trembling eyelids, either a rain drop or a tear gathered, and soon his eyes lost its liveliness.

Long time no see! It's been about a month? I think? My friends came in town last week, so I was busy with them haha. Here is the first part of the chapter 12! and I'll be posting part 2 this week! (since I was on break for too long...)

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 12 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“What is, he....?”

Ashley murmured. Apart from the creepy acting skill that can’t be Haley’s, that stare felt like something she had seen before.....

Click. Before Ashley could figure out where she had seen that stare, the screen that was showing pouring dark rain with a solemn music, was turned off.

“What? –I was watching that!”

It was an important scene! Ashley shouted and stood up and looked at the man behind her, who had clicked the remote. The man was looking at her with dislike.

“Is it the time to be watching a TV show, right now?”

“Then what should we do? Should we go out and turn ourselves in to Zii?”

Ashley asked him coldly, and the man, Aaron, frowned.

“That’s probably better, right? If Zii finds us first, just getting shot in the head won’t be enough.”

“Shut up, Ashley.”

“Then why did you kill Mason, you idiot!”

She said it in a resentful way, and Aaron who bit his lips, shouted loudly, “Fuck!”

“Because that son of a bitch was trying to shoot Alta!”

Aaron admitted he had acted crazily. Shooting Mason had been a spontaneous reaction. He hadn’t acted rationally like he should have. It had happened without him knowing. Right afterwards, he realized why. Mason was trying to shoot Alta and as if someone had held his hands, he had pulled the trigger and it had happened unconsciously.

Aaron thought that Mason Taylor was a very annoying man.

When he was first transferred to Mason's team, he has had some expectations. Of course in Zii and even in other corporations, Mason was famous for being an outstanding mercenary. An incredible Veteran who had executed many missions that was seemingly impossible to succeed and had survived. His team was famous for getting dangerous missions, but he had been optimistic about being able to watch such amazing skills put to action.

But the real Mason was not so amazing. He completed the missions like a moth, rushing towards the fire. He wouldn’t have said anything if Mason didn’t have the skill. Even though there were safer ways to execute a mission, Mason acted ignorantly that propelled their opponents into sudden panic and shook them and run towards them with a knife.

Aaron thought, ‘Isn’t it enough to only put himself at risk?’ What made Aaron

more annoyed was that, Mason never failed even with such risky strategies.

Like that time, when they went inside the war profiteer, Alta's, bunker. That kind of idiotic move had worked once again, and right at the moment, when they were about to complete the mission, Alta told them that he would give 50 million dollars.

Fifty million dollars! It was that kind of money, which when you hear about, you don't even realize how huge it is. Mason had indifferently aimed his gun at Alta, even though he had offered them money, which even if they divided among themselves— Mason, Aaron and Ashley AND their children's grandchildren, there would be plentiful. Aaron got annoyed at Mason. Motherfucker! He was acting as if he was the only cool guy there.

Looking at the steady gun aimed at him, Alta said the password with a frozen face. 12, 36.5, 37....., and right before the last number came out his mouth, Mason pulled the trigger, unhesitatingly.

At that moment, when the 50 million dollars disappeared in front of his eyes, Aaron couldn't not pull the trigger. He couldn't think of anything else except to stop Mason.

'What are you doing! Team Leader...!'

He found out what he had done after Ashley screamed. A dark red hole appeared on Mason's forehead, and blood gushed out from behind his head. He was staring at him in wonder, 'wow, what a pathetic bastard,' and soon he collapsed.

From that point onwards, there was no turning back.

Alta was trembling on the ground with a shot to his chest, and Aaron pulled his hair to raise him up. And he said while pointing the gun at Ashley.

'Do you want to die or open the safe and be on the same boat?'

Ashley knew he wasn't kidding about killing her, so she slowly nodded.

Aaron dragged a shivering Alta and put him in front of the safe, and he was forced to unlock the iris recognition and fingerprint scanners. 12, 36.5, 37, -But before he could say the last number, Alta stopped breathing.

It was such a shitty situation. If he accidentally pressed a wrong number and the password got reset, he would have to start from iris recognition all over again. No matter how many times he put the dead Alta's eyes in front of the locker, the password will never be solved.

There was no other choice. Aaron, along with Ashley, damaged Mason's corpse and made it look like himself. Fortunately their heights and size were similar, and he destroyed his face completely so that it cannot be recognized even with dental records. After that, they put the corpse in front of the bluff safe and shot the safe to make it explode.

Alta's bedroom had several secret passageways and those two ran away with the safe. They erased their tracks and got a shelter in a pretty safe place, but that was it.

They still couldn't open Alta's safe, and Zii's chase was choking them every minute. They contacted a pretty well known safe worker, but they only got shitty news that a bomb was planted in the locking device and if they press the wrong numbers several times in a row, it would explode.

Just like Ashley said, the only thing they could do was either watching dramas or order pizzas. Even so, they won't be able to continue for long because they didn't have much money left.

"I told you, right? Team Leader was not an idiot. Do you think he wouldn't know about this?"

Ashley looked like she was sick of it. Ashley had worked with Mason for three years. Mason mostly worked recklessly and sometimes she thought he was really crazy, but she knew after having worked with him for three years that he was strong in times of danger, quick on the draw and had a natural talent of being able to dig through other people's inner circle. If there was genius and mediocrity amongst the mercenaries, he was a genius. Mason seemed clumsy, but he never misjudged the circumstances. He'd never failed anything that he said would work and never succeeded anything that he said wouldn't work.

Aaron complained that Mason was an idiot, but Ashley knew it was Aaron that was the idiot. Also love, was their enemy. Ashley knew that this personality of hers would one day get her killed.

"It's 50 million dollars!"

Aaron tried to remind himself, and Ashley snapped, "It's just trash if you can't open it." Aaron glared at her and said, "What did you say?" but Ashley didn't even flinch.

"It can be trash even if we did open it."

Ashley said with cold eyes. It hit the mark, and Aaron couldn't hold in his anger. He threw the remote that he had been holding, at her. Crash! Because Ashley tilted her head a little bit to avoid the remote, it flew over to the TV, crashed in to the corner and shattered. Ashley frowned. "Aw fuck, now I would want to kill myself because I'm bored...."

"Think properly, you idiot, if you don't want to die."

Do you know what kind of place Zii is? Even if they luckily open and put their hands on the 50 million dollars, there would be no 'happily ever after' for these two. Whenever and wherever, Zii will come after its traitors.

Aaron bit his lips and glared at Ashley. Their glaring match ended when Aaron's

phone rang in his pocket. Aaron urgently took his phone out. There was one person who knew his temporary phone number.

Fred Rector. They were Mason's team members together in Zii. When he told him that he would give one million dollars from the safe, he had occasionally given them insider information.

Aaron answered the phone hoping that he would get some positive news this time. On the other side of the phone was a relaxed voice.

[Hey, you alive?]

"Don't say something useless. Just tell me the situation fast. Don't tell me we have to move our shelter?"

Aaron asked sharply, and Fred chuckled. [You're too tensed.] He sounded like it was no big deal.

[Zii is not looking for Mason anymore.]

"...What are you talking about?"

Zii is not looking for Mason anymore? Did Zii find out that the corpse was Mason and not me? Ashley heard the voice from the phone and swallowed as her throat ran dry.

[The top tier people gave an order, and Zii will not care about this incident anymore.]

"Won't care?"

[They don't care if it is you or Mason that took the safe. They will consider this to never have happened.]

Fred said something that was unbelievable, and Aaron turned around to look at Ashley. She looked surprised too. Zii hadn't even caught the traitors, but they'll let this one go and consider that it never happened. That can't happen.

Ashley, who had been listening, took away the phone from Aaron's hands and put it on a speaker.

"Why?"

Her question was full of suspicion. "You want me to believe this nonsense?" Maybe Fred betrayed them and was trying to fish them out? Even if that was true, this was too noticeable. Fred talked like he understood.

[You know, this is just a rumor.... Do you know Raycarlton? They are saying that Noah Raycarlton is looking for Mason personally. That's why he told Zii to let go.]

"Why would he?"

"Did they have any personal connection?" Ashley asked, and Fred answered like it was obvious.

[Who knows? Perhaps he's interested in the safe?]

His tone suggested, 'what other reason could there be?' Yes. What else can it be? Mason probably didn't have any connection with Raycarlton, and even if he did, there was no way that he would use his power on Zii, based on just that connection.

Ashley looked at Aaron who had his eyes wide open. His eyes were full of expectation.

Fred hung up the phone, wishing them well, and Ashley put the phone down on the table and looked at Aaron.

This can probably turn out to be better than they had expected. Of course, they would live and might even be able to sell that safe off.

“No, if he has that much interest, he will definitely buy the safe.”

They didn’t have to know the last number of the password. Raynoah was a man who could call the professionals that made the safe to open it.

They didn’t know what was inside the safe, and it may be not 50 million dollars like Alta had said. But one thing was for sure; whatever was inside the safe was not trash.

“See. I was not wrong.”

Aaron murmured while thinking of the dead Mason. Well, he was dead anyways and he didn’t have to prove that Mason was wrong, not him.

They started to look for a way to meet Raynoah secretly.

For a second, Ashley was reminded of the actor’s stare in the drama that she had been watching, but only for an instant. She got busy suddenly and forgot about whatever that she saw.

Hoot Hoot! Two in a week~ It's like when I first started to translate this haha

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 12 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

The DBS television network aired a program called “The Inside”, which usually broadcasted news and scandals about Hollywood stars. Their first story this week was about Vick Procter’s new movie.

The show host, who was wearing a fancy red dress, waved her hands and said.

“Wow, what did Vick Procter do, for the news about his new movie to be aired very first today, instead of scandals about the Hollywood’s bitches? –What is it, Danny? Is it a story so surprising and provocative that it had to be first in the queue?”

The man called Danny proudly nodded his head.

“Indeed. This is a very shocking news. Listen to it first.” He slightly covered his lips as if whispering and said.

“First Vick Procter, he made Melisa cry.”

“Who-? ‘The Melisa Ain’? Oh my god, he made someone, who’s really hot right now, cry? Why?”

“That is- don’t be surprised. Wow. It’s because of Haley.”

He said it like wan't it surprising, and the host looked concerned at his lucidity.

“What? Haley? Is it Haley you are talking about?”

“Yes, ‘the Haley’.”

“I can’t believe it”, Danny continued.

“Everyone knows how Vick recently cranked in a movie? Chase Miller is the main character and Melisa Ain, the supporting actress. So everyone was expecting another big hit.”

“Who wouldn’t? I mean with Vick and Chase, there might be a few question marks, but then there is also the budding rookie, Melisa!”

“Yes, yes. That’s right.” He waved both his hands in order to placate her.

“Everyone expected a fantastic triple play, but sadly, Melisa dropped out of the movie. She announced that she didn’t even want to hear Director Vick’s name, from now on.”

“Oh my, why did she do that? It was probably a great chance to become a top actress. Dropping out of Vick’s movie that was guaranteed to be a hit and cinematic value...”

‘It wouldn’t happen unless it was something big, right?’ Danny replied to her question in a secretive tone.

“Actually, rumor around the film set was that, she didn’t drop out, but got fired! –Like I said, the Director made Melisa cry.”

“Cutting out Melisa, why? Perhaps-“

“Yes, that perhaps.” Danny said sternly, and she shouted back in shock.

“He fired Melisa because of Haley?!”

The host spun her head like she got punched.

“There is more surprising news. Not only did Vick send Melisa away and appoint Haley in the main supporting role, but he’s also going to throw away all the parts he had filmed until now and make a whole, new story.”

“Oh my god!” –She mumbled and asked.

“Did Vick actually go insane?”

“Vick is not even gay. I know he loves his wife a lot.” It would make sense to her if Vick were gay. Danny just shrugged his shoulders.

“According to Vick, he fell in love with Haley’s realistic acting skills.”

“Pardon? What? Excuse me, Danny?”

‘Can you repeat it one more time? Yes?’ She asked.

“It’s been 16 years since he debuted, and to him, who still displays a very shabby acting, he said that he fell in love with his acting? Is Vick crazy or gone blind?”

‘Does he need a new pair of glasses?’ –Danny nodded, at her disbelieving expression.

“Your reaction is obvious. At first, I thought so too, but did you see last week’s episode of the show ‘Clue’?”

“Ah-, the scene when Dan dies. I saw that too.”

She waved her hand, signaling to not say anything more.

“The scene has been an issue this whole week. People around me were making such a fuss, I’m so sick of hearing about Dan.”

“Why? Wasn’t it a pretty good scene?”

“Not sure. I don’t want to admit it. Its only an issue because, Haley is usually so v-e-r-y bad at acting. It wasn’t even special.”

Danny chuckled at her stubborn words.

“Ahh, you are a Raynoah fan, right?”

She said, “Who isn’t?” and shrugged her shoulders, and Danny asked if she knew this.

“Do you know who is the biggest investor of Vick’s new movie? It’s NLC. That is Raynoah’s investing company.”

“Hah?” She gestured as if her head was going to burst, and Danny said—

“No matter how Vick wants to use Haley, if there is no Raynoah’s approval, it will be impossible. Vick was able to make this surprising turn of events because he had that beautiful man’s approval.”

The host touched her forehead to stop her head from spinning, hearing what Danny said. This whole information was a big deal. She spun her fingers as if she

didn't know which way to pinpoint and after a while said—

“He really meant it during that recent interview, didn't he?”

“Interview... The one full of sympathy? You mean the interview where he said Haley was pitiful?”

“Yes... That one... I think Noah really thought that Haley was pitiful.....”

‘How can he do that? Is he really an angel, that man’ — she said with feeling, and Danny smiled pitifully at her.

Surprise! Something good just happened to me today.... so I'm sharing this happiness to people who were waiting so patiently!

P.S. I think Vick's name supposed to be Bick.... the author wrote B as his first letter.... Oh well too late to fix it!

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 12 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“ ”
.....

Mason was holding a coffee cup and walking by an electronics store, when he paused to watch a TV screen inside, playing something. Then turned his head and continued walking down the street.

While strolling on the street, he felt people's strange stares following him wherever he went, which he hadn't felt until last week. Whether he was falling or had fallen, Haley had always been under the scrutiny of other people. Once there was a time when he was world famous, but afterwards when he wasn't popular anymore, he still managed to film dramas or movies, just to show his face. And did he invite many troubles? Of course he did, and it was hard for those who lived in Beverly Hills to not know him.

And so, wherever he went there were still some stares following him, not just because he was a celebrity, but also out of dislike, hatred and annoyance. Sometimes people who looked like they were gay would stare at him with

interest, but most of the gay community hated Haley.

People always didn't hide their unpleasantness, and Mason received those placidly. What about the intense stares? When he went to war, everyone looked at each other like that too. Even the bullets flew back and forth, and exchange of stares were just only affectionate and warm. And Mason was the type that didn't care about other people's stares. He was an insensitive and indifferent person.

But even he had started to care about the stares he was receiving these days. Well, maybe not as much, but how people looked at him had definitely changed.

It happened after the drama 'Clue' had aired, which he had filmed one month ago. Tony brought some popcorn and pizza so they can watch the drama together, but he couldn't watch most of it because he was dozing off after a work out.

Mason was just worrying 'when will this body get healthy, what if healthiness is just what you were born with, and Haley's body will never get healthy, do I have to live forever in a body that feels like it's going to die after a work out?' He had dozed off but woke up with a start to Tony clapping loudly.

Tony cried and mumbled, "God, thank you. Thank you!" He was moving his hands in a strange fashion that neither looked like a prayer nor a praise.

Mason thought Tony was just overreacting as usual, but the next day the director of 'Clue' called.

He said he was sorry and asked him to appear in his next drama.

After he hung up on that call, Mason got few more calls from places he didn't know. He didn't know them anyway, so he didn't answer, but Haley's acquaintances, who didn't even call after Haley woke up from dead, sensibly felt something about yesterday's drama and started to contact him.

Real's director, Vick Procter, acted more desperately after watching that drama. He kept nagging Mason to sign the new contract as if someone was going to steal him right away. "I found you, didn't the director from 'Clue' already fire you?" He held out his hands almost like begging and handed him the contract.

Tony was nagging too, next to Mason and asked with an almost crying face, 'Why wouldn't you want to do it?'

'Didn't you say I'm gonna be filming only for two days, for fifty thousand dollars?'

'Didn't you say it might even last only a day?' Mason couldn't understand why he was asking such an obvious question. If they filmed more for what was supposed to be a fifty thousand dollar deal, didn't it mean he is less than what they bargained for?

He agreed because of the tempting offer, but now they wanted to extend the scenes. For Mason, who didn't want to be a successful celebrity, it was not a pleasing deal at all.

Didn't Vick say, 'You'll become a top star, and I'll become a rich man'? –Does that even make sense?

Mason wanted more to be a rich man than a top star. What can you do being a top star?

'Will they give me more money if I film more? How much more would they pay?'

Mason sounded like he was nitpicking. Based on his calculations, if he films for a month, he will make 750 thousand dollars. It was impossible to earn that much money with any kind of work. Just as expected, Tony and the Director's face got a little dark.

‘No well...., of course we can’t give a lot....’

‘Liz, your name is.... not like before.....’

Mason thought of course, so what if his name was not like before? It’s not as if they were going to pay him a million dollars?

On the other hand, Vick was counting with his fingers and asked, ‘but if you calculated like that, wouldn’t a million be okay too?’

‘Look, if it’s 50 thousand for two days and say, we cram the filming within a month, then it’ll be 750 thousand dollars for a month, right? But if you want one million then it’s... No. I’m sorry....’

‘Of course this kind of calculation doesn’t make sense...’ Vick made a disappointed face, unlike Mason who asked—

‘Give me how much?’

Mason suspected his own ears and asked again, and Vick answered back, ‘Huh?’

‘Did you say one million? In a month?’

Mason asked again, and Vick scratched his cheek.

‘No.... it might be a little more than a month.’

Vick said, ‘But hopefully it won’t take that long.’

‘My movie, it still it has a large sum of money invested in it and so, if it takes longer to complete, the project will incur extra few hundred thousand every time.’

‘So coming back to the topic... You will pay me one million for a month?’

Mason's expression looked like he was hearing a boring joke, and Tony mumbled, 'Liz.... One million dollars is a lot for us.' Mason turned around to face him.

'One million dollars?'

'....Sorry. The investors said they can't pay more than that....'

Vick wore an apologizing expression.

'I'll even put my own money to match up, so let's make a contract first. Yes?'

'....Really gonna give me one million dollars?'

Mason didn't pay attention to what Vick was saying and glanced and checked the contract that had been in front of him already.

"\$1,100,000.00"

No, it was not one million dollars? It was one million and one hundred thousand dollars. In front of him, both Vick and Tony were saying, 'After this, there will be some commercial offers.' 'If that's a hit, the next movie can earn you 10 million dollars,' but Mason couldn't hear anything.

He had rolled and crawled, gotten hurt in the desert, and had sold and bought lives. He went through all kinds of hell, and the income he received was 420 thousand. He considered getting a lot in Zii, but he had to work under extra harsh and dangerous conditions than other people in order to earn it.

But one million and one hundred thousand dollars, in a month— Never mind the unrealistic story about earning 10 million dollars, the big number in front of Mason eyes struck his heart.

He held the pen and signed the contract like he was bewitched by the march of 0s in front of his eyes. He noticed how desperate the other two were and so, bore an expression like he was signing the contract because he got pressured, but actually his hand was slightly trembling. His hands weren't even shaking when he was signing the body disclaimer contract, but well. Fifty thousand dollars not withstanding, it was now a million dollars, a month. It would be weird if his hands weren't trembling.

Seriously, this life was very unexpected.

It felt like, he had woken up in a whole new world.

Chi-Ching \$_\$ I see money....

Little late today!

FUN FACT:

Robert Downey Jr. got paid \$75 million filming Iron Man 3

[Continue to Part 5](#)

Part. 5

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 12 Part 5)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“.....”

Mason looked away from the TV and wondered how many times his new life has changed in little over a month.

Before he died, he was just a normal mercenary, but after he woke up, he became Hollywood’s troublemaker. That by itself was a big change, but it hadn’t been the end.

A month was short but could be long at the same time. Mason’s life had changed a lot and kept changing during that month.

First, he had come to accept that the face appearing on TV was not that of a stranger’s. He understood that, ‘this is my face.’ In the beginning, he felt his face was that of a stranger’s and was startled every time he looked at the mirror, in the restroom. Compared to that, this was a great change.

“Um, Haley? –Can you sign this paper for us?”

He heard the voice and turned around, and saw two young girls standing with their eyes sparkling. This was one of the things that have changed.

Mason took the pen she offered and signed on her notebook and smiled slightly. He returned the pen and notebook to the two blushing girls and bid goodbye. He heard the girls cheering afterwards.

Still, he mostly received the cold stares that spoke of annoyance and hatred, but there was definitely a small change. Though rare, a few fans or people with goodwill started to appear. Although Mason was indifferent to other people's stares, he thought that 'like', rather than dislike, was obviously better.

There was no job for him then, so he was about to quit being an actor, but he became an actor who was nagged into signing a contract by the director and his manager even though he was being offered a million dollars.

When he woke up in Haley's body, during that shocking moment, even Mason, who was always optimistically thought 'Isn't living same everywhere. No, this is a new chance' had felt dizzy at this sudden shift in reality.

Mason couldn't even predict how this life will change, up to what extent?

He finished his 'today's schedule of drinking one cup of coffee from every café nearby and looking around the interiors.' He bought some ingredients for dinner and went back home. He walked around a little to observe the streets in between the cafés and the population around there, but once again he failed to find the spot he sought after.

Mason thought, 'Well, I need to film a movie first, so I can't even build a café...' and looked ahead and noticed someone squatting down in front of his house. It seemed like that person noticed Mason too, stood up and widely waved at him while walking up to him.

“-Liz!”

Mason frowned slightly. It was Haley’s cousin Joy. She was standing there without any makeup on and a little bit skinnier than the last time he saw her.

“Liz, have you been well?”

She walked stiffly up to him and asked. He saw her awkward stare and instead of looking at her coldly, he smiled brightly.

“Yeah. What’s going on?”

Joy’s face got a little brighter after Mason smiled. Her expression was like ‘Did this idiot finally feel better?’ She carefully approached him and gave a servile smile.

“Um, can we talk inside? I have something to tell you...”

“Just say it here.”

Mason smiled and said firmly. She, who looked bright for a second, flinched, and Mason continued.

“Why did you come?”

He was smiling, but the tone was obvious that he just wanted her to get to the point.

“Liz.... Seriously, why are you being like this? Are you still mad?”

She sobbed and suddenly cried.

“I told you, I’m sorry. How can you be still so mad?”

“Mad? I’m not mad.”

Mason said calmly. There was no reason for him to get mad. Haley’s family ripping him off was just another stranger’s business. Of course he thought those people were like bugs, but that’s because it was against Mason’s principles.

“Liz..- Please forgive me. Everything is my fault, hm?”

She cried with a pitiful face. A pretty face, which kind of resembled Haley, but messy and wrinkled.

“It’s not the problem with money. I was too harsh, right? I was just completely dependent on the money you gave and didn’t even say thank you. Sorry. I’m really sorry. If you can forgive me, I’ll do anything. Please. Please, Liz—”

“Forgive me”— She suddenly kneeled down and clung onto Mason’s leg. She cried, full of regret and reproach, saying everything was her fault and to forgive her. Mason looked down at her and asked.

“You need my forgiveness?”

Mason said while tapping her shoulders and she looked up, crying.

“I got it. I don’t know what I have to forgive, but I’ll forgive everything, so you may leave. I have to eat dinner and read a script.”

Tony said he was going to bring the script today. Four days after getting the new script, they will start filming. The day will end after eating dinner, reading the script and exercising for one hour. He’ll probably knock out right away after exercising.

Mason shook his leg free from her grasp and dusted the pants. She looked stunned that she got his forgiveness so easily.

“Th, then you are gonna pay my living expenses again? I don’t even have to pay back the debt?”

“Why should I?”

“You, you said you’re gonna forgive me?”

Mason thought for a second whether including Haley, if everyone in this family was not smart and said.

“I’m forgiving you because you asked for it. I told you I’m not doing this because I’m mad? –Go back, Joy.”

Mason waved his hands and told her to go away, and she bit her lips and cried even more.

“Liz, are you really gonna be like this? It’s enough already. I got a distraintment because I didn’t pay back your money. I’m about to get kicked out of my apartment next week!”

“If I get kicked out from my apartment, how am I gonna live with my kid? After I got divorced, I didn’t even have money. You know, I don’t even have enough and have to eat less because I have to save up on food?” She laid out her poor situation.

“What does that seriously have to do with me?”

Mason sighed lightly and asked.

“What? What does that have to do with you? You, you don’t even have sympathy? How can you?”

“Why do I have to feel sympathy towards people who tried to kill me? Did you

forget that we made eye contact while you were trying to take off my oxygen mask?”

She hesitated when she heard that and said, “That was just.... Jo, joking around!” The excuse was not even smart. Mason laughed with a dumbfounded expression.

“Wow, what a freak? The person you should be grateful for, for paying your living expenses is dying next to you, and you play around with his oxygen mask?”

“Tha, that is just....-“

“Anyway I’m sorry”. She clung onto Mason’s leg because she didn’t have anything else to say.

“You are not in a good relationship with other relatives but not so with me Liz, yes? If it’s too much for you to provide all of their living expenses, you can... Can’t you at least spare mine? You can, right? Other people are comfortable how they are. I’m the only one who came to you like this, didn’t I?”

“Pleas, Liz. It’s really hard....” She said it while clinging, and Mason made a smile that implied he was really sick of it.

“I don’t know how all of you sound the same. Indeed, blood is thicker than water, huh? Anna, Jason, Sandra, and even a guy I didn’t recognize, called me and asked to help at least themselves.... I don’t know how Anna found out, but she followed me to my film set and clung onto me and acted violently, so she got arrested by the police. You didn’t hear the news yet?”

“What, what...?”

“I’m saying you are the last, you idiot.”

Mason said while pulling his leg free from her weakening clasp.

“The guy who said, ‘Okay, I got it this time, but please do well next time,’ and lived like a pushover when you cried and apologized, is dead. You remember, right? You took off the oxygen mask.”

Mason thought why she was still clinging on a hot day like this and walked past her and went to the gate.

“Liz! Liz! Lizzzzz!”

She clung onto him crying, and Mason ignored her with an indifferent expression. Mason was pretty weak for crying people, but that’s only if they didn’t use their tears. Like Tony, or Noah.....

He pushed her away to close the gate, and she grabbed the gate and bit her lips and glared at him. She figured out that crying was not going to help, so she said with a vicious stare.

“Are you abandoning your family because you are going well? You think that the one movie of Director Vick’s will change your life?”

Mason looked at her indifferently.

“A celebrity can get ruined by a single scandal. How long do you think this is gonna last?”

Mason smirked. ‘Bullshit’. He stared at her, and she flinched and trembled. Mason got rid of her and closed the gate.

“Watch out! You’ll regret this!”

‘Just watch!’ Her scream trickled through the gate. Tony, who was already inside the house, came running to see what was going on, but Mason walked inside with a neutral expression like he cannot hear any curse words.

“You slutty bitch! Just watch!!”

Joy shouted every kind of curse word at Haley’s receding back, peeking through the gate. Haley walked inside without a single glance back at her, so she bit her teeth and screamed, “Aaaaaaack!” like a crazy bitch.

Purposely in this hot weather, wearing dirty clothes and not even any makeup, she had been squatting down in front of the gate and waiting for him.

It’s been 10 years since Haley’s parents died. She’s been living off of him, thinking that he was an ATM machine that spouted cash if you tap it once; because he earned this money back easily.

Just for posing in front of the camera, ten thousand dollars, and one movie earned him one million dollars, easily stacked into his bank account. He appeared on a talk show and kept his mouth shut like a clam, but still the next day, his fans sent him a high-end bag for working hard.

Since it was easily earned money, it should be natural for him to help out his relatives, like Joy, who was living a hard life. Haley will probably feel embarrassed if his relatives were poor.

Her life was seriously hard. She had always struggled with the small amount of money that Haley gave. She couldn’t even think of buying an expensive Hermes purse, so she just used what she always had. Haley, he always wore a reluctant expression when she asked for a bag, even though he bought whatever bags or shoes he wanted.

When the money that Haley gave ran short, sometimes she sold his private life to the magazines to earn some pocket money. Because Haley was stupid, if she coaxed him a little, he would spit out who flirted with him, whom he liked, and how the masturbation toy he bought was too big. He didn’t know what was shameful, and such stories became a kind of life support for Joy.

She didn't feel guilty because celebrities were meant for gossip. She never sold something that didn't happen.

Haley had cried, 'Joy! How can you be like this?' with an angry face, whenever she sold him out for some pocket money. He did say he won't pay her living expenses anymore, but every time that happened, Joy succeeded in coaxing him.

She had apologized and begged that she won't do it again, convinced him how she didn't have a choice because she really wanted those shoes, get angry that this wouldn't have happened if he bought the shoes for her in the first place. If she moved him up and down with tears and snots, he would grow sullen and understand her.

She thought it would be the same this time. Something was different when he had sent a reminder, but she assumed that he was madder than usual and will feel better soon if she sweet-talked him. But Haley had said that she was an idiot in a cold tone, unlike his usual self, took out a gun from a bag and pointed it in the air and gave a scary smile.

"Eeek....!"

That time Haley was very scary and annoying, so she got angry and thought she could survive without receiving the usual living expenses. But after the house got an attachment and the babysitters quit because they didn't receive their salary, she had to go back to Haley.

Joy thought that trying to sweet-talk and smiling was a mistake and so this time, she cried and clung to him pitifully, thinking it would make him feel some sympathy. Haley easily fell for a little bit of affection.

But it was a mistake. Haley didn't get angry but instead wore an indifferent and placid expression. His eyes did not have any emotion.

‘The guy who said, ‘Okay, I got it. Please do well next time,’ and lived like a pushover when you cried and apologized, is dead. You remember, right? You took off the oxygen mask.’

Just like he said, Haley who lived like a fool seemed to have disappeared at the same time the oxygen mask got off.

If this continues, she might have to sell all the bags and shoes she possessed. It was no joke that the very next week, the apartment and the Ferrari were going to be sold in an auction.

Joy bit her lips and held her anger and screamed, “Aaaack!” again.

She glared scarily at the door where Haley had disappeared into and turned around.

“This is not going to end easily like this, Haley.”

‘Just watch’ –She murmured viciously and bit her fingernail.

She is a BIATCH

I feel bad for Haley.... I think Haley just wanted relatives' love that he couldn't get from his parents by giving them the money.... OR he's just a stupid pushover.

[Continue to Chapter 13](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 13 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“You are gonna wear that?”

“Really?” Tony asked again in wonderment. Mason looked at the suit he’d picked and frowned slightly.

“Ah, as expected it’s too fancy, isn’t it?”

All the suits inside Haley’s closet were either sparkling, hot pink, or claimed to be of post-modern style with strange shapes. So he picked up the least loud of them and yet, the fit was strange, sticking close to him.

The last time he wore a suit was when he worked as a bodyguard, about 10 years ago and since it’s been a while, he couldn’t get used to the feel of wearing suits.

“Fancy?”

“What? Where?” Tony eyes widened as he asked. Mason looked at the suit he’d picked. Tony’s expression said, ‘I’m not sure whether you genuinely asked me if

it's too fancy or just being sarcastic.'

"In fact, I was wondering when did you even own such a sensible suit. You always liked fancier things."

Tony said, "You once said that, for your next "crank-in" movie party, you would wear this" and took out a hot pink suit.

"Do you want this?"

"...I'll just wear this one."

Mason suddenly felt tired and went inside with the suit he'd picked. Tony shouted from outside, "We need to go to the salon too, so get ready fast!"

"A salon?" Mason asked in a loud voice while putting on his pants. A salon? What salon?

"You need to do your hair and makeup."

'We really don't have time!' Tony screamed, and Mason tucked his shirt under the pants and put on the jacket. Ah, this is really strange. Mason looked at his own reflection at the mirror.

The suit was unexpectedly not a tight one. The width was small, so it had some tightness to it, but because his body was very thin, it was also a bit roomy. However, whether it was on purpose or because Haley wore this when he was little, the pants were a bit short and his anklebones were sticking out. And also he couldn't pinpoint it, but the overall look had an erotic vibe.

Was it because of the high quality navy cloth or how it contrasted with Haley's pale skin?

"You need to be fast. Are you done?"

Tony burst into his room and asked, and instead of looking at him, Mason was looking at the mirror and replied to him.

“No, I’m not going to a salon. What hair and even makeup...”

“What’s wrong with blow drying your hair and....”

Tony opened his mouth, as if to say ‘you should still dress up,’ but stopped. Mason shook the dust off the collar of his jacket and looked back at him.

“Huh?”

When he turned around, Tony’s eyes were wide open and he was staring at him.

“Do I look weird? Should I wear something else?”

“Would I be able to find something more sensible than this? Can’t I wear just a shirt and pants?” Mason asked, and Tony shook his head like it was going to fall off and said “No.” With his eyes sparkling, he said

“No. Perfect. It’s per-fect!”

He said ‘there is no need to touch up anymore’ and, “Not going to a salon. Why should we go to a salon, when you are this handsome?!”

“Let’s go and get some camera massage.”

Tony said, ‘You look so handsome, you should arrive early and get a lot of pictures taken’. He held Mason’s hand and dragged him to the car quickly. Tony’s Porsche headed to the Wilshire Grand Hotel’s banquet hall.

And a black truck followed them secretly.

“Wow, who is this?”

Vick greeted Mason with an exaggerated tone. He already looked a little buzzed. Mason bitterly smiled at the director who was moving towards him saying, ‘Ugh, my eyes hurt.’

“You really didn’t get anything done? How do you look so nice?”

“You shouldn’t do that anymore, director. Do you know there’s a rumor that you are gay?”

Because Vick was talking so much about Haley in the media, some people even started to say that he might have dangerous feelings towards Haley, for real. They knew that he loved his wife a lot, so they called it a joke, but anyway Vick was so into Haley that the rumors were beginning to spread.

“And there’s a rumor that you are not gay these days.”

Vick was sipping the champagne, and Mason shrugged his shoulders. It seemed like, because he wore more sensible clothes than was usual and acted calmer, such kind of talk was going around. But they knew that Haley was totally gay and again, they were just joking.

“I was actually worried about what kind of clothes you were gonna wear..... You know, there’s a magazine I enjoy reading and it had a full page of your suit collection and about your fashion”

Vick shivered even thinking about it. Mason understood his shock. Vick had only seen Haley's cloth collection on a magazine page, but Mason had actually opened the closet and seen them only a moment ago. When he saw the rainbow colored suit, he was seriously worried whether Haley had a problem or not.

After parking the car, Tony went somewhere and walked into the hall with his nose held up high.

"All the reporters outside are only talking about you."

Tony got closer and said in a very excited tone. Vick offered a champagne glass to Tony and said, "Understandable" and nodded his head.

"Our Liz was once well known as a model."

'He has a good body, so the suit fits him well,' Tony seemed unable to close his mouth about how cool Haley looked. He poured so many praises that if someone else heard it, they would think he was haughty. And to top it off, Vick agreed with him, "Right? I have good eyes."

Mason indifferently watched the two chatting and clasped a glass of champagne. He thoughtlessly took it to his mouth, but somebody tapped his shoulder and asked.

"Can you drink alcohol now?"

"Ah, Chase."

When Mason turned around, a man who was tall like a bear smiled brightly showing his teeth and said

"You look really nice today, Haley."

"Wow.... Did everyone plan this? What's wrong with everyone?"

Since they've only ever seen Haley wearing a rainbow colored suit or a hot pink suit or the one showing belly button, it seemed like they were not used to him wearing a normal suit.

Actually Mason wasn't used to it either. 'Why are these neighborhood people's reactions so strong? Just hear them talk with sparkling eyes?' Everybody acted as if his face had changed dramatically, even though what changed was on the inside.

Today, the party was happening in LA, at the Wilshire Grand Hotel and it was a "crank-in party" for 'Real.' "Crank-in" parties happened when the first scene of a movie was filmed and everybody usually went out and partied afterwards. But the "crank-in" party for 'Real' already took place a month ago, so they decided to have a simple party instead. They said they were going to keep it simple, but recently the media got interested in it and so, it got a little loud.

"But seriously can you drink champagne?"

Chase asked again, and Mason said, "Ah," and stared at the champagne glass that had yellow liquid in it. Come to think of it, he didn't know what Haley's limit was. Since Haley had a history of being an alcoholic, even when he wanted to drink a can of beer after a work out, Mason couldn't have any until the body was detoxified.

"Won't it be okay today?"

Mason hesitated holding the glass, and Vick, who already drank a lot, coaxed him, and Tony agreed with him.

"We are gonna be very busy tomorrow, so just play however you want, at least for today. When you are done, just don't drink and drive and just sleep here."

Tony took out a hotel key like he'd already prepared it.

“Aaah.”

Mason chuckled and received the keycard and stared at it. What did he mean ‘do whatever, just don’t drink and drive?’ Tony was a real nice guy, but definitely not a person who could control Haley. It's forbidden to say drink however you want to a person who had a history of addiction.

Mason put the champagne on a table and the card key into his pocket.

“You are not gonna drink it?”

“A little bit later. I want to stay sober for a while.”

Mason said jokingly and looked around. Definitely, they got in through somewhere. Earlier, while driving to the hotel in Tony’s car, there was a car tailing them all the way. They probably saw it somewhere because they had let a car in between them, changed lanes and kept following them. But in Mason’s professional eyes, he could see clearly that the car was just following him.

The paparazzi already knew he was coming to the hotel, so they didn’t have to secretly follow him. It’s probably Joy or other relatives. They said to watch out, so probably they were trying to catch a weakness. Mason felt indifferent at their obvious intentions.

It wasn’t even child’s play; he wasn’t stupid enough to make a mistake when he knows them very well.

Not drinking was one of the reasons. If he gets drunk and makes a mistake, it’ll get difficult.

If he doesn’t let them catch anything after several tries, they will figure out that handing out newspapers is more profitable than tailing him.

Chase just said hello and got rushed over to the other side by the other actors and moved to a different table. Tony said a funny goodbye, 'Please take good care of Haley' to Vick and left.

He had too bad a face, but then he'd told Mason a few days ago that it was his wife's birthday. He probably felt disappointed that he couldn't stay long in the world's most perfect "crank-in" party, with the likes of Vick Procter, Chase Miller and his own actor. But he said he didn't want his wife to be in a party where she doesn't know anyone and would have to blend in with the wall.

Mason stopped Tony when he was trying to leave the hall.

"Tony. I almost forgot. There's a shopping bag in the trunk, –give it to your wife."

Mason smiled and said, 'You can even say that you bought it.' Tony blinked and closed his mouth. Mason saw his eyes were slightly getting red and told him to leave quickly.

"Tha, thanks!"

"Don't give Chanel bags only to the writers –Spend a good day with your wife too."

Mason mentioned the incident where Tony had bribed some writers with Chanel bags and sent him away. Tony looked as if he was moved, and he kept looking back several times. Mason felt a stare right next to him and turned back to find Vick.

"Hm. Isn't giving a Chanel bag to a manager's wife too much?"

Vick asked while sipping the champagne, and Mason stared at Tony for a while and said

"But he was the only one who didn't leave me, when I was having a hard time."

While living as Haley for about a month, Tony didn't turn away from him, and he was the only person who didn't hate Haley. Since he was the only one he could trust, this was worth it.

Vick said, "He does look like a nice man. But so-so as a manager" and laughed.

Mason chuckled and drank a punch without any alcohol in it.

"By the way, isn't it better for you to go to another table? If you are with me this much, the rumor mill will get worse."

"Are you really gay? The gay men around me are all sticky, but you are--"

Vick looked at Mason, from head to toe, and said

"You look like, you like women with big breasts."

"....."

Mason drank the punch instead of answering. Vick mumbled aimlessly, "When you saw Melisa, you looked at her boobs first, like a man. Actually, even I couldn't do like that."

Do they call geniuses, a "genius" because they can see everything that others can't? Mason held his breath at Vick's sharp observation.

Vick, who was sipping the champagne, changed the subject like he didn't care whether Mason was gay or not.

"By the way, what's your relationship with Raynoah?"

"Who?"

Mason asked unconsciously at the name popping out of nowhere.

“Not much? What kind of relationship would I have with Noah?”

‘Ah. Because I flirted with him?’ Mason asked back, and Vick ‘hmmed’ and closed his mouth.

“That’s right. What kind of relationship would you have with Raynoah? Even if there was, it’s just you following him around.”

“Well, yes.”

Mason didn’t have anything to feel bad about and nodded his head. To have a relationship with Noah as Haley, or even with the actual body of Mason... something felt off-balance. It wasn’t like he was self-deprecating, but Noah’s side was too high class and there was no helping it.

At Mason’s calm reaction, Vick tilted his head.

“Then why did he put you in my movie?”

“Put me?”

“Yeah. It was NLC that pushed you for the killer role, in the beginning. I just put you there, even though I didn’t want to, only because the biggest investor said so.”

‘And they were the only investors who were positive and backed me up this time.’ At what Vick said, Mason questioned—

“Who knows... Did you see Noah’s interview? He said he sympathizes me.”

“Is that it?”

Vick sipped the champagne and questioned.

“What else can it be?”

Vick said, “That’s true” at Mason’s placid and boring reply, and lifted his head. His stare was fixed at something behind Mason’s shoulder.

“Then if it’s not even because of you, why did that man come here?”

Mason turned around to look at where Vick had been staring. People were chatting and through the banquet hall door, a tall, blond man walked in. The man, who was wearing nothing special, but a classic black suit and clean red striped tie, stood out among the rest who were all dressed up nicely.

He really was handsome. Mason stared at the beautiful man walking in with a bright smile, Noah, and looked back at Vick.

“Because he is the biggest investor? –Isn’t it obvious for him to show up?”

“There are so many things that Noah is investing in. He’s probably sponsoring countless events. How can he appear in everything? And he doesn’t even come to this kind of events often.”

Vick said while sipping from a new glass of champagne. Mason nodded, ‘I see,’ even though he didn’t think that Noah came to specifically see him.

“Anyway, isn’t it better for you to stop drinking more champagne?”

Mason asked Vick, whose face was starting to get red, and behind them another voice interfered, “That’s right, it seems like others seem to have started now.”

When he turned around, Noah was standing right behind him, smiling.

“Originally, the director needs to get wiped out for the party to proceed

smoothly.”

Vick said smiling, and Noah replied, “Indeed. You are even considering the staffs’ feelings” and held his hand out.

“We couldn’t properly greet each other last time –I’m Noah Raycarlton.”

“I was worried you might not make it since you are so busy, I’m grateful. I’m Director Vick. This– you know Haley, right?”

Vick dragged Mason, who was standing farther away and smiled, and Noah turned around to look at Mason while holding Vick’s hand. Mason swallowed the punch he was drinking and looked at Noah.

“You’re not drinking today?”

Noah asked smiling, and Mason felt stares from everywhere and said, “....Thanks to you.” It implied that, ‘because I got drunk and misbehaved with you, I quit drinking,’ and Noah laughed quietly.

Now the whole attention was focused on Raynoah, who had suddenly appeared in the party, and on Mason, who formed an uncomfortable relationship with him. It was no mistaken that their surroundings got quiet. In that uncomfortable atmosphere, only Vick and Noah had normal expressions. Even Mason could barely manage a calm look.

“Ahh. The director is leading like this, but the main character is not drinking. What a waste.”

Noah told Vick, and Vick nodded his head. Wasn’t the main character of this movie, Chase Miller? Mason just smiled with the flow and kept his mouth closed

“If Mr. Raycarlton gives in, won’t everyone appreciate it?”

The actual main character, Chase, handed Noah a glass of wine with a bright smile. Noah smiled apologetically.

“Ah, I have to meet a business partner in this hotel a while later. Thank you for the offer, but I’m pretty weak at drinking.”

Noah politely declined Chase’s glass and turned to Vick.

“Since this movie is the strangest process of work among other movies I’m investing in, I’m expecting a unique and fun premiere from you.”

Vick shrugged his shoulders, and Noah smiled with his eyes and continued.

“I don’t have that much time left, so I have to leave. I feel bad, just showing up for a short time. I’ll pay for the cost that goes into this party so don’t worry about the cost and just enjoy.”

Woahhhh! There was a cheering from the staffs and actors who were eavesdropping their conversation. Afterwards Noah smiled at Vick, who had a puzzled look, then turned around and walked into the elevator in the banquet hall that Phil was holding open.

Indeed, he set an excellent example for an honorable superior; generously paid for everything and left quickly.

“..... He’s too cool and I don’t like it at all.”

‘I don’t like him, that man’. Vick murmured, and Mason stared at Noah’s back and nodded. Noah didn’t look this way and went inside the elevator and disappeared, and Mason felt a little disappointed but forgot about it soon.

Today is very long... I didn't know where to cut. Since it's just some conversation I just put up the whole thing haha.

Crank-in means when the movie started to film for the first time. I don't know the term in English... I don't think Americans use it. I looked up if there's any term, but I couldn't find it... If you know, please tell me!

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 13 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Soon after Noah left the banquet hall people suddenly started drinking like crazy, either because Noah was going to pay for the banquet or maybe it was usually like this. And not just champagne, extremely expensive drinks started to pour in, and in the end everybody was having drinks such as Royal Salute, Macallan and Glenfiddich.

People in the movie industry were really scary. Mason thought that when your superior says, 'Order anything you guys want,' it usually meant, 'order the cheapest, and eat very little.' However, here it had the atmosphere of pure festivity and 'let's all drink something that we can never buy with our own money.'

Producer Gloria and even the polite and outgoing Chase were drinking excitedly.

Vick, who was sipping one or two champagnes, couldn't even taste the expensive alcohol and got heavily drunk and walked very unsteadily and ended up falling on a table and spilled the drinks.

“.....”

Mason, who was standing on the side, thinking ‘uh, that looks pretty unsafe....’, ended up smelling strongly of alcohol, even though he didn’t drink Macallan or even a glass of champagne.

Because Vick fell down pushing the table, all the champagne glasses on the table fell on top of him.

Mason, who came to the party all dressed up, was now drenched in champagne from chest to waist and glared at Vick. But Vick was already not in his right mind. He didn’t even apologize. He was just crawling under the table like he didn’t know if he was a human or a bug.

Mason glanced at Vick, who was in a place perfect to get stepped on and playing around with people’s legs, and looked around.

He walked over to Producer Gloria, who always took good care of him, and told her, “I don’t think Vick is in his right mind....” She put her glass down and looked at Mason.

“That guy is always not in his right mind.”

“....That seems about right, but....”

Mason looked at her loose eyes, wishing she was just tired, but she said honestly, “Just chuck him away, that guy,” and held her glass again.

Mason searched the party hall to find a person who he could hand over Vick to, but he couldn’t find anyone. They were all drinking like they were out of their minds except for him.

Everybody was drinking like there was no tomorrow, worse than the mercenaries

who could actually die any day. Mason stared at them with respect and called for Vick from under the table.

He wouldn't come out and so Mason grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled. Vick groaned, "Ughhh...", and was pulled out.

Mason made Vick, who was way heavier than him, stand up and supported him and walked to the elevator that Noah rode a while ago.

His clothes were slightly wet and the alcohol smell was strong. Dragging Vick for about ten meters drenched him in sweat.

"If I knew this would happen, I should've drunk too."

It would've been better if he'd let go of his conscience, but it was too late for regret.

He pressed the elevator button and while waiting for the elevator, Vick murmured, "Big hit-.... Big hit..., my big hit..., ' in a moan. Mason seriously thought he wanted to abandon him and leave, but he just sighed.

Ding! At the sound of elevator arriving, Mason got hold of Vick and pushed his head up. And froze just like that.

He felt his heart drop.

Inside the elevator were Aaron and Ashley, standing right there in disguise. Wearing wigs and hats. Glasses and freckles. Because they'd used exaggerated front teeth, they looked like completely different people, but Mason knew for sure.

It was them.

“Aren’t you gonna ride?”

Aaron glanced at him and asked.

“Ah.... Sorry. Because of our alcohol smell.”

Unlike his panicked head, his mouth spit out a proper excuse. Mason swallowed his dry throat and fixed Vick and went inside the elevator.

He took two steps into the elevator that felt very long and narrow. Mason made Vick lean on one side and rolled his eyes while holding onto him.

Aaron and Ashley.

As soon as he saw Aaron, very much unlike him, Mason’s brain stopped working as if it had evaporated. His heart rate that had dropped now started to beat very fast.

It was a natural reaction when you meet the man that killed you.

Mason felt his body tense up, in meeting the two very unexpected people, at a very unexpected place. It was hard to tell, whether his body was shivering because of fear, or anger.

Mason held his breath and controlled his expression. He felt himself automatically school his facial features into indifference, but he couldn’t be sure. Mason lowered his head, such that his eyes were only on Vick, as much as possible. But he felt a stare and raised his head.

Ashley was glancing at him. Because of that 'I know you' stare, Mason panicked for a second, but remembered he was Haley now and a celebrity and smiled brightly.

He saw Ashley's face slightly blush. Aaron looked at her and soon asked Mason.

“Should I press it for you?”

He was talking about the elevator button. They probably thought Mason looked uncomfortable because of Vick, so they put their hands on the buttons.

“Ah. Thank you. Seven..... teen.”

Mason noticed that the 12th floor button was already pressed. ‘12th floor? What’s on the 12th floor?’ When he checked the floor diagram chart on the wall, it said suites and VIP business room.

Mason tried to figure out what their business was. Ashley and Aaron shouldn’t be out walking around right now. Not sure about Aaron, but especially Ashley. Compared to trying to find the unidentified corpse of Mason, it was natural to conclude that Ashley, who’d just disappeared, was also a target and so, the whole area must be crawling with agents hunting her.

‘You guys might get caught even in a crappy room eating pizzas, but why are you walking around like this?’

Even if they disguised themselves, the level of disguises were very noticeable to people who knew them. They probably know it themselves, and they looked pretty tense. What was their business in this hotel? There was no way that they were trying to secure a place to stay. They can’t be in a place full of CCTV like this.

‘What are they up to, seriously?’ Mason quickly worked his head.

“.....-“

There was one person who came up in Mason's mind, but that didn't make any sense.

'9th floor, 10th floor, 11th floor....', the elevator went up to their floor and Mason, biting his lips, suddenly turned towards Vick, who he was supporting and asked, "What did you say?"

"All of a sudden, a restroom? No, wait. Don't act like this, Director."

'You can't do it here!' Mason desperately shook Vick and shouted, and Vick, who was dozing off, groaned "Ughhh....," and got painfully shaken.

As soon as the elevator reached the 12th floor and its doors opened, even before someone could say something, Mason dragged Vick and stepped outside, ahead of Ashley and Aaron, saying, "Ah, not the big one! Don't you have any social decency and pride as an adult?" He pretended that he'd dropped Vick in front of the elevator and put him on the floor. During that time, Aaron and Ashley came out too and went somewhere. 'Director, Director!' Mason quietly called the director and paid attention to their movements.

"Are you sure Raynoah is really here?"

He heard Ashley ask Aaron in a slightly annoyed voice. Mason, who was pretending to slap Vick's cheek, was startled.

'Looking for Noah? –Why?'

Mason looked back at them and at the same time he saw an old man and Noah, walking out from the direction of the lounge.

“.....”

Mason looked at Aaron and Ashley again. They didn't hesitate when they found Noah. Mason saw them walking towards him with slight nervousness and swallowed his dried throat.

When in the elevator, he was thinking about why those two came to the hotel and only one person came to his mind.

'Noah'.

But he'd thought, 'This is a hastily drawn conclusion and it could be any of the several people staying in the hotel and so, it can't be Noah,' and stopped pondering about it.

But those two were indeed approaching Noah.

It seemed like Noah was finishing his talk with the old man. He said goodbye and walked to the elevator by himself. Mason's eyes roamed quickly and noticed that there were no hidden bodyguards today. Even Phil, who was always with Noah, was not there.

Mason bit his lips.

Ashley and Aaron's faces and eyes were worse than he thought. You can easily tell that living on the run had completely exhausted them. They did it because they were tempted by big money, 50 million dollars, at that moment, but now they couldn't do anything with it. They probably couldn't even open the safe.

Mason remembered how he'd pulled the trigger when the last number of the password was coming out of Alta's mouth and bit his lips.

They, who were getting chased by Zii while not able to do anything and chased to a corner, were now trying to meet Noah.

‘What should I do? Should I just let it be?’ Mason was caught in a conflict.

“-....”

Mason bit his lips. ‘Let’s just ignore it. Didn’t I just hear that I was nosy, during our last meeting? I don’t have to interfere. I’m not even certain that they are actually trying to abduct Noah and take him as hostage, in order to solve their situation or not’.

They might actually have some personal business with Noah.

Mason ignored his drying lips and tried think hard, and he saw them getting closer to Noah and frowned. His heart was beating heavier than when he’d met Aaron a moment ago.

‘You don’t even know what’s going on, but you’re trying to interfere, Mason Taylor? Are you out of your mind?’ Mason asked himself, and in that moment Ashley touched the back of her waist, like she was trying to find something. That’s where she always put her gun, and when he realized that, Mason stood up.

Mason pulled Vick up, pushed him inside the elevator and pressed any random floor and dispatched him away. He ran as fast as he could.

‘Fuck, after all the effort I've put into protect him....’

He’d already tasted cold death bearing down from the gun, Aaron’s gun, when he let his guard down in Alta’s bunker. He couldn’t let that happen to Noah. He couldn’t let that child whom he’d released from a dark and painful luggage bag suffer like that.

“Excuse me....,”

When Ashley tried to talk to Noah, Mason snatched Noah and dragged him in a

rush.

“Haley?”

Noah asked, surprised, but instead of answering him, Mason looked back. A startled Ashley was standing there as if in a shock, and he made eye contact with Aaron.

“Get him.”

He saw Aaron murmuring and his steps got faster. Ashley shouted something at Aaron, but he ignored her and started to run after Mason.

Mason heard Noah getting mad, “Hey, you,” but he didn’t listen. He urgently dragged Noah and searched inside his pocket. The room number that Tony gave him was definitely...

-Number 1218”

“-!”

Mason held his breath at the room number that showed up right in front of his eyes and quickly inserted the card. He opened the door and pushed Noah into the room as if he was kidnapping him and forcefully shut the door.

The troubled faces of Ashley and Aaron disappeared right away in front of the door.

Mason quickly bolted the door and inhaled deeply. He thought his heart was going to get out. Mason felt cold sweat behind his back and panted. It was very close, and they were largely lucky. If the room number that Tony gave weren’t 1218, they would’ve definitely been caught.

Ashley and Aaron, who were properly trained mercenaries, were not the same as

the gangsters they met last time. He probably couldn't have saved Noah from them.

Mason breathed fast and listened to the outside noise. Outside it was quiet, but he noticed strange tension was there.

'What should I do now...' Mason was wiping the sweat off from his face and felt a stinging stare behind his back and raised his head and turned around.

".....Ah...."

Noah, who got dragged in without knowing anything, was staring at him very coldly.

Hahahaha Mason said don't poop in the elevator to Vick lolololol

[Continue to Chapter 14](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 14 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“Ha....., Haha. Oh my gosh, Liz.”

Haley’s cousin, Joy, was laughing as if she couldn’t find her words. On the camera screen was the image of Haley, forcefully dragging Noah’s arm into a hotel room.

She zoomed in on the picture using her fingers, and Noah’s cold expression was evident.

‘Should I touch this up a little? Should I make it such that he wears a more perplexed and panicked expression?’

“No. This is already perfect, so I don’t need to touch up and end up in trouble.”

Joy murmured quietly and laughed.

At first she thought she wouldn’t acquire anything useful. Haley was neither

drinking like his usual self, nor was he flirting with other male actors. He acted like he already knew she had her camera quietly pointed at him.

She waited for several hours, but there was nothing to capture.

When Raynoah appeared halfway through, she thought she would finally get something, but once again nothing happened. The two talked as if their relationship wasn't bad, and Raynoah didn't seem unpleasant. It seemed more like he was enjoying it.

Damn it. Joy cursed and lamented at the fact that she was wasting her time. The banquet hall was loud and chaotic, and it looked like Haley was the only sober person.

Today didn't work out. She thought this could keep happening every time and felt exhausted.

She put the camera back in her bag and prepared to go home, but was startled and hesitated upon seeing Haley taking Vick over to the elevator.

Of course there was a tacky rumor that something was going on between those two, because of Vick's recent behavior. The rumor went around like this; since Haley was a prodigal gay who flirted with any guy, he sucked the director's dick in order to land the role. Ten years ago, even when Haley's parents were alive, there was such a rumor too.

Indeed the rumor has spread once again, but it was not as bad as usual. One of the reasons was that, Vick was unquestionably straight and loved his wife very much, but the biggest reason was because he was already famous for creating several big hits. No matter how good you are at fellatio, if you could get chosen for the main role simply because you are great in sucking dicks, then why was Melisa suddenly fired? Since she was also pretty well-known for that.

Anyway, a picture taken of just throwing the drunken director into a hotel room

and exiting would be useless, no matter how misleading the picture was taken. Plus with this many witnesses, the very next day after the picture is publicized, countless number of staffs will testify how drunk the director was and who was the only person that didn't drink.

Refraining from drinking in such a kind of party would only improve Haley's image. Joy bit her fingernail and hesitated whether she should follow them or not.

Joy thought that unless those two kiss in front of the door, the picture would be useless. She moved to look for indemnification, since her whole day's work was in vain.

She already found out the hotel room key number that Tony had given Haley. Room 1218. Joy rode another elevator, next to the one that Haley went up on, and got off on the 13th floor and then went down to 12th floor via the stairs. She looked for a place to hide near Room 1218.

It'll probably take some time for him to drag the drunken Vick. Joy hid behind a flowerpot and yawned. After she set up the camera, Haley was seen running in the hallway with a scary face. And the person, who was being dragged by him behind his back, was surprisingly not Vick.

A man and a woman ran after them and tried to pry open the door, but they couldn't. Joy just stared at them for a second and thought 'they must be another paparazzi' and turned away. They weren't carrying a camera and she was the only person who captured this perfect moment.

Joy turned off Raynoah's picture. Dragging this handsome man to a hotel room, you sly bastard. Will he remember this night even after his life gets destroyed?

No, maybe Raynoah, who got back to his senses, will walk back out and nothing will happen. But the important thing was that she took a picture of something that worth a lot of money.

And it was also the picture that could put Haley's life in a trashcan.

"Haha...., I told you to watch out, didn't I?"

She smirked and took out her phone and started to contact some of the reporters she knew.

Today is very short! because next part might be long....

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 14 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Noah recently had some positive feeling towards Haley. There were some unreasonable and uncomfortable feelings and some unpleasantness that still existed, but that was only because of his sense of déjà vu, not because of Haley.

The new Haley was quite acceptable, without any flaws. He kept receiving reports from Phil that Haley was living a very regulated life, which made it hard to believe that he even was the same person as before.

Every morning, Haley wakes up early and takes a walk nearby; goes into a decent looking café, buys a gossip magazine or a newspaper and reads them diligently, as if he were studying. After going around for two hours like that, he takes two hours of barista lessons in the morning, eats lunch at a decent place and then goes back to his house to get acting lessons from a teacher he'd hired. He spends his whole afternoon studying and practicing acting. Then he eats dinner and either goes back to take a walk or works out at the fitness center in his house. After that, he watches a movie or studies more and goes to sleep early.

He didn't go to any club or gathering and there was no sign of him drinking or doing drugs.

There was also a report about previous Haley's life:

He woke up around four or five in the afternoon, ate fast food that his manager had bought or just starved and drank a can of beer. After that, he blankly watched TV, and if he started to wake up, he washed up and went inside his dressing room, where he would spend one to several hours picking clothes. After he wore the clothes he'd picked and had decorated himself, the time would already have passed 9 PM. Around that time, he would whip out his cocaine and lightly snort it before going out of the house.

There were times when he went out after getting calls, but usually he just went out without anything on his mind. After coming out of the house like that, he went to bars or clubs to play and drink, and sometimes he hooked up with a man and went to his house or a hotel. And again the next day, he would wake up around four or five in the afternoon, throw up the alcohol that he drank last night and start yet another day.

Sometimes he met his friends and a woman, presumably his cousin, but he didn't have anyone useful. It was more like, 'trash gathers some more trash'.

Noah spent a long time in front of the previous report that made him hateful and annoyed, but then there was the recent one—

The recent report on Haley and the previous one. He put the report about Mason in between those two after a long thought.

Noah had missed the commonality of the date and approximate time that Mason went missing with the date that Haley woke up after being pronounced dead for an hour or two. It had been in front of his eyes, but he didn't connect them.

Leaving behind common sense, it was still impossible. The thought didn't even make sense.

But he couldn't completely overlook it.

The Haley that Mason knew; Haley and Mason. The only thing in common between those two had been that date and time and nothing else.

Ignoring his busy schedule, Noah stared at those reports for very long, up until Phil worried about his next schedule; then he left those on the table as they were and headed to the Wilshire Grand Hotel. The meeting had originally been at another place, but he'd changed the location. Even after knowing that the director will make a "Why are you here?" expression, Noah still went to the party.

He couldn't understand himself, why he was doing it, but Noah realized something after he saw Haley looking at him with an indifferent expression.

He wanted to meet him, the one who had the same stare as Mason.

Noah slowly regarded Haley, from top to bottom. If you are a human, with eyes and the ability to think, you can immediately tell how different Haley and Mason were, in detail. Their heights, face, size, clothes and even the shoes were different. Just like Haley and Mason's reports, there was nothing in common between Mason that Noah remembered and Haley.

But still, Noah thought about Mason while looking at him. He thought his calm expression with a smile, whenever he got slightly panicked, was very similar.

He had worn that very same expression, the day they parted ten years ago.

Noah thought he was going crazy and decided to leave the banquet hall. He still had some time left before the next schedule, but felt like if he stared at Haley any longer, he might seriously scream something crazy like Haley is actually

Mason,

He went to the party because he wanted to see him, but turned back because he was afraid his feelings would grow deep. Noah chuckled the whole time during his meeting with the client, thinking it was funny how he acted as if he had fallen in love.

Definitely, the emotions he felt towards Haley were not negative. In the elevator and afterwards, when they met the muggers on the street, Haley was nosy, but he did save Noah. Just like Mason.

Noah faintly thought, 'maybe.' Maybe-....

And when he came out of the business room and walked to the elevator to meet Phil, who said he would wait for him downstairs, Haley appeared again with a strong scent of cheap champagne and snatched him. He was caught by Haley's desperate expression and before he could resist him, they were already standing inside a hotel room.

Noah breathed heavily and stared at Haley, who was firmly holding the doorknob, with a loss for words.

Earlier he had smiled like Mason, holding a glass of red punch as if he didn't drink alcohol, but not even two hours later, he was sporting a strong smell of alcohol that even gave Noah a headache.

Even before he came running into the hotel room, Mason's clothes were messy, his neck smelled of sweat, and his cheeks were flushed. Noah bit his lips, looking at Haley who was giving off a full on erotic vibe.

He thought this kind of man 'might be' Mason. Noah knew he had been thinking nonsense, but it was possible for him to think like that because Haley had changed a lot recently.

The man who turned around to meet Noah's cold stare was 'that' Haley. The very man who had once appeared in front of him with a strong smell of alcohol and acted like, 'I only have thoughts about having sex.'

"....."

Mason received Noah's cold stare and awkwardly smiled. Mason, who was the master of acting nonchalant whenever he got panicked, couldn't help but panic at that moment.

"I want to hear an explanation about this."

His stare was very cold and also his voice. Mason moved his lips, but didn't know what to say.

"Um.... If I say, 'I thought somebody was trying to harm you and that's why I brought you in here....,' you won't believe me, right?"

Hearing what Mason said, the cold eyes of Noah's eyes got even colder.

"Somebody tried to harm me. -Who?"

Noah asked like he would at least listen, and Mason smiled awkwardly. It'll be good if he could honestly say it was 'Aaron and Ashley,' but he couldn't. He couldn't explain who Aaron and Ashely were to Noah.

Mason shut his mouth and smiled perplexedly, and Noah carefully scanned him with his cold eyes. It was like trying to figure out 'if this son of a bitch did drugs or drank alcohol.'

'Why isn't there a perfect excuse for this moment. Indeed, there is no way there is an excuse to convince him for abruptly dragging a person into a hotel room. If there was such a thing, no one will get arrested for raping.'

Mason rolled his eyes and slur the word “That is...,” and Noah squinted his eyes.

Mason definitely knew how must look to Noah. It hadn’t been long since he became trash to ‘better trash than I thought.’ Just a few months ago, the man who said he didn’t like him, not only kept meddling with his business, but also suddenly went out of his way and pushed him in a hotel room and couldn’t even give a proper excuse.

Mason hesitated, and Noah smiled coldly.

“If you don’t have anything to say, I’ll think whatever I want to.”

Noah said frigidly and after looking at him with hostility walked past Mason standing in front of the door and tried to open it.

“Wait, please wait, Mr. Raycarlton.”

Mason desperately pulled him away from the door and held him. Aaron and Ashely might still be outside. He didn’t hear any footsteps walking away.

Noah frostily stared at him as if saying, ‘why are you holding me’, and Mason sighed. It was not good to sigh at that point, but he couldn’t help himself.

“You’re right. I think I’m horny.”

Mason replied in a complicated tone, and Noah looked at him like, 'Is this son of a bitch joking?'

“I know I made a mistake, but just stay with me. Ten minutes-, no, five minutes is good enough-....”

Mason carefully paid attention to the sounds outside the door. He definitely heard something move. They were still outside— Aaron and Ashely.

Mason looked up at Noah, who they were waiting for and Noah hailed him slowly in a tone that was very unpleasant.

“Haley. No, Mr. Lusk.”

Because he felt a little closer to him, Noah had called him Haley, but now he fixed his mistake and smiled. Mason was startled by that bright smile.

“The smell of your cheap champagne is disgusting.”

“Did you do drugs? You definitely did, didn’t you?” –He asked coldly and frowned. His expression showed how unpleasant he felt as it is.

“Right now, I am feeling very unpleasant at how I deluded myself, and your very existence is making me sick.”

Noah’s tone showed that he was seriously sick of him. Mason moved his lips. He wanted to say something, but he didn’t know what. He clearly saw disappointment and grievance in those smiling eyes, but he didn’t know why he wore that expression.

What is he expecting from me, no, Haley?

Noah scornfully looked at Mason’s unbuttoned shirt and pushed him in front of the door and held the doorknob again.

Actually Mason wanted to let him go. He didn’t like Noah’s hatred, and his inexplicable grievance bothered him.

But he couldn’t. He clearly knew who was standing outside, so how can he let him go?

Mason held his arms and bit his teeth. He turned around holding off his annoyance. Mason’s eye made contact with those beautiful green ones and he

swallowed, wetting his dry throat. He wasn't crying, but the reason why he felt like he was crying was because he had a weakness for this man.

He wasn't sure telling him this would work, but there was no other choice.

"Five minutes, no, if you stay with me for ten minutes, I'll tell you about Mason. So, Mr. Raycarlton...."

He couldn't finish saying, 'don't go out for the moment,' because Noah had kicked him right away in the stomach. Mason rolled away into the room, and Noah held his forehead like his temperature was rising and let out a huge breath.

"Ugh—"

Looking at Mason, rolling away with a moan, Noah laughed and put his fingers on the tie knot in order to loosen it.

"Ahhh. Fuck, seriously-..."

He murmured low and took off the jacket he was wearing, dropped it on the floor and walked over to him. Mason covered his stomach and startled, he looked up at Noah, who proceeded to grab his hair, made him stand up and threw him on the bed that was on the side of the room bearing a clean sheet.

The mattress dipped as Mason collapsed on it. He tried to get up right away, but Noah was faster. With his strong arms he pushed the back of Mason's head on the bed and called him.

"Mr. Lusk."

His low voice sounded very dangerous. Mason swallowed his dried throat, even though he couldn't move an inch, as Noah's voice slowly inched closer to his neck. His hot breath touched the back of his neck, and soon he heard his cold voice say—

“Really.... You can’t hold your rut that much?”

“Ray, ugh-,”

Noah’s hand shoved past Mason’s armpit and grabbed the slightly ajar shirt collar. Right away he ripped open the shirt.

The buttons fell out, and the stitch of the clothes got ripped too, and the shirt was torn open in a mess. Noah’s lips were very close, almost touching Mason’s neck as he whispered, “Okay.”

“Let’s see the fucking that you are so good at.”

Annnnnnnnnnnnd CUT!

See you guys in the next part! Huehuehue

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 14 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang
Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Aaron was speechless when the door shut close right in front of his face. What, was that?

“What, was that just now?”

Ashely who came running behind him chuckled, and Aaron closed his mouth and stared at the door. The closed door obviously did not open again, and they weren't in a situation where they can just break open the door.

They didn't know how this happened, but the situation was simple. They missed Noah right in front of their eyes. Their one and only hope, to get rid of the safe and save their lives, was snatched away by someone else.

“What’s this?!”

Ashely yelled, and Aaron frowned. He was anxious that something had gone wrong. It was already a close call to vacate their hideout in order to find Noah.

It seemed like Noah was very cautious because he was never without his bodyguards. They obviously couldn't figure out his personal contact information. They found out about this hotel through his business partner's schedule. They didn't know when such a chance would occur again, so they had abandoned their hideout in a hurry. Since they ventured out of their hideout, they knew they were in extreme danger, but they thought if things went well with Noah, it would work out in the end.

And actually they were right about their choice to talk to Noah, who turned up without his bodyguards, about the deal.

A blond man suddenly came out of nowhere, grabbed Noah and dragged him without saying anything. While he was dragging Noah, he looked back and made an eye contact with Aaron. The man looked at him like he knew what they were about to do. Aaron's heart trembled anxiously, and he chased him by instinct in order to catch him. It was right then, when he got close to stretching out his hand to either catch the guy or Noah, that the blond guy opened a door right after turning a corner. He pushed Noah inside, followed him in and closed the door.

When he remembered the two eyes that he met right before the door closed, it gave him a chill.

"Don't you think we have seen him before?"

Ashely looked at him askance.

"What are you saying? That was Haley Lusk."

The rag, who even attempted suicide because he liked Noah. Ashley murmured while biting her fingernails, and Aaron blinked his eyes a little bit and stared at the closed door again.

Is that so? Am I used to him because he's a celebrity? Aaron still thought it was a bit weird, but he couldn't put a finger on it.

While the two hovered around a little, just in case Noah would walk out, they got a call from Fred, who was their informant in Zii.

[What are you guys doing over there? Team members are gathering there, so get out fast.]

[Even if Zii had let you guys off the hook, but still... Tsk!] Fred clicked his tongue in irritation and Aaron and Ashely turned pale and hurried to exit the hotel.

They had to make another plan to meet Noah, some other day.

Noah felt a heat climbing up to his face and looked down at Haley, who was lying underneath him, his pale neck. It was trembling and had started to sweat a little.

Noah thought, 'this man knows very well how to make me extremely mad'. It was as if someone had taught him, 'If you did this, Noah will get mad like crazy.'

If he stayed with him for ten minutes, he would talk about Mason? Noah felt like his head would explode, as if it contained explosives. Noah already had a bad headache because he felt annoyed and hatred at himself feeling Haley was like Mason, and because of a feeling of a hostility towards the man.

Ten minutes. It was obvious that the ten minutes that a slut like Haley was talking about wasn't just holding hands and having a friendly chat. If not, he wouldn't have pushed Noah into this darned hotel room.

Ahhh. Noah really hated this cheap man. Noah felt even more aggravated because, for a short while, he felt Haley was pretty okay. Haley knew about Noah's weakness very well and had used it when Noah got weak.

Noah couldn't let go of Haley's trashy offer. He would spend not just ten minutes, but ten days even. He would willingly make time, if he could hear a single clue about Mason.

Of course, Haley won't be having the kind of good time that he was expecting.

".....Hm."

Noah looked down coldly at Haley's neck, trembling either due to fear or expectation, and pulled down his navy colored jacket, holding the back of his collar.

"Excuse me, please wait, wa,"

Haley tried to raise his face, but got shoved back onto the sheet again. Noah pulled him up by his shirt collar and slowly lowered his lips to Haley's sweaty neck. "Heek!" he inhaled a breath, and Noah slowly barred his teeth.

"-!"

There was a gruesome sound of skin and muscle meeting the teeth, and Haley's shoulders froze completely. Noah smiled cruelly, stuck out his tongue and licked the blood on his lips.

Mason bit his lips and tried to hold back the pain, which making him go blank. He felt a warm liquid dripping down his neck.

"....."

He was used to bearing a lot of pain, but probably because this was Haley's body, it seemed too sensitive to pain, and he felt his whole body tense.

"Wai, -ht,"

Because of a frightening sensation, Mason tried to slip out of Noah's grip using all his power, but this time it was different from when they had met previously at his house. Back then, Noah had been a little off, he even slapped Mason hard on his cheeks and shook him a little by holding his collars, but he couldn't focus on those properly.

And there's nothing to mention about their little episode in the elevator. At that time, Noah couldn't even pull his strength because he was shivering from a panic attack. However, now, Noah was different. The strong muscles pressing on his shoulders and the back of his neck didn't allow Haley to raise his arms, even when he used all of his strength.

"Well okay.... Yes. I really hate you but,"

Noah murmured close to his ears with a laugh. His soft lips were close like they were going to bite.

"I am little curious. –How good can you be."

"Remember? What you said the day before you got a heart attack? You said you are good at this?" –Noah licked as if he was going to bite the bottom of Mason's ear and said it. Mason held his breath.

He couldn't imagine how things had come to this. Even though he had said, 'I am probably horny,' or 'Stay with me for only ten minutes,' he didn't imagine it would turn out to be like this.

All he thought that, first he would obviously struggle to say something and spend

some time bumbling and then when the sound of movements disappeared outside, he would apologize to Noah and hint at going around with his bodyguards and finally leave.

Mason bit his lips and inhaled deeply, when Noah moved to take off his jacket and firmly tie his wrists with his torn shirt. “Wait, I didn’t mean it like this. Mr. Raycarlton, please stop.” –He wanted to blurt out something, but he couldn’t.

Noah’s cold hand touched his belly button and went up to his chest. He touched his nipple and soon grabbed it, and there was a sound of laughter.

“Ahh.... Right. You were this kind of a rag.”

Noah murmured, at a loss for words, when he sensed that Mason’s nipples were already erect, even though he didn’t do anything. Mason felt his ears blush and bit his lips.

His ripped neck was in pain and he was sweating cold. But the situation of him being underneath Noah and at the receiving end of his caresses made him in panic like crazy. But what made him panic even more was his own reaction to those caresses.

‘You were this kind of a rag.’ He didn’t have anything to say when Noah sounded like he was sick of him. Mason sweated a lot just from holding on to his highly sensitized body and his moaning whenever Noah’s lips touched his body.

“.....Hmph!”

Mason held his breath. Noah touched his lower body as if he was checking down there was erected too.

Noah grabbed Mason’s erected penis with his hand. He felt the hardness even on top of the clothes and sucked Mason’s ear.

“Maybe I am fortunate that you are this kind of a man.....”

He quietly whispered in his ear and made Mason, who flinched, to lie down facing up. Mason blushed at having to suddenly face Noah.

“No, um.....”

He thought he would be looking at a Noah, sporting a cold and contemptuous stare, but Noah’s eyes held an unexpected heat.

He looked at Mason’s neck that was turning red and licked his lips that was still stained with Mason’s blood.

Mason swallowed and stared at Noah’s red lips as if he was bewitched. Gazing into those heated eyes, Mason remembered a dream that he once had.

Buttons and zipper were pulled apart and down went the pants, very fast. His thighs that suddenly met the cold air shivered, and Mason said, “Wa, wait-,” to stop Noah, but both of his wrists were tied up with his shirt, and he couldn’t move his two legs well because of his pants that were only half way down. Noah grabbed Mason’s chest using his nails and scratched him. He bit his armpit area. It seemed like Noah enjoyed leaving behind his mark. He had already made several bite marks or hickeys on his body.

From armpit to chest, and even nipples have been touched by Noah’s lips, and Mason held his breath and crouched his body. Those pretty and soft lips, and hard and clean teeth, biting and sucking, made his belly button area tense.

He wanted to hold his thighs from opening wide, but Noah took off his pants and stood between his legs. His touch slid behind Mason’s knees and he pulled them up and reached out to take off his briefs. Mason’s penis was already erect and was spilling pre-cum and wetting his briefs.

“Ugh....”

Mason wondered if this was all a dream. His dream from before had been scarily real. It had been very vivid; the neck that Noah had sucked and licked in the dream was sore when he woke up. However, these vivid touches and the wetness, the sexual feeling was all the more clear, better than the time when he had the dream, but still, still this might be a dream. This is reality? Mason was dumbfounded.

“Heuh, euh,”

Noah took off his sticky wet briefs and put his finger into Mason’s mouth.

“Suck it.” (He said it formally)

Noah said in a bit deep voice. Mason tried to spit out his finger, but the cold finger just stirred inside his mouth, which was full of saliva and heated up Mason’s tongue. Mason closed his mouth trying to swallow the saliva that was drooling out of his mouth. Noah gaped slightly and smiled like, ‘of course you would.’ Because his eyes were so erotic, Mason held his breath.

Noah took out his wet finger and touched between Mason’s legs. With the liquid on his finger, he rubbed on Mason’s anal. While he was rubbing around the area, his touch found something.

Click, Mason flinched at the sound of a nail touching something.

Noah also flinched. His eyes rolled down and stared between his legs.

“Wa, wait-,”

Noah pushed Mason down, who was trying to get up and pulled up the back of Mason’s knees. His legs were opened wide. Noah looked at the spot between Mason’s testicles and anus and chuckled.

Mason's face turned bright red. Noah's expression, which was looking at him, was the same as when he had appeared in his dream.

"You slut like....."

He murmured, at a loss for words. His fingers grabbed a small diamond piercing that was behind Mason's testicles.

BTW guys... Koreans have formal and informal ways to talk and other Asian countries. It's completely different from English way of talking formal and informal. In this conversation, Noah used both formal and informal ways to talk, and Mason used only formal. And OMG sometimes reading this kind of things using formal or informal totally changes the mood. I LOVE IT. I wish you guys can know it too....

P.S. juzme you guessed it right! Congrat! LOL

[Continue to Part 4](#)

Part. 4

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 14 Part 4)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“....You seem to like pain quite a lot.”

Noah licked his dried lips and murmured. Haley’s face turned bright red like it can’t get any redder. It got red down to his chest, and it looked like he was embarrassed. Noah held his breath.

Haley, this lustful man, was even more lewd and erotic than Noah had thought. Not bothering to caress, Noah thought of just shoving it in and thrusting until he came, like a Dutch wife. But glancing at Haley’s pale and sweaty neck, he impulsively bit it.

After it started to bleed Noah, with a cruel heart, sucked on top of it and ripped the clothes Mason was wearing. He licked Mason’s jaw-line that flinched upon his touch and chewed on Mason’s lips, leaving a red mark on his pale skin, enough to grab attention.

When their eyes met, Mason’s face turned bright red. Just like a virgin. Even

though he was a rag, who had slept with countless men.

He was acting absurdly coy, but his wet and erotic eyes grabbed Noah's attention. He observed Mason's white teeth that were chewing on his lips because he didn't know what to do with his moan and his wet neck that was panting. Noah felt his throat strangely dry up. His eyes got heated and his lips grew parched.

"No, it's not me....."

Haley stuttered an excuse, when Noah noticeably grabbed and pulled the diamond piercing near his anus. Noah squinted and scratched a figure eight, round and round the diamond piercing and the anal opening, with his nail. He said,

"Oh, I suppose. To pierce into places like this, obviously somebody else have to do it. How did he do it? Did he put his thing into this lewd hole and pierced it while thrusting?"

'Oh, no,' Haley's expression grew dismayed at the end of Noah's diatribe and his legs bent double in agony. It seemed like Haley was spending quite a bit of energy to not spread open his thighs. But his body was so lewd that when Noah grabbed his butt, he lost his strength in an instant and his butt trembled.

Haley said, "Please stop... yes?" like he was about to cry, and Noah quietly clicked his tongue.

Noah wasn't sure if he meant, 'please stop doing this' or 'please stop making me desperate and put it in'. Seeing how his legs were trying to close, it was likely to be the former. But seeing also how he moved his lewd lips, he might be trying to make Noah desperate.

Noah hooked his nail on the diamond piercing and slightly pulled it and grabbed his testicles.

“Euh, sto, Noah....”

Haley held in his moan and cried out the name in a heated voice. Noah somehow felt his ears burn and swallowed his dried spit. After stroking him a few times, Noah felt Haley ejaculate quickly on his hand.

Haley’s face creased as if he was going to cry, and Noah stretched out his hand to lightly hold the back of his head. Haley parted his lips slightly that he had been biting, and Noah lightly sucked on his bottom lips.

Haley stared at him, with his eyes wide open, as if he was surprised. Noah felt an extreme thirst at that stare.

‘As expected, he resembles him’. Noah had felt hostile towards the man for thinking they resemble; but when their eyes met, he still thought about Mason.

When Noah recalled how Haley resembled Mason, the heat suddenly got to his eyes. Noah sucked hard on Haley’s lips, as if he was going to bite it off and fused their tongues. Noah felt him flinch and hold his breath at the passionate kiss, but he kept on biting and swallowed his saliva.

“Hht”, Noah licked and swallowed his quiet moan. He murmured on his lips,

“....Name, call my name.”

‘My name’, Noah moved his lips while still kissing Haley and gently gnawed on it. He slowly moved his tongue, badgering Haley’s lips. After Noah rubbed his chest with the hand that was soiled with cum, he pulled on his nipples and kissed him. Mason held this breath and closed his eyes.

“....ah, Noah....,”

Noah laughed thinly, hearing his name leak through a rough breath. He bit

Haley's neck and licked the blood dripping down the collarbone. He bit on the chest, which was so thin that it showed ribs. Then, as Noah licked his belly button, Haley shuddered and held on to him. When he left a dark teeth mark on Haley's thigh, he shivered and grabbed on to Noah's shoulders. His testicles were trembling, as if ready to shoot.

Noah licked the erotic diamond piercing with his tongue and rubbed his anus, which was already blushing, with his fingers. He tried to slightly slide his finger in.

"Wa, wait, Noah, -ht!"

Haley tried to get up, when he felt something strange inside his anus. Noah slid his finger deep and pressed on the inside of the piercing.

"Wait? –Should I not do it?"

Noah asked, while lustfully pressing on the inside, and Haley's waist trembled. His eyes moved nervously and his lips shivered. Noah smiled, bending his eyes and took his finger out and licked his lips. He noticed Haley's eyes open wide, when he unbuckled his pants and whipped out his erect penis.

"Wa, wai, wait, um that's..."

'That's too bi...' –When Noah rubbed his penis on the anus, Haley stopped talking and inhaled sharply. Right at the moment when Noah bit on Haley's neck and started to push his penis into the anal pucker,

"TRRR-----!"

Inside the hotel room, which until now had been filled with sticky sounds, a bell rang. The ringtone brought Mason back to his senses. Startled, Mason tried to push Noah with his shoulders. 'What was I doing?'

"Answer the pho..."

Mason couldn't finish the sentence and drew in a sharp breath. Because Noah, who he thought would definitely back out, had started to forcefully push the tip of his big penis inside him. A pain, sharper than when Noah had chewed on his shoulder, shot through Mason's waist.

"St...., Sto..."

Mason bit his lips. "TRRR--!" the phone rang like crazy. Mason was drenched with cold sweat in an instant and pushed Noah away. Because of the phone's insistent ringing, Noah glanced at his jacket that was tossed on the floor.

"-...."

Mason was panting and stared at Noah. He tensed, thinking Noah might ignore the phone or the caller might hang up.

Noah slowly gazed at Mason's tensed cheeks and eyes and soon stood up.

"Heet...."

Mason moved his waist and moaned at the feeling of a heavy object being pulled out of him. Noah quietly clicked his tongue, bent down and took out his phone, which was inside the inner pocket of his jacket.

Mason noticed Noah picking up the phone and hastily stood up. Noah hadn't even thrust his thing all the way inside, but Mason already felt like his bottom was going to fall out. His legs were shaking and, because his hands were tied behind his back, he took some time to take it off, but he was still fast.

Mason pulled on his underwear and hastily wore his pants that were inside out. He roughly shrugged on his shirt, whose buttons had all fallen out. He picked up the crinkly jacket and slid on his shoes, which were lying far apart from each other.

He glanced at Noah, who was talking about something on his phone with a relaxed face after having intercourse.

‘What did I just do with him....?’ Mason felt his ears blush and grabbed the doorknob. He wanted to get home fast, take a hot shower and forget about everything. ‘Why didn’t I get drunk today?’ He regretted it deeply and opened the door. At that moment, another hand wrapped on his fingers that were grabbing the doorknob and closed the door shut.

Mason raised his head when a shadow approached him suddenly. Noah was standing there holding his phone.

“You are running away like a rat?”

“-You seemed busy.”

Mason said, avoiding his eyes. Noah put one hand on the wall and moved like encaging him.

“It is now more than ten minutes after we got into this room. –So, didn’t you say you were going to talk about Mason?”

Mason moaned, recalling the story that he had totally forgotten and leaned tightly on the door.

“You said he was alive last time. Then why don’t you talk about where and what is he doing now?”

“No, that’s a bit– ...”

‘What was I thinking when I blabbered that excuse?’ Mason groaned to himself and stared at Noah.

“It’s hard to tell you where he lives. He is managing so-so, but his life is way happier than before.”

‘...Of course, he’s still faced with trouble sometimes’ –Mason said, while holding the shirt collar close to his throbbing neck. Noah squinted his eyes and stared at him.

This probably won’t do... Noah wasn’t an idiot. There’s no way he will say, ‘Ah, is that so,’ and move on after hearing that.

But Noah, who looked like he was going to throw cold vitriol, didn’t say anything for a while. There wasn’t even a, ‘Is that it?’ or ‘Are you joking?’ Noah was staring at him with a thinly veiled glare, and after a while Mason moved his lips, feeling compelled.

“I’m sorry. Um, that side is living a new life, so.....”

After Mason apologized, “...You don’t even have a thing to say, but you were just bluffing,” Noah laughed lowly.

“A new life-“

He murmured questioningly, and Mason scratched his cheek, saying

“If you are looking for Mason, it’s better you stop. Probably.... You won’t be able to find him.”

“.... I won’t be able to find him, is that what you're saying?”

Mason raised his head at the low, threatening voice. Noah was staring at him with a strange look. Mason stared at his red lips and answered, “Probably.”

Noah smiled lightly.

“Never mind about other things, but let’s make sure of one thing.Is he, really alive?”

Mason looked at him and nodded lightly.

“Good.”

He let go of the hand that was leaning on the door. Mason stared at Noah, who was now retreating. He straightened his clothes and opened the door. Mason, who was about to get out right away, suddenly looked back.

Noah was still looking at him. Mason called, “Excuse me.”

“By the way..... Why are you looking for Mason?”

Last time, he had asked something similar in the elevator, but Noah didn’t answer. He was just panicking and crying.

Hearing the question, Noah looked quietly at Mason for a while.

“Ask him directly. Since you can contact him, you can just directly ask him what our relationship was, right?”

He smiled and Mason swallowed. ‘It’s because I don’t know why that I’m asking you,’ he thought. Mason simply nodded his head. He felt like he’ll never know why Noah was looking for him.

“Right. When you get back, please try calling your secretary and bodyguards.”

“It’s a dangerous world these days.” Mason added one more time, bowing to him. He closed the door and left.

“.....”

Clank. The door got locked.

Noah stared at the door for a long time after Haley had left. He brought the phone that he was holding back to his ear and asked.

“The thing you said earlier, tell me one more time, Phil.”

[....Are you okay?]

Phil asked carefully, and Noah said, “Ahhh.” He answered briefly and sat on the bed that smelled sticky.

[That is...., Aaron Green and Ashely Sui were witnessed near the Wilshire Grand Hotel.]

Phil voice didn't sound well. Aaron Green and Ashely Sui. Ashely was the female team member that was known to have disappeared with Mason, and Aaron Green was the man known as the owner of the corpse, which was found in the bunker.

Noah glanced at the hotel door once again, through which Haley had left and asked.

“What does that mean?”

He knew it, but still asked. Phil swallowed and continued as if murmuring to himself.

[....Aaron Green, who was believed to be dead, is actually alive; therefore, the male corpse, which was found in Alta's bunker would be...., it's presumed to be Mason Taylor.]

–Mason Taylor was confirmed to be dead.

Phil said, heaving a slightly rough breath, as if every single word was hard to pronounce.

“...Okay.”

Noah nodded his head slightly and answered.

[Are you okay?]

Hearing Phil’s voice full of worry, Noah said, “Mm....,” and laughed deeply.

“Who knows ... For now.”

Noah closed his mouth after saying ‘for now.’ Phil learnt that Noah was in the hotel room; he said he’ll pick him up and hung up. Noah threw the phone on the side, after he hung up and stared at the door once again, where Haley had disappeared.

‘Probably...., you won’t be able to find him.’

‘Probably’. –Noah thought about what Haley had said and chuckled.

“What do you mean probably? ...I’ve almost caught up.”

‘Complacent, you are.’ Noah murmured quietly.

Hehe they didn't go all the way.... right?

[Continue to Chapter 15](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 15 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

"Huh? No, they were doing it in front of me like they wanted me to see it."

Joy explained the situation again to her uncle, Jason, who didn't believe her and had asked, 'How can that be?'

“There was also a couple who tried to take a picture of the same thing. But they seemed like rookies, they couldn’t get a proper picture just hovering around the door.”

Joy laughed at them for a long time.

[So? Where are you gonna sell them again?]

“I’m still bargaining. I’ve asked the Sunday and the INSIDER, if they wanted to buy them exclusively, and they all had positive responses. There’s only adjusting the price left.”

Joy said in a triumphant voice. Of course, this is how it should be. The pictures that she took were worthy. They were of the kind that any newspaper will desire. People wanted to see the Hollywood child actor, who shined, fall. They might think that they are better, but articles about the Hollywood child actor escaping from a rehab had sold more copies; much more than the article about the same Hollywood child actor going to the rehab.

This article would definitely be a big hit.

The other party concerned was Noah Raycarlton, who had publically shown him mercy. And exploiting it, Haley was trying to make a comeback. If the article gets released, people will attack Haley as if he were a trash, without any pity.

Jason, Anna, and others were all excited, waiting for the article's release. Joy complimented herself for not leaving there at that moment and snickered.

"Ah, I'm getting a call. The Sunday is calling first."

She checked her phone and put Jason on a hold.

"Hello. Did you think of a price?"

Joy asked in an arrogant tone, and the other person said, [Ah, that is...]

[I don't think our side can buy those pictures.]

"Huh?"

Joy was expecting to hear 100 thousand or 200 thousand dollars, but she was taken aback by the unexpected reply.

"What did you say?"

[I'm sorry. That is, I think you should look for another newspaper.]

The Sunday's female reporter, who always gave her a good price, replied in a slightly perplexed and urgent tone. And before Joy could say anything else, she hung up.

"Hah?"

Joy frowned and stared at the phone.

"Wha, what is this? Do they think I don't have options other than them?"

Joy was full of annoyance, when the phone rang again. This time it was the INSIDER.

"Ah, reporter? Did you think of a price?"

Joy asked in a slightly gentler tone this time.

[Price? No. I called to tell you that we're not gonna buy them.]

"What are you saying? You're not gonna buy these pictures?"

You are not gonna buy this incredible article, which is gonna sell all your magazines in two hours? The article is about Raynoah, whom people like and Haley's downfall. You think they are not gonna buy that?

[Joy. You should get a hold of yourself. Stop thinking about sucking all the juice out of your younger cousin who had paid for your living expenses and a Ferrari. Don't you think Haley is pitiful?]

"Wha, what did you say?"

Joy asked, at a loss for words. What did he say? When she called an hour ago the same reporter had said, 'Wow, Haley? Ah that trash.... He doesn't change.' But

suddenly he has taken on a preaching tone? Joy could feel her blood pressure going up.

[Anyway don't live like that.]

After saying so, the reporter hung up on her. Joy held the phone and stood there, with her face all red for a while.

'What's happening?' Joy bit her lips at the situation's absurdity, at the turn of the tide.

[How much are they paying? A 100 thousand? 120 thousand? ...Don't tell me, 200 thousand?]

When she answered Jason, who was on hold, he asked excitedly.

"No. Neither Sunday nor INSIDER are willing to buy the pictures! How could they....?"

[What?]

Jason asked in disbelief, and Joy scratched her head.

"Why? Haley did such a crazy thing... and the other party was Raynoah!"

'You know it, right? Everyone's dying to know that man's private life.' –Joy's voice was rough. Jason replied, [Does that make any sense? Did you call it too high?], he started to blame Joy, but she wasn't at fault.

"I couldn't even mention the asking price. They all said that they were not gonna buy it, right after I answered their calls."

[What? Does that make any sense?]

“The chief reporter of the INSIDER even told me to not to live like this.”

Joy murmured as if she couldn't believe it, and Jason screamed, [Not buying the 'Uncovering of Raynoah's private life', are they all crazy?]

“Yes, it is Raynoah....., Could it be that... perhaps his side had blocked it?”

Joy flinched and murmured. Jason asked again, [Does that make any sense?], but Joy rolled her eyes.

If she thought about it, everyone in the world was curious about Raynoah's private life. What he eats, whom he meets and what kind of sexual preference does he have; they are all focused on his every movement. If there were a magazine about his sexual preference, even she would buy it.

Hollywood would buy and sell anything, even if it is the hair from a star that screamed, “I'm really going crazy!” and chopped it off. Raynoah was not a celebrity, but he was someone who had more popularity than a celebrity and obviously articles about him must've poured out every day. Yet, the only news about Raynoah was about his public appearances or about what happened in the presence of other people.

Joy knew how shitty the paparazzi were. They were crazy bastards, who in order to take one picture could jump in front of a car everyday.

But why didn't those bastards take pictures of Raynoah?

“Hah....?”

Joy frowned. Perhaps, but it doesn't even make.... There's nothing in the world that can block a paparazzi bastard's mouth. If there is, why couldn't Princess Diana stop her car in the freeway?

[Joy?]

“...Does this make sense?”

But rather than being upset that the Sunday and the INSIDER had rejected her incredible pictures, Joy was more shocked about how she has never seen a single paparazzi picture of Noah. How can that be?

Noah wasn't even a Buddhist monk. There was no way that he never met anyone of his age. No, even if he wasn't seeing anyone, it was normal to have at least an embarrassing article titled 'Why isn't Noah seeing anyone?' –Because, the public wanted to know such things!

[Did you contact any other newspaper? Should I try? Probably because you called the price too....?]

Joy, annoyed, hung up on Jason who still couldn't get this incredible fact and talked about useless things.

She gnawed on her fingernails. She checked the picture of Haley and Noah that she had saved in her phone. She thought it was going to be a big hit, but she was at a situation where she won't be able to make a single penny.

No, rather than the money, I thought I could totally bury Haley, and in front of that indifferent face, I thought I could say, 'I told you to watch out, didn't I?' and smile arrogantly....

Joy gnawed on her lips and rolled her eyes. She couldn't accept defeat like this. She didn't want to. She had taken this incredible picture and yet couldn't buy Haley. Himself was a rag, but he'd looked at her, who asked for living expenses, like a bug.

She wanted to tell Haley that if he didn't pay for her living expenses, it'll always be like this; that he'll be hated by the world that he is a crazy son of a bitch who not only flirted with Raynoah, but also dragged him into a hotel room.

She gnawed on her lips and touched her phone. Exactly it was that moment,

-Ding dong.

Ding dong, Ding dong. Someone was there to meet her at her apartment. Joy frowned and checked the clock. 11:00 PM. It wasn't the time for a casual visit.

"Who is it?"

Joy asked, a bit nervously. Could it be Haley? Last month, when she went to complain about the demand note, Haley had looked a little insane.

With glaring eyes, he'd pointed a gun at her and smiled dirtily. That scary face with which he said, "if you are going to ruin my life, you should hire a bodyguard first", had appeared several times in her dreams and made her shiver.

It seriously isn't Haley, right? She felt nervous and slightly opened the door. A very tall man appeared through the gap.

"I am sorry for this late hour. I'm Phil Hepson."

He handed her his business card through the gap. On one side of the neat and luxurious card was written, 'Raycarlton' in an elegant cursive. When she flipped the card, she saw his name, 'Personal Secretary, Phil Hepson'.

"I am Mr. Noah Raycarlton's personal secretary. I came here to talk about the picture you were going to sell to the Sunday and the INSIDER."

Joy swallowed her dried throat. She unlocked the chain and opened the door. It was indeed that famous secretary, who always was standing behind Raynoah. He had come to talk about the picture?

"Come in."

Joy gave him her permission, and he bowed his head and entered. Joy made him sit on a sofa and asked.

“You came here to buy the picture? How much is he thinking?”

Joy asked, hiding her excitement. She thought she couldn't touch any money because the newspapers weren't buying at all, but if Raycarlton's side was interested, she thought maybe she could get some more. Of course, if that happens she cannot bury Haley, but she can take his picture again. That side will spill a lot again.

“We don't negotiate. What we offer is, for recovering the data, we will not do anything to you.”

However Phil said something different from what Joy had expected.

“What are you saying? Recovering?”

Will not do anything? Joy was at a loss after hearing Phil's cold words.

“Yes, Ms. Joy Clank. You will not be able to sell that picture to any newspapers. No newspaper will buy, sell, or even mention Raycarlton's private life.”

“That is the rule”. Phil said calmly and took out a document.

“You guys are controlling the media? You guys are doing such a thing?”

“Yes. But only about his private life.”

He was saying as they could do more, but they weren't. Joy crooked her lips and stared at him. Phil pushed the document forward, which he had pulled out earlier.

“This is the price for handing over all the data and remaining silent.”

'The price for handing over all the data and remaining silent: No harm will be done to Joy Clank.' That was the only sentence on the document.

Joy trembled and stared at him.

“Are you saying that you will take the data without any profit for me? Don’t flatter yourself, this is my picture!”

“Ms. Clank.”

Phil glanced at the watch on his wrist and said,

“I did not come here to negotiate. I came here to threaten you.”

His eyes were honest. Joy looked at him for a while; frowned and then stepped back.

“Hah-... Haha!”

“I can’t even say a word....” –Joy murmured. She fumbled and grabbed the phone, which she had kept next to the computer desk.

“You guys are that amazing....”

Phil eyebrows slightly creased. Phil stood up and watched her laugh like a crazy bitch, holding her phone. He tried to stop her, but her palely smiling was faster.

She leaned on the desk as if going to sit and showed her phone’s ‘sent list’ to Phil.

“These days, my relatives are pretty mad at Haley. Since I can’t sell it to a newspaper, it’s probably okay to watch and enjoy among ourselves, isn’t it? This

is my private life.”

On her list of sent messages were the phone numbers of around seven people, who recently couldn't get their usual living expenses from Haley. Especially Anna's, who got arrested for acting violently, was on the very top of the list.

Phil frowned. Joy laughed at his slightly perplexed stare.

“These two people disgustingly like to write about their own private lives on the Internet.”

“Ms. Clank.”

“Oh my. Sandra has already left a Twitter post.”

Joy shouted excitedly after checking out her phone. One, two... the post was already spreading.

“Give up. Even if you have the power to block all the media in the world, it will be useless. Even the God cannot stop this.”

Through her messages and through SNS, 22 people already had re-posted the picture on their account. Joy definitely knew the picture would spread in a blink of the eye to the people all over the world.

At Phil's indifferent expression, Joy snapped her phone shut.

“And isn't this not bad for Raynoah? He's probably annoyed at Haley.”

Using this chance, he might be able to completely shake off Haley. She crooked her lips and smiled. Phil took out his cellphone and called someone.

“Yes. No. Yes. –Okay, I got it”. Phil talked on his phone, received some orders, and eventually hung up. He then stared at Joy,

“You were right, Ms. Clank.”

Phil agreed with her. The SNS (Social Networking System)- where hundreds and thousands of people could watch in instance, even Noah cannot control it. Sometimes he might have ended up doing things that even God couldn't do, but still this was impossible.

“But you better keep this in mind. The God cannot stop your life from getting destroyed also.”

“So, there's no need to pray hard." He put the paper inside his bag and stood up.

“You, and the relatives who got your message, everyone will lose a lot for the price of a short chat. It could've been better, if you knew the reason why the media was keeping silent. It wasn't because they loved Noah, but because they are afraid of him.”

“What-...”

“If you think you don't have anything to lose, you will find out soon; that how much you had.”

Friends, family, wealth, and of course such as social status, pride, compassion, from all kinds of humane hearts to humanity – even the most basic awareness of being human. In the end, they will lose everything. Including their will to live. ...Phil, for the first time, smiled slowly at Joy, who was frozen. It was with derision towards someone, who picked the worst of all choices that a person could choose.

Sorry I'm late today!

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 15 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryan

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Mason knew this was a dream. Clearly, dreams and reality were different. It was because, no matter how many times he told himself, ‘this feels so real,’ in his dreams, the reality was far more alarming.

The actual sensation of Noah stroking his waist with his cold, hard fingers, and sucking his nipples with his soft, pretty lips.... When Mason had experienced those things for real, just imagining them made him tremble. It was so amazing that his brain was seriously turning into a mush.

But it wasn’t that he couldn’t distinguish between a dream and reality; the reality was indeed way more amazing. But Mason couldn’t stop biting his lips.

‘Uh-...Ugh,’

A small moan slipped through his lips, embarrassingly like a woman’s. Even when he bit his lips and covered his mouth, the moaning sound escaped. It was because of Noah; he had pushed his fingers into Mason’s anus and kept pressing

the inside.

Noah pressed on the inside where he could feel the piercing with his finger, and every time, the throbbing sensation made him shudder. Mason's penis was already standing up.

Lying between his wide opened legs, Noah sometimes licked the area surrounding the anus, and Mason would shiver and grab onto his hair. The feeling of soft blond hair on his hand made him remember the time when he had actually touched it.

That innocent moment started to get stained with lust. The movement of the fingers wrapped around Noah's hair wasn't kind or gentle, it was the movements of a man unable to reign in his desires.

'Uh, no, ah-, ah....,'

The fingers that were making his insides wider, increased from one to two, and now there were four inside him. He, who had put two handful of fingers into him to widen his inside, now grabbed Mason's penis, which was already ejaculating.

'You don't have patience.'

He pressed the penis as if to stop the ejaculation, and the movement made Mason cum without leaving any drop.

Noah frowned and smiled prettily. It was a pretty face. His hair was wet with sweat, and his cheeks were a little red. His stare was filled with a glimmering heat, and his eyes were erotically red. His wet and soft looking lips were a little more swollen than usual.

Ordinarily Noah had a pretty face, but the Noah during sex was unquestionably pretty and erotic.

Mason felt his face blush and bit his lips, and Noah made him lie on the bed. He then unbuckled his pants and took out the penis from his briefs.

‘No, no wait....,’

Mason stood up even though he was all prepared to do it. This part was different from the sticky and promiscuous sex he had in his dream before. It was a part newly reflected from the reality, so it was very troublesome.

Noah’s beautiful face and nice body, and that dangerous looking penis did not go away. ‘No, this wouldn’t do. I don’t like this’. Mason murmured and stepped back, but Noah grabbed Mason’s two ankles and pulled him back.

And pushed his penis into Mason’s wide opened inside.

‘Hah....,’

He opened his pretty lips and breathed out. Mason held his breath and held onto his arm. His big penis was heavily pushing inside.

‘Everything will go inside right now, so stop tightening, huh?’

He sucked his ear and erotically whispered. Mason trembled and moaned. He wanted to shake his head and say, ‘No, please take it out,’ but only a heated moan escaped his lips. Even he thought it sounded like he was begging for it.

‘Ah, uhht, eung,’

‘Fuck, so erotic....’

Noah rubbed Mason’s penis that was already standing high, even though he’d only slid half inside, and murmured. Mason was holding onto his shoulders now and bit his lips because he didn’t know what he wanted to do. On the other side of wanting to stop, he had a shallow thought of how this was a dream anyway.

And while Mason was wavering, Noah opened Mason's legs wider and slid inside deeply. Continuously, it was continuously entering him. When his hard penis entered him completely and when Noah's pubic hair and testicles were touching his butt, Mason's whole body was drenched in sweat and his erect penis was already spilling out semen.

'Heuh, uehh, uet...,'

Mason trembled at the feeling through his waist and hugged Noah's back. Noah slowly thrust his hip. With a lewd sound, Mason tightly closed his eyes. Because he felt like he was going to fall, just like that.

Noah bit his lips and moved his hip, and Mason panted, crying or moaning, and held onto him. "Ahh, ah, heut, heut..." He heard a low laugh along with his moans.

'Do you like it that much, this?'

'Is this cock that tasty, Mason?' – He asked in a laughing voice.

Mason widely opened his eyes at the mention of his name and stared at Noah. Those green eyes were sparkling and staring back at him, as if in amazement.

"....."

Mason was sitting on the bed with a blank face.

Outside the window, the birds were chirping. It was morning.

"....."

With a blank face, he glanced at his not wet, but drenched lower body. He swept his face with his hand, unable to distinguish whether he hated the reality more or the dream. Already he has had two wet dreams about Noah.

‘Why does it have to be that guy?’ Mason murmured and soon told himself, ‘No, it can happen.’

Last night, Noah was really lewd. He wondered what Noah’s been doing, for his skillful caresses and kisses has made, even if his body wasn’t Haley’s, a normal, straight dude to tremble. And imagining that beautiful face on the bed, already felt like cheating, whether straight or not.

“.....”

Mason, who tried the ‘it’s not my fault’ excuse, soon asked himself ‘but why Noah?’ He closed his mouth and looked down at his lower body. He thought he would be awake when he does it once after a wet dream, but this, this was seriously...

For a while, Mason spaced out and wondered about human desires, the body and soul. He didn’t even know what he was thinking about. He slowly stood up.

He already had no time to soak the bed sheet in water before Tony arrived.

Today was the first day of filming of the movie ‘Real.’

“I’m sorry.”

Phil apologized bowing his head.

“Twitter, right? These days they use these.”

Noah quietly murmured and skimmed through a bunch of morning newspapers and web articles on his desk.

The released pictures were 5 in total. They had been taken continuously. The pictures were of Haley grabbing his hand and urgently opening the hotel room door, pushing him in, and then him going in and closing the door. There was a picture of them zoomed in and enlarged. The headlines underneath were all criticizing with exclamation marks.

[Haley’s done it again!] [Haley Lusk should apologize to Noah!] [Became the worst bitch. How could he?] [Seriously, uncontrollable! Will he drop out of the movie ‘Real’ that he partied yesterday?]

Noah laughed lowly at the provocative headlines about Haley. Too scared to blow it up because it concerned Noah’s private life, but sensible enough not to ignore an explicit picture on Twitter. So it seemed like everyone were pointing their arrow towards Haley and wrote their articles.

“I’m slightly disappointed. You couldn’t block even this much?”

“I’m sorry.”

Instead of making an excuse, Phil bowed his head more deeply, and Noah sat in front of the desk and bobbed his finger.

“No, well. It might turn out to be good...”

Noah murmured quietly, and Phil raised his head up hearing what he said.

“Hm. How’s our schedules today?”

Noah asked as he pushed the newspapers to one side and grabbed the schedule planner underneath. His question was not about what kind of work was scheduled in the foreseeable future. Since he always handled his entire schedule businesslike, he never asked about it. What he meant was, if he could shake off that day’s work.

“You don’t have anything especially important today.”

“-Really? Then cancel everything until today evening.”

Phil thought Noah would just ask to cancel the schedule for two hours or so, nevertheless he nodded at his request to cancel the whole thing and asked

“Where are you planning to go?”

Hearing Phil’s question, Noah smiled brightly as if he was expecting it.

“Going to collect a butterfly?”

“..-Pardon?”

‘Come again?’ Phil thought he’d heard it wrong, so he repeated the question. But Noah simply put down the planner and said, “It’s a metaphor.”

“First I’m thinking of holding him next to me and talk.”

‘It’s okay to do the final confirmation slowly’. –He said something more nonsensical and smiled brightly.

Phil, who had announced the death of Mason yesterday, stared at the Noah now, who looked strangely in a peppier condition. Suspicious... He thought Noah

would have worn a strange smile and possessed a vibe as if it won't be weird if he died that day. But today Noah didn't look very different from usual. No, he looked better than usual.

Noah, who glanced at the picture of Haley again, turned his chair and stared outside the window and said in a leisurely tone.

“Oh, it seems like today's weather will be good. Should we set a yacht afloat?”

BY THE WAYS GUYS, LOOK.



Drawn by Crystal Wong

Looks familiar? Check [Chapter 14 Part 4](#)!

Thank you for sharing this amazing art, Crystal!

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 15 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

“Haaaaaah-....”

After Mason let out a long yawn, blinking at a heavily trafficked road, Tony asked, “Did you drink a lot yesterday?” Mason scratched his cheek.

“If only I had consumed the alcohol...”

If they behaved like that under the influence of alcohol, it would have been fine. But what happened was, both sides were completely sober and so it was more uncomfortable. Well, on one hand he tried to convince himself, ‘it can happen, it’s only human’. But whatever he told himself, it felt like he would only think of last night if he saw Noah’s face again.

“No, we might not see each other again.”

Well, they don’t have to worry about meeting each other in their relationship. Hearing him murmur Tony asked, “What? See what?” and Mason shook his

head.

“It’s nothing. –Ah, but aren’t we late?”

‘I heard the filming starts at 9:00 AM’. –Mason asked staring at the clock, which already showed 8:52 AM and Tony replied while looking at the heavily trafficked road.

“I think we’ll be a few minutes late... I don’t know if anyone would arrive at 9 AM sharp. Didn’t they all get drunk last night?”

‘Did the director even wake up?’ Tony asked suspiciously, and Mason was now worried about whether Vick got back home safe last night.

Since he was not a pretty girl, nothing would have happened if he fell asleep outside. But yesterday, he had shoved him into the elevator just to save Noah and pressed whatever floor button and had sent him away.

‘Oh well, an investor is more important than the director, you know’. Mason murmured an excuse to himself and as if on perfect timing, Mason’s phone beeped. It was Vick, one of the not so many people saved in his cellphone that Tony had bought him last week.

[Where is this place?]

Mason typed a reply [How should I know?]. Beep, beep. The reply came soon.

[You threw me away yesterday, didn’t you?]

[I think you were dreaming].

At Mason’s insincere reply, the other side went quiet for a while. But another reply arrived [I dreamt about you slapping my cheek saying that I can’t pee here.]

“-....”

Mason kept his mouth closed for a short while and stared at that message. He then turned off the phone screen and put it inside his pocket. More beeps came from his pocket indicating a new message, but he pretended not to hear it.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“....It’s nothing. There is something that might get me fired from the movie.”

No way are they going to fire him just for that, but since he didn’t know for sure, he told Tony and Tony trembled, “What?”

“Did you cause any trouble?”

“It really is nothing. You don’t call it a trouble for throwing the director into an elevator, do you?”

‘What did they consider it around here?’ Mason mumbled, wondering about the Hollywood life that he had not been privy to. Tony asked in a surprised voice, “You threw the director into the elevator? Vick?”

“How... Why did you do that, Liz?”

“.... That... He was trying to pee in public.”

Mason replied briefly. Tony said, “Uht...,” and closed his mouth. His face was like, ‘Really? Then you can’t do much about it,’ but then he said, “Still...” and clicked his tongue.

Around 9:20 AM, after passing through the heavily trafficked roads, they finally glimpsed at the entrance to the movie set.

“....Uh? Why are there so many people?”

Tony turned slightly at the wheel; his facial expression said there must be some kind of a mistake. And the clamoring people, who were standing in front of the movie set's entrance, all turned to look their way. All of a sudden, every camera started to flash like crazy.

"Haley! Haley!"

"Tell us one thing! Haley? Haley!"

"What were you thinking, doing that? Were you drunk? Or was it cocaine this time too?"

People pushed their cameras into their faces, flashing out of control, and shoved their microphones. Mason fumbled and took out a pair of sunglasses from the car's glove box and put them on. Even if he wore the sunglasses, the flashes were still too bright and left traces in his eyes. Tony asked in a scared voice

"Li, Liz, what have you done yesterday...?"

"....."

Mason frowned slightly. Even if Hollywood was a strange place, this didn't seem likely to be happening just because he abandoned the director inside the elevator. Maybe plotting that the director was going to pee in public was something that people criticized about?

"Can we even get inside the set?"

Mason asked while pointing at Chase and the staff, who were waving their hands, and Tony replied, "If the reporters look that determined, we can't even move a centimeter." His expression was grim.

"They look like they would cover the article even if they get hit by the car."

Mason clicked his tongue. Right about that time his phone rang and Mason, who was about to ignore it, saw Gloria waving her hand and received the call.

[Haley? What's going on?]

"I answered your call because I would like to know that too."

[Oh my gosh. You are standing there without knowing anything? –Does Internet work on that phone? Quick, check it!]

Mason hung up and turned on the Internet on his phone. When he typed 'Haley Lusk' on Google, a large amount of articles popped up, after loading for a bit. There were even pictures of him checking the Internet right now.

"-...Ahhh."

Mason mumbled, 'This is it,' seeing all the article titles and the pictures.

"Wha, what? What is it?"

Tony asked with a shocked face, and Mason scratched his cheek.

"This is a composite picture, right? Yeah? Don't tell me you actually dragged Noah forcefully into that hotel room?"

"Ah, thatIt isn't a composite picture."

Mason replied and tried to avoid his stare.

"You walked out right away, right? The pictures may have been taken like this, but you went in because something happened and came out right away without anything happening, right?"

"....."

Instead of answering, Mason scratched his cheek. The pictures were indeed very exquisite. If you just looked at them, it really seemed like he was dragging Noah and forcefully pushing him into the room.

He could guess who posted it on the SNS. Mason knew Joy was following him everywhere last night. He knew it but-... He had remembered until when he was escorting Vick to go to the hotel room, but then he saw Aaron and he didn't have time to think, at all. Afterwards, what happened with Noah drove him more out of his mind.

But still, it wasn't like he completely forgot to think about it. But honestly, he hadn't thought it would blow up this big.

"Well, we just went inside the hotel room, why are they making such a big fuss?"

"Forcefully dragging is the problem!"

"Well, do you know how good that man is at hitting?"

He meant to say, he did drag him forcefully but didn't rape him or anything, but Tony asked with shocked eyes.

"You, did you get hit by Noah? What on earth did you do?"

'What on earth do you have to do for that angel-like man to hit a person?' Tony was trembling and Mason shut his mouth.

Still this atmosphere was too serious. Noah wasn't a virtuous, young, 20 year old. It did look like Noah was being forcefully dragged, but it wasn't as if Mason had a gun or a knife. Also the one who got attacked was he.

"....."

Mason wondered while rubbing his still throbbing neck, and suddenly the camera flashes decreased. When he turned around, Director Vick was exiting from a taxi, looking hung over, in front of the movie set.

Vick, who looked as if he was about to run over to Mason and quibble about abandoning him, was now sporting a bewildered look upon facing the crowd of reporters. He approached Mason looking mortified, really believing that he had peed himself last night, and the reporters divided, making a small room for Tony.

Tony saw his chance and stepped on the gas pedal to drive away to the filming set, but the car still couldn't make it far and had to stop. Because the reporters managed to surround the car once again. They probably thought it was better to have a word from Mason's side, rather than Vick's.

Mason sighed and looked around, and at that moment, the one person who could really make these people leave, appeared.

From afar, a white Mercedes-Benz, SLR McLaren, was rolling in this way.

Someone mumbled "It's Noah!" and the reporters, who were blocking the road like crazy, suddenly parted like the ebbing tide.

Tony thought now was the chance and pressed on the gas, and the car lurched forward a little and stopped, still unable to avoid hitting the strays. It was already getting to 10 o'clock.

"If this continues, the sun will set before arriving to the filming set."

Mason sighed, thought quickly and got off from the car.

"Liz!"

Tony shouted in panic, but Mason closed the car door and waved at him like he will be fine.

It felt a little unfair, but he couldn't just forgo filming because of the problem he made. Of course, he felt sorry for Noah, for diverting those devil-like reporters towards him.

"Haley. Why on the earth are you bothering Noah?"

"Haley! Haley?"

"Do you even realize that you committed a shameful thing to Noah?"

Mason thought of replying 'it wasn't really that shameful', but just scratched his cheek and stared at the reporters surrounding Noah's car.

The car door opened and Phil, who alighted first, held open the back door.

While the flashes continued on like crazy, Noah just sat there for a short while with an unreadable expression.

No, it did look a little unpleasant.

"....."

Because he sat there for a long time, at one point the amount of flashes started to drop and calmed down a little.

Exactly at that moment, Noah got out of the car. Because he got off from the car and stared at Mason, the reporters made way for him, like the Red Sea parting, between him and Mason.

"Mr. Raycarlton, are you finally going to say something to Haley?"

"Can you say a word about what happened yesterday, to the public who are curious?"

“How do you feel? Don’t you think the one who spread the pictures was Haley?”

“What are you going to say to him first? As expected, did you come here to get mad?”

Everyone thought Noah would get mad at Haley or publically embarrass him. It doesn’t matter what kind of peaceful words he says. The reporters were ready to make up any provocative scene or words to add to that.

A really hot article was brewing. The reporters were organizing the article’s storyline in their heads starting with, ‘Noah, who appeared at the filming set, had a very unpleasant expression from the get go’. They plagued Noah for some answers. Noah sighed quietly and replied.

“I’m sorry. This is a personal business.”

He declined all the microphones that came his way and walked towards Mason. Mason stared at Noah, who stood right in front of him and said, “Mm,” with a perplexed expression.

First, he should apologize. Anyhow the person who took the pictures and spread them was Haley’s cousin. Physically she was still his cousin and Haley’s fame didn’t even exist from the beginning. However, it seemed like this thing has hit Noah pretty hard. It was also true that it was he who dragged Noah into the hotel room. Even though the reason was to save his life, it was still not his call to make and so he shouldn’t put the blame on someone else.

Anyway will I be dropped out of the movie? I didn’t really have any lingering regrets about being an actor, but 1.1 million dollars was too good to lose.

“Uh.....”

He was trying to apologize to Noah, who was standing right in front of him, but

Noah smiled brightly bending his eyes.

“Haley.”

He gently called his name and pulled Mason’s hand and said.

“I came here to pick you up.”

“.....Huh?”

Huh? Mason blinked at what the man said, after approaching him as if he was going to curse him, and the mumbles surrounding them suddenly grew quiet. Came to pick him up? Noah, for Haley? Is he taking him to the court or a police station? Everyone’s expression said so, and even Mason felt like that.

In the middle of the entire ruckus, Noah, who was smiling brightly by himself, turned to Vick, who had been awkwardly pushed to the side, and asked.

“It seems like today’s filming isn’t going to happen. I can take him away, right Vick?”

He asked, holding up Mason’s hand that he had grabbed. After observing the people’s stares and the situation, Vick inquired with puzzlement, “Huh? Huhhh? Why Haley?”

“Because the wind is nice, I set my yacht afloat.”

“.....”

‘– So?’ Everyone was thinking it, when Vick asked-

“So?”

Noah looked like, ‘what do you mean so?’ ‘Why are you asking me something so

obvious' and replied

"Of course, it's because I want to eat lunch with Haley on the yacht. How about you, Haley? Perhaps, you don't like being on a yacht? I did reserve a restaurant, but since the weather is nice..."

'I mean, so why do you want to eat lunch with Haley? Why are you even trying? Not only a yacht, but also reserving a restaurant; all to make Haley like you?' Everyone stared blankly at him, as if they had a scary math problem that no one could understand. Vick laughed awkwardly, "Haha..." and asked again.

"Having a meal on a yacht, that.... is like a date?"

Noah laughed.

"You are saying something strange."

Everyone relaxed when he said that. They thought they could've made a mistake because suddenly he was talking about yachts and restaurants, with such a sweet voice, but Noah kept going.

"Of course, it's a date."

'It isn't 'like a date,' but 'it is a date.' Noah tightly grabbed Mason's hand and smiled.

A date with Haley...., everyone had to ruminate for a while. The person who couldn't understand the most about what Noah said, was actually Mason himself.

Noah turned to Mason and smiled sweetly as if honey would drip. Mason frowned slightly, gazing into his eyes. It was even more dazzling than when he was facing the camera flashes.

“-Then, it seems like everything is okay. Should we go?”

“-....”

‘Huh? What was okay? Where are you guys going?’ Nobody could speak out.

With his hand held by Noah, Mason was dragged along and got inside the Mercedes.

Even the professional reporters and paparazzi, who never forgot to press their camera buttons, were left standing frozen when the two of them left the filming set.

It's not 'like a date,' but 'it is a date.'

[Continue to Chapter 16](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 16 Part 1)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

[I don't know how to share this news so that it's less painful for our hearts.]

The reporter's lips were shivering. There was no way of knowing if it was because of a strong wind, or a shocked heart. Just like when she reported the death of a star she liked due to a heart attack, she now wore a grievous and terrible face. Her lips moved

[Viewers of The Inside,]

'Viewers of The Inside,' she held her breath after saying that. She crooked her lips like she was about to say something that she really didn't want to and continued.

[just a short while ago, in the filming set of the movie 'Real,' Raynoah asked— yes that troublemaker, Haley for a date]

'And in a public place full of reporters!' —She then burst into a cry of agony and a

scene captured by the cameraman showed up.

Riding in a white Mercedes-Benz, like a prince on a white horse, Noah appeared and separated the reporters who were attacking Haley and approached him. And then he said something that made everyone turn into an ice sculpture and left the scene, holding Haley's hand.

'Of course, it's a date.'

When the voice of a brightly smiling Noah was heard, the scene became all quiet, and people just stared at them, like they'd lost their words, until they left. Unlike the movie 'Notting Hill,' smart reporters taking pictures of two main characters didn't happen. Everyone were all just blinking wearing blank expressions.

[Where did those two go, after freezing everybody?]

The reporter pointed to a far place as if she was accusing, and the camera moved, following her. It was on the blue ocean where it met the sky and where a big and a beautiful yacht that was like a liner was afloat, looking as small as a fingernail at the end of the beautiful sea.

It was Noah's yacht, "Lachesis."

The two, who had left riding the Mercedes, rode a helicopter that was waiting in the nearest heliport and embarked on that luxurious yacht.

[We can't film any closer, because of the anti-paparazzi system.... Damn the paparazzi protection! Why, why is it shooting a laser whenever our camera gets closer?]

The woman, who was standing dangerously close to the helicopter door with strong winds blowing, had a resentful stare focusing on the luxurious yacht and didn't seem to care about her safety.

[What is the government doing? They should quickly make a paparazzi law and make that anti-paparazzi thing disappear!]

‘What private life!’ –She roughly murmured as if she had lost her mind and gnawed on her lips. Her eyes were quivering like she wanted to jump onto the yacht any time soon. No, she was actually willing to do so, but the stupid helicopter pilot did not want to take her down near the yacht. She just had to watch the yacht leave to the far away seas.

[Seriously, I’m gonna go crazy with curiosity.]

‘Too bad,’ she said while staring at the yacht, with a depressed expression.

[I wonder what on earth are those two doing on the yacht?]

[Are they really on a date? Really?]

Every American was just wholeheartedly curious if Noah Raycarlton, the one who was loved the most by America, and Haley Lusk, the one who was hated the most, were really on a date.

“-What are you doing, not getting off?”

Mason heard the question from in front of him and raised his head, surprised. Noah was looking in his direction with a languid expression.

“Ah, perhaps I need to hold your hand?”

Noah asked, as he brushed his hair that flew in the wind to the back and smiled, his eyes slightly opened. Mason answered quickly, “No, no,” and shook his head.

Mason’s eyes swept around for a short while and hesitantly got off from the helicopter. When he set his foot on the white deck, the sight of a blue sea greeted him. The sunlight sparkled white on the moving waves.

In front of the helicopter, men and women wearing white uniforms were bowing their head, and Phil and Noah were looking at him.

“.....”

The sea, the clear blue sky without any clouds and the beautiful blond man. There was no doubt, it was the most ecstatic view one can have on a luxurious yacht, but instead of admiration, Mason inhaled sharply and looked around.

Open sea. Just like the world. They were in the middle of the sea where there was no land at sight. Not so long ago in the filming set, he had been surrounded by a sea of reporters and was in the middle of listening to their enmities, ‘Are you crazy, Haley?’ ‘What kind of drug was it this time?’ ‘Why did you do that? What’s your intention?’ But why am I suddenly standing on a white deck of a giant yacht, in the middle of the ocean.

Mason was blankly staring at the incomprehensible situation right now; it was just like when he woke up as Haley.

“Give me something simple to eat. –Ah, except for a sandwich. Starting tomorrow, Phil will once again get me only sandwiches for every meal and make me slave at work.”

Noah teasingly smiled and ordered to a man, seemingly the chef, who now looked around to Mason.

“How about you?”

“....-Pardon?”

“I mean lunch. What do you want to eat?”

Noah looked like he meant Mason could ask for anything, and he will get it. Mason replied, “No, I’m not really....”

“It’s better for you to eat something. We don’t know when we’re going to get off.”

Noah walked down the deck and warned in a normal tone. Mason, who was standing on the deck, stared at Noah’s back and awkwardly turned to face the chef, who was smiling with a gentle face.

“We are always prepared to serve high quality meals up to one week.”

“A week?”

Mason rolled his eyes and mumbled, “Uh, then I will also have something simple....” but soon changed his words—

“No, it’ll be better if it’s of high calorie kind.”

“Pardon?”

“So..., I can last longer if I fall into the water.”

He didn’t think it would happen, but Mason was preparing himself to not be surprised if Noah suddenly threw him overboard. So many unpredictable events had happened, he felt like he was acting like an idiot.

Mason thought this life would be more comfortable compared to his previous

life. It felt like he was standing in a garden with a gentle breeze, but he shouldn't have been complacent. It wasn't like there were bullets flying around, but far from being predictable, this life had more variety than his previous life.

No, definitely not. Compared to publically receiving a date request from Noah Raycarlton, getting shot and dying in the middle of a desert was normal.

The chef looked at him questioningly and tilted his head, but soon said, "It's a good weather for a swim. I'll prepare it right away." He smiled and went inside.

"—...Should I prepare a swimwear and oil?"

Phil asked with an indifferent expression. He was standing on the stairs through which Noah had gone down and was staring at Mason. When he moved closer to Haley, he could sense some of his emotion, 'Swimming in this situation? I've heard rumors that he doesn't have a brain, but I didn't know it was this bad.'

"If I fall into the water later, just throw me a rescue tube."

Mason said, waving his hand. Phil looked at him strangely, turned around and left via the same stairs. Mason followed him and climbed down from the deck.

The yacht, which he thought was pretty tall looking from the ground, turned out to have four luxurious floors. Underneath the fence, the lowest floor had a big swimming pool, with waves lapping above beautiful blue lights. It was a private swimming pool with a beachhead and a pavilion, which looked like it was floating on the water. There was a proper bar with alcohol bottles laid out. Well, the yacht had two helicopter landing pads; a swimming pool was nothing. He did hear there were luxury yachts like this, but it was his first time riding one, so Mason was reveling in its sights. The money indeed was good. Mason murmured and followed Phil to walk inside the ship.

The inside was more comfortable than the deck. On one side there was a

window, so it didn't look too stuffy, and instead of the humid ocean air, the wind here was cool and sweet smelling. The floor had a soft carpet that sunk up to his ankle, and the walls were decorated like a classy gallery.

"It's a very nice yacht."

Mason murmured looking around. It looked more like a hotel than a yacht, and Phil glanced at Mason and answered.

"Mr. Edgar Raycarlton specifically custom ordered this from HDW Nobiskrug and a famous architect, May Bermon, to celebrate his son's 18th birthday. The heart of a father, who wanted his son to be always healthy and happy, can be felt everywhere on board this yacht."

".....Is that so?"

Giving a yacht as a birthday gift, he wasn't sure where he could feel his heart, but definitely the father's heart was big.

If he thought about it, 10 years ago, Noah's parents seemed little extreme for his taste. All of their focus was on Noah. They were worried as if he'll fly away if there was a strong wind or disappear if they hold him. Well, they were even careful and paid attention to Mason, who was a mere bodyguard.

Of course, at that time Noah was someone that anyone would want to overprotect and dote upon. Noah was still beautiful, but now...., what should he say, Noah had a vibe as if he materialized out of a temperamental and perverse French novel.

A beautiful boy, so marvelous that he is alive and moved, when Noah was pale and shivering, Mason, who heard from people that he was dry, couldn't stop himself from moving his wet hair to the back and patting his shoulder.

"....."

Even yesterday, he didn't have to do that, but Mason remembered him when a kid, so... He did think he was being nosy, but Mason couldn't regret what had already happened. It was better to prepare for what is going to happen in the future but-, Mason glimpsed at Phil.

"But isn't Mr. Raycarlton busy?"

'Whenever I met him, in a filming set or any other places, I don't think he ever stayed for more than an hour'. Mason asked, and Phil looked at his watch out of habit and replied.

"He ordered to cancel all of today's schedule."

"It's going to be all day."

Mason nodded as if he wasn't surprised. Noah ordered to cancel the whole day; it was definitely a good idea to have ordered a high calorie meal.

"While he's busy, he took off a whole day, do you think he has an important business with me?"

Mason asked elusively, and Phil stopped in front of a door.

"Who knows? I was not privy to that information."

Phil held the doorknob, as he turned around to survey Mason, from head to toes. His stare was filled with curiosity. Phil opened the door for him and said.

"Then have a good time."

The door opened into a nice interior with a good view of the blue sea. And in the middle was Noah, looking at the ocean. He turned to Mason, his hair wavering in the wind.

“You can go in.”

Phil said to Mason, who was standing by the door startled. Mason felt strangely nervous as he walked in. He wasn't sure if the metaphor was correct, but it felt similar to walking naked into an enemy's territory full of booby-traps.

When he took two or so steps inside the door, he heard the door close behind him. Noah was staring at him with an indifferent expression. Mason slightly scratched his head and walked to a chair and asked as placidly as possible.

“I just looked for a short time, but the yacht is awesome. How do you feel getting this kind of a thing as your birthday gift?”

“It's annoying and bothersome. I don't even have time to ride in this.”

Mason, who wasn't expecting up to ‘I think, I'd rather fly,’ but expected some soft words like, ‘its not bad,’ said vaguely, “-...A yacht is indeed annoying and bothersome.”

“Do you like this yacht?”

“I think it's only Mr. Raycarlton who doesn't like this thing.”

While he was walking, he had seen a spa, a theater-room, a pool table, and even a putting filed. Even if he was locked in this place for three months and ten days, he won't die of boredom. A symbol of pleasure, for not just going towards the sea, but also had leisure facilities. He felt respect towards Noah, who could call such a thing as annoying and bothersome.

Noah shrugged, “Not that I don't like it.”

“They said it'll take some time to prepare until lunch. I don't think we'd be hungry anytime soon, so I asked them to prepare the meal a bit later, is that

okay?”

Mason nodded his head. Noah didn't seem like he was going to throw him to the ocean. At least not for now.

“There are several things we can do before food arrives.”

Noah pointed at a table with his finger. When he looked below the table, there was a small drawer. He pulled the drawer open, and several things to simply pass the time, appeared.

Chess, cards, Jenga and a few condoms.

Noah, who moved close to him before he'd realized, stretched out his arm and picked up a silver condom package. Taken aback, Mason rolled his eyes, and Noah tossed the condom that he picked up like he didn't care and took out the cards and chips.

“You probably know how to play cards, at least?”

Mason inhaled his breath in surprise and said, “Little bit,” and quickly closed the drawer. Noah sat on a chair in front of Mason and skillfully mixed the cards.

“What should we bet on?”

He asked in a casual tone, and Mason asked, “From 20 dollars?” He thought that even if they upped the stakes later on, it'll be better to start small, but Noah instead said, “Since we are betting, its better to ask for something what each other wants.” He kept mixing the cards, as if he was giving it an actual thought.

“How about this? If I lose, I'll give you this yacht.”

“.....It seems like you really don't like this yacht.”

Or planning to bankrupt me from paying the anchorage fees, maintenance cost and what not. Mason moved his lips and bared his teeth, and Noah chuckled.

“Are you good at cards? I might win.”

“.....That’s true too.”

Mason slurred the words. Of course he could win, but the chances weren’t that high.

Because the one who taught Noah, how to play cards 10 years ago, was Mason. He didn’t know how much Noah had practiced during the past 10 years, but the 17 year old Noah wasn’t that talented in card games, and Mason was someone who earned dinner money with cards whenever he was drew short from his wallet.

“But I don’t really have anything to give you. I can’t give you my house.”

“What am I going to do with your house?”

Selling and taking care of it will be annoying. Noah flatly rejected as if someone told him that they will give him trash and scanned Mason from head to toe.

“Well, the bet should be of equal terms”.

“I’m no philanthropist”. Noah said, looking at him with a dissatisfied stare.

“Well, we’ll talk about it later, after I think about what I’m going to ask if I win. If you don’t have what I want, I might not even get it.”

Noah sounded confident, like he was going to win anyway and smiled, bending his eyes.

“Aren’t you taking this too lightly?”

Noah was showing off while mixing the cards, for Mason's benefit.

"Who knows? It's not even that great a bet. –A simple entertainment before a meal to add a little bit of thrill."

Noah sounded like he won't lose. But even if he didn't win, losing several of this kind of yacht was nothing but a bit of thrill for him.

"So?"

"Aren't you going to pick up the cards?" Noah asked and Mason slightly wondered if he were at a disadvantage. Actually such a tempting game, with seemingly good conditions, had a high chance of being a trap.

But soon Mason said, "Hand me the cards," tilting his neck and putting both hands together, as he started to stretch his body.

Noah laughed lightly, like from 10 years ago, and started to handout the cards.

Mason is still hung up to 10 years ago. He's keep thinking about 10 years ago....
Hmmm suspicious...

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 16 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Janryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

It's true that Noah's skills had gotten better. Ten years ago, in contrast to being smart and sly, Noah wasn't good at poker. But now he had a sizeable amount of chips stacked in front of him.

"It seems like luck is on my side today."

Noah looked at the cards on the table and said easily. Mason had a perplexed face and swept his forehead.

"Ah, definitely."

Mason watched Noah's hand as it scraped away the stack of chips, feigning pity and secretly stowing the card that came out as triple, back into the stack.

It was true that Noah's skill had gotten better, but it didn't mean he was amazing. He was good at hiding his expression, but not well enough since he haplessly raised the betting money after winning a few games in a row.

While Mason was plotting how it's better to win at least a small sum in the next game, in order to simulate Noah's competitiveness, Noah asked him as he handed out the cards.

"You don't seem that curious what the people outside are going to say."

"They are probably talking how Mr. Raycarlton is crazy? Or thinking you're getting threatened by me."

Like 'What kind of picture did he take?' –Mason said placidly as he checked the cards he got. Noah laughed lowly.

"Don't you need to worry about yourself instead? My image was already on the ground, more like drilling through the ground."

It did get better recently, but even still Haley Lusk was introduced discourteously as the Hollywood's Bitch. Because of the scandal with Noah, everybody in the country became an anti-fan. But Mason was someone, who originally was good at sleeping around with the enemies holding guns and knives, and he didn't really mind if he couldn't be an actor anymore. 1.1 million dollars may be a huge amount and it'll be too bad to lose it, but unless he had a hard time living, it'll be fine.

Even if he was desperate for money, how hard could it be to earn some, with a perfectly fine body, for only himself? ... Of course you can't really say Haley's body was perfectly fine, but, anyways.

"An image isn't needed for my job. –Are you going to bet some more?"

After Noah checked his cards, he asked. Mason added four chips and said,

"You won't probably have trouble eating and living, but you didn't have to fling mud on your good image...."

Mason murmured and glanced at the cards that Noah was covering with his hand. Mason's hand was a two pair. It wasn't the best hand, but it wasn't bad either. Noah checked his cards one more time and thought about it for a short while and added four more chips. If he checked like that one more time, it meant the cards were not that great.

"Should we turnover? Or do you want to bet even more?"

Mason asked, and Noah shrugged his shoulders and tossed his cards on the table.

"Did I lose this time?"

Noah asked in a placid tone, and Mason flinched a little bit and said.

"No. It seems like today is not the day for me."

Noah's hand was the same two pair, but the numbers were higher than Mason's. It was really unlucky this time around.

'Did I let myself lose too much?' Mason briefly counted the chips with his eyes and when he thought it is getting dangerously low, Noah shuffled the cards again.

"When I was little....,"

While he was handing out the cards, Noah spoke like he just remembered something.

"There was a time, I had something I really wanted but couldn't get it."

Mason checked the cards he had and asked, "You?" Noah was brought up preciously; he received a luxurious yacht for his birthday present after all and

said it was annoying and bothersome. Mason chuckled at hearing that there was a time, when he had something he wanted, but couldn't get it.

"Did you want something like a small island country?"

"If it was something like that, I could've just bought it. But no, it wasn't-...",

Noah, who was looking at his cards, raised his head and stared at Mason. Noah's green eyes had a strange glow, and Mason was startled. He studied Noah and felt uncomfortable, like his clothes got stuck somewhere.

"It wasn't like I couldn't just snatch it away against its will or forcibly hold it in my hands; but it was so precious that I couldn't even imagine doing it. Can someone like me have it? What if it gets hurt? If I insisted on having my own way, I might've distorted it and that's unacceptable."

"-....Mr. Raycarlton?"

'Should I even be hearing something like this?' Mason questioned and called him. Noah moved his stare and looked at the cards on the table.

"I thought I couldn't handle it if I was hated."

Noah mumbled. To him, Mason was the only god to him. The one and only savior, who was coming to his rescue.

10 years ago, to Mason, Noah was the owner and the employer. But to Noah, that relationship was the opposite.

Noah was a survivor, who was waiting to be rescued from a mud puddle, and the one who could save him was the one and only person in the world. The man who took him out from that small bag and held him, it was Mason Taylor. By himself, he could never get out of that mud even if he dies, and only Mason could save him.

In other words, if Mason didn't lend his hand, it meant that Noah would be thrown back into that dark, suffocating hole, and stay there forever.

He couldn't stop Mason who was leaving to Afghan in front of him. He couldn't even think of a way to lock him or threaten him from leaving.

Back then, when Mason turned around to leave, Noah thought he was going to go crazy, so much that he wanted to cry loudly and stop him. But he didn't, because he thought Mason might think of him as weird.

"Um..., are you talking about a next door dog?"

Mason read his countenance a little and asked. Noah flipped one card apathetically and said, "You know usually..."

"—Usually isn't it easier to think about it as a person?"

'What do you mean, a dog?' Noah looked at him like 'is this time for a joke,' and Mason flipped a card and said,

"No, I mean, if it was a person-...., I thought it wouldn't be easy to reject, if you hold on desperately and treat them preciousy."

Mason definitely thought so. Don't know about a regular Joe, but this is Noah Raycarlton who was talking. Money and power, he was standing on top of the world's pyramid. The personality was a little..., no, pretty bad, but that sensitivity and vulnerability, that aloof and pointy personality, if you get to meet that in person, there was indeed some charm to it. There was nothing to say about his looks. Your type or not, everyone will admit that he is a beautiful man.

Mason, who was always weak when it came to Noah, could never reject him. He could only think, 'If it was a person, they obviously had a weakness for Noah.'

Hearing Mason's opinion, Noah just stared at him for a while and smirked like, 'Can't believe you said that, it's funny.'

"So anyway. There is one thing I learned during that time."

Noah checked his cards and said. Mason also checked his three cards and asked,

"What did you learn?"

"What I learned was-...,"

Among the three cards, Noah flipped 2 of spades and gave a new card to Mason and said.

"If I have something I want, dig a hole first. A hole so deep and spacious that, it would walk into it by itself, and still not realize if it was a trap or not.

"...That's a little dismal."

'To think like that, just because he couldn't get what he once wanted?' Noah looked at Mason, who was thinking he doesn't get people who have got everything, with his chin on his hand and smiled.

"I became an adult."

Mason glimpsed at Noah's smiling eyes and agreed, "Well, it can be interpreted like that too," and checked his cards.

Before the last card was spun, Mason had three same numbers in his hand. It was a good hand and if the last card were a 6 of diamond, it would be a four card, or if it's not, it can at least be a full house.

Noah's flipped some cards, a 2 and 4 of spades and an ace of diamond. He didn't know which cards Noah was hiding, but the only chances of him possessing a

higher hand than Mason would be if he had a straight flush.

Mason glimpsed at Noah. He was thinking of checking Noah's expression before the last card was revealed.

At that time, there was a knocking sound from the door. Noah said to come in, and a woman wearing a two-piece suit appeared.

"The meal is ready, should I bring it later?"

"-What should we do?"

'Should we make this as the last game?' Noah turned to Mason and asked, showing the stacked chips on the table, and Mason shrugged with an indifferent face.

"Bring it 10 minutes later. It's going to end soon."

The woman politely bowed and left. It was then that, Mason's stare, which returned from the room's door to the table, saw Noah's hand tapping the cards. It was nothing outrageous, so Mason diverted his stare and clicked his tongue with an indifferent expression.

Ten years ago, when Mason was teaching Noah about cards, there were a few cute tricks that he taught him. One of them was a simple one; hide a card in hand by placing it on top of the stack and then swipe another from below. It was a flimsy trick, but could be useful if one was skillful- however, Noah was a little inexperienced with tricks, and more importantly, he picked the wrong opponent.

Noah divided the last set for both sides. Mason checked the last card, out of habit. Six of diamond.

"Since it's the last game, should we bet everything?"

Mason observed Noah's eyes. They had a strange glow. It was as if he was

expecting or looking for something.

‘What should I do?’ He could’ve just pointed out Noah’s trick. If he guessed that Noah had flipped the cards and talked about the trick, instead of getting mad, Noah was the kind of person who would languidly smile and hand over the yacht.

Or, end this game and ask to do over it again. He won’t do the trick in the next round, and that round could be the actual last round.

“Mmm, all in?”

But Mason made an unpleasant face and tossed his cards on the table, facing down.

“Ah-, you totally win. The goddess of victory seemed to have abandoned me.”

What yacht? Mason said, “I never won this kind of a prize in my life,” and sighed and stood up. Just like the 1.1 million dollars, Noah’s yacht was pitiful, but it wasn’t like it was hard to give up. If you think about it, paying anchorage fees and maintenance fees would really have bankrupted him. Then he would’ve to wait for another rich guy to come and buy it, but this beautiful yacht really suited Noah.

Also about Noah, who wanted to win using such tricks, he didn’t want to make him lose.

He stood up and turned his gaze and stretched his body. He noticed that the sky, which was blue, had started to drop thin strings of rain at some point.

At the horizon, a black rain cloud appeared. Mason walked over to the fence. He saw a clear borderline of blue sky, but the dark clouds were moving fast.

It looked like it was moving towards the ship-, Mason tried to point that out and moved his lips, but heard Noah’s voice murmuring, “What do you mean you

don't have luck-," behind his back.

"Even throwing away your four cards?"

Mason flinched and turned around. Noah was checking Mason's cards that were lying face down.

"It seems like you knew what kind of cards I held?"

He raised his head and stared at Mason and smiled squinting his eyes. Noah's green eyes were glowing sharply and coldly. When Mason moved his lips trying to make an excuse, Noah flipped his cards.

Spades 2 and 4, hearts 7 and 8, an ace of diamond, a 9 and Jack of clubs. It was a hand that didn't even have one pair.

Mason stared at his cards, swallowed his dried throat and raised his head.

"....-I was not confident that I can pay the anchorage fees."

"Ahhh-, yes, of course."

Noah said lightly, as if meaning 'yeah, for sure' and smiled, bending his eyes. Mason kept staring at Noah's sweet green eyes, which was bent as if in satisfaction; he slowly looked back.

"....."

The raindrops, which had been falling sparsely around the ship, had grown a little stronger at some point. The black clouds from far away had already moved in on them. He saw waves becoming scarily high, and black things move as though alive and cover the blue sky, ready to devour it.

"Oh no. It seems like there'll be a storm."

Noah said in a languid voice, and Mason tasted something bitter, watching his indifferent face. He remembered how when he entered this room, he'd felt like walking into an enemy's booby-trap, naked. Unfortunately, it seemed that feeling wasn't wrong, and Mason realized he had fallen into a trap.

He knew he was trapped, but didn't know what kind of trap it was, and how it'll impact him. The only thing he could do at this point was to just stay calm and hunker down until the other side reveals itself.

Just like when you meet a storm on a ship and hope that it'd be small and wait for it to pass soon.

"I see."

Mason said plainly and shrugged his shoulders. The whole sky was covered in black clouds. It was a storm.

So Mason lost! But not in a way most you guys predicted! And no strip poker! I think 'nanner' was the closest guessing haha

Do you guys think Noah gave Mason the 6 of diamond? Or just a pure luck? He is a very sly guy.... I think he used the trick Mason taught him but not to himself. I think he used it on Mason and gave him the 6 of diamond and observed how he reacts....

By the way, guys... I don't think I can upload it next week... Too busy... I'm dyingggg ;,(

[Continue to Part 3](#)

Part. 3

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 16 Part 3)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang
Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

It was raining inside the city too. A Cadillac, bearing Noah and Mason, rode by a dark street at high speeds. It wasn't like a common Ford, nondescript and easy to escape during a chase. Maybe it was the strong rain, but there seemed to be no cars following them.

Mason, who was sitting in the back seat, kept receiving messages and missed calls, nonstop on his cellphone that couldn't reach him on the yacht.

“You’re quite popular.”

Noah said in a placid tone, and Mason replied while checking his messages.

“My manager worries too much.”

The calls were mostly from Tony, and the messages were mostly from Vick.
[What are you doing?] [Is it an actual date?] [Do you really know any of Noah's

weaknesses?]) [If that's it.... tell me, please.] [I won't tell anyone. I swear on my daughter.] [... Sorry. Not my daughter.] The short messages were pouring in nonstop. Amongst those were Chase's kind messages, worried and caring, and there was also a message from their producer Gloria, asking if they can push the schedule to tomorrow.

It seems like I am not fired. Well, it's weird to get fired after having a date with the sponsor himself.

He sent a reply to Gloria that tomorrow sounded good, and Noah, who glanced at it, languidly smiled and said, "Tomorrow? Do you think you can even get to the filming set?"

"Paparazzi waiting in front of the door won't let you pass. No, you may not even be able to get in the house."

Noah then said that hotels won't even accept him and asked—

"It's okay to stay at my house. It will be easy to escape in a helicopter from the paparazzi and there will probably be lesser paparazzi in front of my house."

Noah's expression said, 'You are going to face some difficulties,' and at his suggestion, Mason replied, "...If it was me, I'll be more curious about Mr. Raycarlton's thoughts," looking back at him.

Letting me borrow a room during this situation? Of course, Noah probably owned more than one or two houses, and each house probably had several rooms, so it'll be okay to show some kindness to a poor homeless person. But the reporters and media were out for blood and didn't really care. They were making a ruckus just for going inside a hotel room and for having a date, and if word got out that they were living together...

Mason felt a headache coming on just from thinking about it and looked over at Noah. It seemed like he wanted this scandal to grow rather than calm down, and

Mason couldn't catch up with what the man was thinking.

Him flirting with Noah –whether he meant it or not –from the outside, it seemed very normal. But Noah flirting with Haley was strange. Even in Hollywood, it was rather strange and out of the norm.

Does he have somebody he wanted to protect using this scandal? Since Mason has been used as bullet shield before, these were his immediate thoughts, but still he couldn't figure out the truth.

Since the Hollywood paparazzi were vicious and stubborn, maybe they will publish about Noah's intentions next day? Mason looked slightly expectant at Noah, who in turn just shrugged his shoulders.

"They are probably curious of what I think, but they will refrain from following me around."

"If they wanted to last longer as a reporter in the United States". Noah had a gentle face like he won't even kill an ant, but said something very despicable and smiled. Mason thought it was too bad.

Well. Don't know about the Raycarlton family, but Noah's mother, Rebecca, was from a well-known politician's family. Their private lives were so confidential that even Mason's neighborhood felt uncomfortable. They wouldn't let Noah, who grew up preciously, get attacked by a group of paparazzi just because of a scandal.

"Anyways... thank you for the offer. But right now, time is short and I have something to take care of as soon as I can. I also have to look at the situation in my house."

There was something he had to do before the reporters started following them. It'll be good to check out the situation in front of his house too. Noah said, "I think it's a little reckless but–," at Mason's refusal and smiled bending his eyes.

“Well, it’ll probably be okay. Getting bothered by the paparazzi is one of the jobs that celebrities have to handle. –If you need help, call.”

When Noah said that, Phil, who was sitting in the front, handed him two business cards. One was Phil’s and another one was Noah’s.

“All of these are direct numbers. If you leak them, you will definitely be sued. So be careful.”

Phil said coldly, and Mason, who was looking at the cards, simply scanned them with his eyes and memorized the numbers and gave them back to him

“... You’ve memorized them?”

Phil asked disbelievingly and Noah, for some reason, laughed lowly. Mason, who unconsciously had treated those as confidential material, held in his sigh and said, “Oh right, I thought I could memorize them, but I already forgot,” and took the cards back again. He wondered if should really bother with Haley’s idiot character, but looking at Phil’s eyes full of disbelief, it seemed likely to be more comfortable to act like an idiot.

“Ah, drop me off at the next block please.”

Mason said, pointing at a faraway building.

“It’s quite far from Beverly Hills.”

“No, it’s good. I have something to do around here.”

Mason looked around the area and checked the location. Definitely her address was somewhere around here...

Noah looked questioningly, but he doesn’t seem to care either way and so the

car came to a stop. Phil got out first and opened the door, holding an umbrella above him. When he stepped out onto the street full of water, he finally heard the rain, which he hadn't inside the car.

"Are you sure about this?"

Phil asked one more time, and Mason waved his hand and said, "I'm not even a lady, you know." Mason looked inside the car and said bye to Noah.

"Anyway, I survived thanks to you. I thought I was going to be eaten outside of the filming set by the hyenas."

He didn't know what that man was thinking right now, and thanks to him his life probably got more difficult in the future. But he was still thankful that he saved his life at that moment. Noah smiled sweetly like when he did at the filming set.

"See you again. –Very soon."

At his gentle stare, seemingly expectant of their next meeting, Mason awkwardly nodded, "... Yes, well."

"You can use that umbrella."

Phil politely said goodbye and got into the car again. Mason wiped his cheek and looked around the area. Westwood Village was close to the Venice Beach. It was a pretty good place to live in and expensive too.

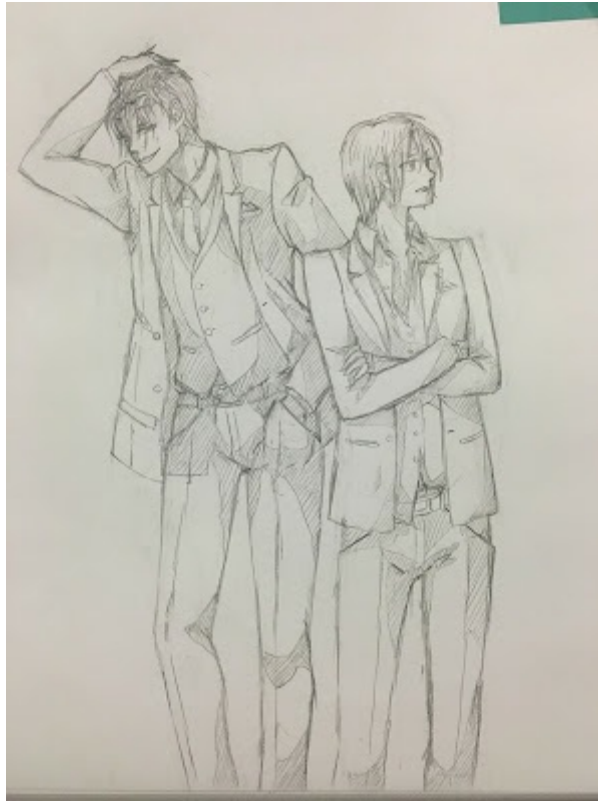
Mason stretched his other hand out of the umbrella and checked the rain. It was still raining so much that he couldn't see what was in front of him. There were fewer people on the streets, and it was a weather that the paparazzi hated to carry around their expensive cameras. In this kind of weather, the rain would bury even the sound of a gunshot.

It was a good weather to do something in secret.

What is he gonna do?!!

Hello I'm back!

And we have a new fan art! Thank you!



Drawn by Opal

[Continue to Chapter 17](#)

Part. 1

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 17 Part 1)



Kill the lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

Milo, a freelance paparazzi since last year, had worked for the gossip magazine publishers for a total of 5 years and 8 months; 3 years at the weekly magazine 'Who Knows', 2 years in 'The inside' and a year and 8 months in 'Hollywood Premium'. He was very good at this.

More days were spent in hiding in front of the celebrities' houses than going back home. And he watched more celebrity car license plates than his own daughter's face. It was he, who first released the pop star, Amy Masterson's, affair and pregnancy and he, who almost ended up in jail for sneaking around Milovan's property.

He knew very well where he needed to hide such that the celebrities will let their guards down; which angle would look unethical and provocative, how many days he needed to wait before a celebrity would cause a scandal, and what kind of rumors he needed to make for it all to work.

And Haley Lusk gave him so much news that he basically paid off Milo's livelihood. He provided new articles every day, as if his dick would fall off if he didn't cause any trouble. Throwing up in front of a church because of drunkenness, sleeping on a bench, getting high on drugs, urinating in public, a hit-and-run, coming out of the court, and more—Milo had taken several pictures of him. Sometimes he got so sick of writing these articles that he even ignored some.

To Milo, Haley's house was familiar like his own bathroom. He knew what was where, how to stage something for the camera, the warmest place to hide at night, and which restaurants tasted good nearby.

When everyone else said that they had nothing more to write about Haley, Milo would regularly visit his house, once every few days, and take pictures of him. Thanks to that, he was the first person to publish about Haley's suicide attempt.

Milo stared at Haley's house in the rain. After word got out that Haley and Noah had disembarked from the yacht that evening, the area surrounding Haley's house began to turn into a street market. Everybody felt uncomfortable reporting about Noah Raycarlton, so they decided to take the easy way out by reporting about Haley. It seemed like all the paparazzi in the United States were gathered there and Milo, who had done this for several years, knew half of the faces but didn't know the other half.

Half past 11. Haley, after getting out of the yacht, hasn't come back to his house yet. Noah returned to his house even before the word got out about their return from the yacht, but Haley, who was an easy prey to the paparazzi, had gone missing. If he went to a hotel or a friend's house, the word would probably have spread by now, but it wasn't like that either.

Maybe I should start going around the clubs. While Milo was thinking that, suddenly he smelled something tasty next to him.

Underneath a raining streetlight, a man held his umbrella on his shoulder and

was eating something in an uncomfortable position.

‘Seven Star Burger’

“.....”

Milo swallowed his saliva. ‘Seven Star Burger’, he noticed the hamburger shop’s paper bag; one of the biggest reasons why Milo didn’t care about staking out in front of Haley’s house.

Sandwiched between the soft burger buns was a thick, juicy patty with a crispy outside, tasty cheese, not too much or too little fresh vegetables, and Seven Star Burger’s special chili sauce. It seemed simple but was close to a perfect combination. There was no mistaking that it was a taste worthy of all the seven stars.

The man, whose face was deeply hidden by a cap, took a big bite of the thick burger and chewed on it. And another bite—

Milo somehow felt pitiful, staring at him and salivating. Seven Star Burgers always closed at 7 pm, so even if he ran right now, it will be too late. While he was swallowing his saliva and watching pitifully, the man noticed his stare and glanced at Milo.

‘Oh, no. I’m staring at someone who’s eating’. Milo blamed himself for his discourteous behavior and moved his eyes away, at the same moment when someone called him, “Hey”.

“I’ve one more hamburger left, ya want it?”

The man asked showing the paper bag he was holding in the other hand. Milo replied, “Really?” and he slightly shook the umbrella he was holding.

“Instead, here, hold this for a sec. My neck is so uncomfortable that I can’t even

taste the flavor.”

It really looked like the big umbrella was about to fall on his head. Milo said, “That’s good for me,” and held his umbrella. The man sighed like he felt lighter and handed the warm paper bag to him. Milo hugged the bag with an ecstatic face, and the man started to eat his hamburger again.

“I’m Milo. I’m a freelancer. Where are you from?”

“I’m...,” he started and then chewed on the burger and swallowed before he said—

“I’m Donny Evelyn. I’m from a small newspaper ‘Hot Issue Plus....’ Ah, fuck, our editor is a bitch who would even lick Raynoah’s ass.”

The man, Donny, sucked the sauce on his fingers and said so. Milo looked at him sucking his fingers and wiping them on his shirt underneath his raincoat with dislike and asked, “Hot Issue Plus? Where is that?”

“You don’t know? —No, you obviously don’t. It’s a shitty place that’s goin’ to close down soon. It probably can’t even afford to be used as a hobo’s blanket because it smells.”

“You don’t have to go that far....”

He was guy with a rough mouth. His face, slightly showing from underneath his cap and the glasses looked normal, but he wore an upset expression while eating the hamburger and continued with his dissatisfaction and complaints. Milo felt like he’d seen his slightly visible chin somewhere.... A guy using Kansas accent with an upset expression, he couldn’t remember where he’d seen him at all.

“I’m really sick of it, ya know? Clara, that bitch doesn’t know the limit. She’s a bitch that only has big boobs.”

Donny crinkled the hamburger wrapper with his oily fingers and threw it on the ground. He then spit on the ground. Ugh, Milo slightly moved away from him, and the man looked at Milo.

“Why are ya backin' away? I’m gettin' wet.”

“I did finish eatin’”. He took away the umbrella from Milo’s hand. Milo opened his umbrella again and said, “Hold mine, too.”

“Wait. But when is this troublemaker comin' back? I’ve already been waitin' here for 4 hours.”

He asked, checking the time with his phone, and Milo shrugged his shoulders saying, “I haven’t seen my daughter in a week.” Rather than Haley, who might not come in tonight, he was more worried about his hamburger getting cold and soggy. But instead of holding his umbrella, Donny felt through his pocket and said.

“Perhaps, he’s already inside?”

“How can he possibly get in? Do you realize what these people are guarding here?”

Milo knew Haley’s house’s back door or small opening better than Haley himself. The Haley that Milo knew was probably going around the clubs or looking for a place to stay among the men he knew.

“Oh, don’t ya think somethin' moved in there?”

“I can’t see anything. What are you talking about?”

Milo got slightly annoyed, and just like how Donny had been doing, he put the umbrella between his neck and shoulder and took out the hamburger first. Donny mumbled nonsense like, “I’m tellin' ya, somethin' moved,” and

approached the house's front gate.

"What kind of useless act is this?"

Even if, but there was no way that Haley was in there. Just because he knocked and rang the bell, doesn't mean Haley would appear and say, "Welcome."

Guess he really was dying, waiting in front of the door. Milo didn't care whether Donny was doing something stupid or not. He just took a bite of the warm hamburger. Seven Star Burger's delicious, juicy patty and the sweet and hot sauce soft spread in his mouth.

As Milo ate the hamburger, Donny actually walked up to the front gate and pressed the bell. The other paparazzi, leaning on the gate wall and dozing off, looked at him like what was this guy doing.

Beep. Clank.

Except for the rain, among the people who were quiet, there was a strange sound, and Milo looked up while taking another bite from the hamburger.

He saw Donny opening Haley's house's gate and walking inside like it was nothing. He walked inside, very naturally and confidently, as if he were the owner of the house and then pushed the gate close behind him.

"Uh....."

Milo opened his mouth and made a stupid sound. What was that? What just happened? Why did he go inside? No, -how did he get inside?

Other paparazzi in front of the gate all had faces like Milo's and stared at the door. Donny, who went inside, took off his hat and shook his pressed hair, and his bright blond hair dropped to his neck.

He glanced behind him. He smiled at Milo like he was thankful, and Milo just blinked with a stupid expression. And after a while, he spit out the hamburger piece that was in his mouth.

“Ha, Haley?”

Haley Lusk. The scapegrace, that Milo followed around for seven years in order to take pictures and get an interview, whom he saw more than his wife, was shaking his umbrella inside the gate and moving into the house.

Milo stared at the hamburger bag in his two hands and then again at Haley, who on the other hand was opening the house door, taking off his raincoat and walking in. He stared at the hamburger again.

“Uh-....,”

As if he had just witnessed a nerd next to him transformed into a superhero and disappeared, Milo was standing there with a dumbstruck expression for a long time.

Happy Halloween!!

Sorry guys... I don't know Kansas accent... I tried my best....

Anyone living in Kansas?

[Continue to Part 2](#)

Part. 2

[BL NOVEL] Kill the Lights (Chapter 17 Part 2)



Kill the Lights by Jangryang

Proofreader/Editor: Kaima, Hwarang

And when morning arrived, Milo turned really spiteful. Since he hadn't recognized Haley and missed him right in front of his eyes, his colleagues' sneers towards him mixed with complaints.

Not only did he fail to get a proper picture when Noah asked Haley out for a date because he had been out of his mind, but he also missed all the pictures of Haley going inside his house. It was common for paparazzi to miss out on one occasion, but missing yesterday's pictures was such a stupid thing to do.

Also the process of how it happened scratched Milo's inside. While Haley handed him the burger and introduced himself as 'Donny Evelyn', spitting out nonsense, he was too focused on the hamburger and kept drooling. He didn't even recognize that the one sharing his hamburger was none other than Haley, for whom he had been waiting over eight hours.

It sounded like an excuse, but there was a reason why he was fooled. The man who blabbered in Kansas accent and had an upset face did not look like Haley at

all. 'Donny' wasn't flashy, even when he was cursing; he looked plain and his existence was blurry. If he didn't continue talking while holding a tasty-smelling hamburger, Milo would never have known that there was a person there.

No one knew since when had he been hiding amidst the paparazzi. As if possessed by a ghost, all of them saw Haley take off his cap, turn around and flash his sparkling smile; still they just stood there, stupidly wondering why that guy was there. Not only had their noses got cut off while their eyes were open, but also their ears and lips. ("Nose got cut off while one's eyes were opened" means something bad happened so fast even though one was paying attention.)

Just as if mocking Milo, Haley went inside the fitness room, which displayed his silhouette and exercised for about an hour, and after that, he disappeared for a round of showering and then turned on his bedroom light. And it seemed like he lied down on the bed right away, because it was not even 30 seconds before the lights were turned off, and it didn't turn back on again.

Milo couldn't believe how, even after he turned the world upside down, Haley just exercised, which he never did, and went to sleep like he had no worries.

Milo, who thought about it, got pissed and pressed the doorbell like crazy at dawn. But it seemed like Haley had already unplugged the bell because he couldn't hear anything from inside.

And when dawn broke, it made sense that Milo was very spiteful.

'I'll definitely take pictures even if I have to make him trip. I'll take dozens of pictures and pick the ugliest and the funniest looking one and post it on the front page of the newspaper and on the web.' Unlike last night, Haley would be the only one walking out of the house today morning and so he won't be able to pull an act.

The house was so protected from spiteful paparazzi that not even a single ant could get in. There was a young man delivering their breakfast, but Milo, who

got very sensitive, took off his hat and carefully examined him.

It was now 9:45 AM. They heard Haley had a movie schedule at 10 AM, but he hadn't moved a single step out of his house. He was probably not confident enough to go through all these paparazzi. Milo predicted Haley would definitely check out through the window, so he waited with his telephoto lens attached camera focused closely on the window. When he was checking whether Haley was peeping outside, he heard someone mumbling, "Why isn't he coming out? Perhaps, he had left already?"

Milo smirked. How can he get out? Dozens of paparazzi were guarding his front door. That bastard cannot possibly slip out.

"He definitely cannot get out, of course."

Yesterday he missed him because he had let his guard down, but not today. Right when Milo murmured a promise to himself that, 'Never, he can never get past us,' he looked up at the sound of the earth shaking.

From somewhere, a helicopter slowly flew and passed on top of their heads. Instead of passing them and disappearing, the loud noise grew and the chopper stayed on top of Haley's house.

Because of the sharp, loud noise and strong winds, Milo frowned and covered the camera lens with his hand. "No way. –No way", that's what he thought. It can't be that. This is a residential area, and even though Haley's mansion was luxurious, it wasn't spacious enough to have a helipad.

Milo's mouth dropped open as he stared at the helicopter landing and its propeller sound hitting everywhere and whipping up a huge gust: dirt, small tree branches and pieces of grass blew everywhere.

Just like a star appearing in the middle of dry ice smoke, he saw the helicopter land trampling down on Haley's garden.

“.....”

Because of the loud propeller sound, which could break the glass windows, Mason ran outside and frowned at the chaotic looking garden. The flowers were all cut off by the wind, the tree branches were snapped off and the tree leaves were falling, leaving them naked and shaking. And the grass and bushes were dug out by the helicopter's ski shaped landing gear, so only the ground was showing.

The helicopter landed just like that, in his garden. Mason annoyingly swatted at the flying grass pieces and dust.

He definitely knew who would do this kind of insane thing.

It was Noah Raycarlton.

This morning, Mason woke up from his sweet sleep that didn't even have a dream and saw a bunch of zombie like paparazzi guarding his front door with their cameras. He thought about it for a minute and took out his phone and called Phil.

‘Mr. Hepson? I’m Haley.’

Mason greeted brightly and over the phone as he heard a cold voice, [Yes, tell me.]

‘I’m just asking in case, can you send me a car?’

[A car, you said?]

‘Yes. I have to get out of my house, but the paparazzi are not leaving. I know Mr. Raycarlton is not a person with a lot of time, but if he has a spare car, I would like it if it can be parked outside my back door for a short time.’

“If you can, let it be a car that he rides often.” –He knew that he can’t trick all the paparazzi, but if they got distracted for a little while, he’ll have room to escape. If there were the enemies surrounding him, he’ll either throw a bomb or throw something that can grab their attention and look for a gap. But for the paparazzi, Noah will be stronger than a bomb.

Phil said, [Wait a minute], and then he couldn’t hear his voice for a while. Mason, who put the phone on speaker mode, began pulling on his clothes. He was comfortably thinking, ‘Since he said he’ll help, he will at least let me borrow a car.’ Noah probably had more than two cars.

[Are you trying to lose the paparazzi in front of your house and go to the filming set?]

At the voice he suddenly heard, Mason, who was putting on his pants, lifted up his head and looked at his phone. It was Noah’s voice.

‘Ah, yes.’

Mason’s answer was delayed. Noah’s phone voice was a little bit lower and sweeter than his real voice. Mason walked over to his phone, turned off the speaker mode and put it near his ears.

‘Because more of them are gathered in front of my house than I thought.’

Mason pretended to complain that, he didn’t know whether this place was a homeless shelter or a refugee camp, and he heard a small chuckle over the phone.

[Get ready and wait. I'll come pick you up.]

'No-, I'm not saying to pick me...'

Even before Mason could finish his sentence, he heard the call ending beep-sound.

'.....'

'What does he mean pick me up? He's not saying he'll come personally, right?' What Mason wanted was people to get tricked that Noah has come in person and after turning their attention away from him, he planned to escape from there. He didn't want Noah to actually escort him.

Even if Noah came personally, he can't ride that car. The paparazzi will surround Noah's car and not only can't he get to the filming set on time, but also will be forced to model for the paparazzi's cameras until their batteries ran out.

The fact that even he, who was ignorant about Hollywood, knew meant that Noah knew it too. –Mason thought that even if Noah did arrive in person, he wasn't going to take him.

He thought so like that.

"....."

Mason, who was ready to run out to the other side of the street once Noah's car stopped nearby, covered his ears and stared at the helicopter, which was destroying his garden. The same garden that Mason took care of little by little whenever he had the time ever since he became Haley. The big chopper flew in proudly and stopped its propeller with a loud sound. And soon its door opened.

".... I don't think you understand. I don't have a helipad in my house. That's the garden."

Mason said with an indifferent face to Noah who took off his headset inside the helicopter. He had felt nervous when Noah said he was going to pick him up, but he didn't know he would appear in this absurd and ignorant fashion. At Mason's critic, Noah languidly smiled.

"Yes, so it was a little shaky when it landed."

"Wouldn't it be better to build a helipad?" –He made it sound like, 'how can you live so uncomfortably,' and instead of answering, Mason frowned and turned away.

He of course noticed the paparazzi outside of the gate and even the passing by neighbors, who had come out to watch what was going on. He thought that he even heard a police siren from far.

"-Get in. We won't have any traffic on the way, but we don't have that much time left."

Noah's tone suggested that if they had enough time, he would like to have a cup of tea, and Mason sighed and walked a little faster as he approached Noah's helicopter. He felt embarrassed in front of his neighbors, and just like Noah said, he really didn't have much time.

"Always, meeting with you is uproarious."

Yesterday and also today. It wasn't just uproarious, it was like an armed protest saying, 'look here, hurry up and look.'

"My mother said a helicopter is a good way to escape from the paparazzi. I didn't mean to make a commotion."

"....I see."

Saying that he didn't mean to make a commotion by bringing a helicopter to a residential area and landing on other people's garden, Mason predicted it wasn't healthy for him to talk to Noah about that matter.

Noah gave Mason his hand, and Mason hesitated for a moment before grabbing it. While he was climbing in, holding his hand, he turned around and saw people looking at him with stupefied expression, and noticed the paparazzi, Milo, whom he had met yesterday. He still had that exact same expression like last night.

When he chuckled, Milo looked surprised and then as if by accident, pressed the shutter. The same time when the flash burst, Noah pulled Mason's hand and let him in. The paparazzi, who finally regained their senses, started to take pictures, and the helicopter's propellers started to spin loudly. Phil, who was sitting up in the front, gave Mason a headset, and Mason quickly put it on.

"If we land a few more times, I think we can use it as a landing field."

He heard Noah's usual voice, through the loud noise of the propeller, saying that if they landed two or more times, it won't shake as much. Mason closed his mouth and gazed through the window at the garden that had become more of a mess than before. When the helicopter lifted and made half a circle, few more trees got sawed off by the landing gear. He wasn't sure if he could use it as a helipad, but he definitely couldn't use it as a garden anymore.

"How long is the filming?"

"....Around two months."

Hearing Mason's answer, Noah smiled like he heard some good news.

"We have enough time to turn it into a landing field."

"....."

Just like he said, after two months, the garden will only have dirt leftover, nicely beaten down by the landing gear. However the house glass windows won't be safe.

Mason thought that if he came once or twice depending on the situation there wouldn't be any trouble. But because of Noah's eccentric behavior today, the paparazzi were bound to multiply and that was the problem.

"...I heard you have a helipad at your home....,"

Mason moved his cold salty lips, and Noah answered as if he was waiting for that.

"Call me in the evening. I'll come pick you up."

It'll be better if you call me instead of Phil. Through the headphone, a sweet voice rang and tickled his ears. When Mason stared at him, he smiled brightly as if everything was working out fine.

So..... Noah's threat worked?

Continue to Part 3